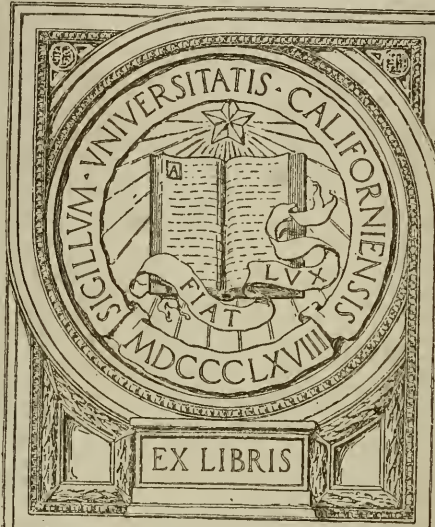
IN MEMORIAM
Dr. Philip Graif



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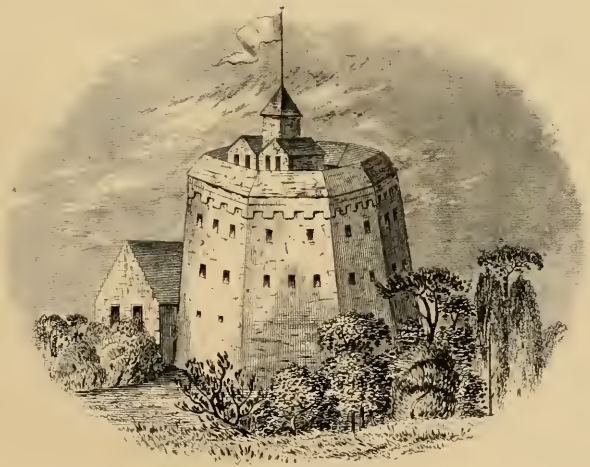
THE WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH DRAMATISTS

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES &c. &c.



THE CELEBRATED GLOBE THEATRE

WM W. SWAYNE,

BROOKLYN & NEW YORK.

1871

In Memoriam
Dr. Philip Graif

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PREFACE.

CERTAIN periods in British history have been marked by the prevalence of particular forms of literature. The present age, for example, is characterized by the superabundance of prose fiction; this is the period of the novel. During the early half of last century, the most popular and common form of literature was the short essay, which appeared in shoals in such periodicals as the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. It is not difficult to account for the shower of pamphlets which deluged the period comprehended in the greater part of the reign of Charles I. and the time of the Commonwealth; while the latter half of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth century, was emphatically the period of the drama, during which this form of imaginative literature held supreme and unexampled sway. It would be interesting to inquire into the causes which in each age determine the groove in which its popular literature will run; for although, as in the case of the pamphleteering period, these do not always lie on the surface, still no doubt a close scrutiny would prove that they are always clear and well defined, depending mainly upon the political, social, religious, and commercial state of the country at the time. Why the reigns of Elizabeth and James should have given birth to so many men of high and prolific genius, and why those men should spontaneously adopt the drama as the form of literature best adapted to afford an outlet for their welling-up thoughts and fancies, we have not the space, even if we had the requisite knowledge and insight, to attempt to discover. We believe it would be found that the drama was the channel most suited to receive the overflowings of the abundant intellectual energy of the age; although those who adopted it did not cut it out for themselves, but found it ready made to their hands. Indeed, it will be found that a great genius seldom, if ever, creates a new form of literature, into which to throw the products of his intellect; he generally adopts that which is already popular, and consecrates it to his purpose. During the reign of Elizabeth our country had got fairly over the turmoils and distractions of the Reformation; it

had become 'a land of settled government;' it was a time of great commercial prosperity and of comparative peace; an era of unprecedented intellectual and religious freedom had dawned upon men; all the old beliefs had been shaken, and many of them dethroned. The forces which had been so vigorously at work to bring about all this were now unemployed; a new-born spirit of restless, inquisitive, vigorous mental activity was abroad, prying into all things, divine and human, and bound to take some tangible form. All the circumstances of the time being considered, we think no more suitable form could have been found than the drama, peculiarly the literature of action, of restless many-sided human life, by means of which to give utterance to the multitudinous and strange thoughts and fancies engendered of this restless, unrestrainable, abundant mental energy.

Whatever may have been the causes at work, for about sixty years after 1570, hundreds of dramas, many of them of supreme excellence, laden with deep and striking thoughts as well as rich and exquisite fancies, were produced by a race of authors, of many of the greatest of whom almost all we know is their names; even the biography of the very greatest among them is little else than a series of unsatisfactory conjectures. These dramatists appear to have formed a class by themselves, mixing little with general society; but most of them leading a strange kind of wild 'Bohemian' existence, having no fixed abode, living mostly in taverns and other strange places, and forming themselves into clubs for drinking, smoking, 'quipping,' and contriving plays. Whether this was a consequence or a cause of their being tabooed from respectable society, we cannot say. What little we know of the lives of most of them is rather saddening: few of them lived long; most of them were penniless, and generally in debt to the managers; and many of them died from excessive indulgence in eating, drinking, and other gratifications. Nevertheless, they have left behind them much that men ought not 'willingly to let die.' Of the many hundred works produced by these old dramatists, comparatively few have reached our time, although those extant might still be counted by the hundred. Possibly we need not regret the loss, as only the most vigorous may have survived. It is needless for us to show here why those extant works of the Elizabethan dramatists are worthy of attention, and deserving of admiration; it is long since this has been allowed by all competent critics; and it is quite customary for all who pretend to any knowledge of English literature, to accord to them, as to other literary masterpieces, as a matter of course, the highest praise, although, we fear, many of those who talk thus do so without knowledge. However, few men perhaps are to be blamed for the want of a thorough acquaintance with the works of these dramatists, considering the many all-important matters demanding attention in

the present, the great number of the dramas extant, and to men of moderate means, the comparatively great expense of even the cheapest editions. Many, too, would not care to read through the whole works of any one dramatist, and to most, such a task would be tiresome and profitless; and therefore to such, as well as to all who desire to know wherein the glory of these old writers consisted, it is hoped the present volume will prove acceptable.

The editor, assisted by the criticisms of those writers most competent to judge, has endeavoured to select from the works of the greatest of the Elizabethan dramatists those which display the highest genius, are most characteristic of their authors, and are best fitted for general perusal. With regard to this last point, he has found that the best dramas are generally the freest from impurity, and in the following pages almost nothing has been thought necessary in the way of purgation. As any one who can spare a sixpence can purchase the works of Shakespeare, they have been excluded from the selection. To ensure correctness of text, the best editions—in the case of Ben Jonson, the original quarto—have been used. Prefixed to each selection is a brief biography of the author, which, sad to say, is generally little more than a confession of inability to write a biography for lack of material. Where no good purpose was to be served by retaining the antiquated spelling, it has been modernized; and wherever it was thought necessary to the understanding of the text by an ordinary reader, notes have been appended at the foot of the page. The editor has avoided wasting space by indulging in the note critical, or by pointing out to the reader—what he is no doubt able enough to discover for himself—the beauties of an author, and the feelings which it has been generally thought they are fitted to call forth. The notes are purely explanatory; and where the editor has been unable to throw light on a word or passage, he has seldom attempted a conjecture which might be misleading. Those notes which are not his own, the editor has always endeavoured to remember to acknowledge, although, no doubt, he has occasionally omitted to do so; and to the labours of the editors of the various excellent editions of the dramatists he has been indebted for much valuable assistance. It is hoped that these notes will be found conducive to the purpose which this volume is designed to serve, viz. to enable the general reader to form an intelligent acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the best works of our greatest dramatists.

It has been thought appropriate to prefix a short Introduction, giving a brief account of the origin and early history of the British Drama; and as the book is meant mainly for general readers, the editor has deemed it not out of place to begin by describing what is generally allowed to be

the origin of the Greek, the parent of the European Drama. The chief purpose of the Introduction, however, is to endeavour to discover the germs from which arose the early British Drama, and to trace its history down to the time when what is known as the 'legitimate drama' had taken firm root in our literature, *i.e.* down to about the date of our first specimen from John Lilly. Of course, with the small space which could be allotted to this purpose, the editor has been compelled to restrict himself to a brief statement of facts; and many things have been necessarily omitted which are highly interesting in connection with our dramatic history, but which would have been out of place in a book of this kind. All the best and most recent authorities have been consulted to obtain material for the Introduction; but any one at all acquainted with the subject, knows that any writer on the early history of our Drama must be largely indebted to the invaluable work of Mr. J. P. Collier.

In conclusion, both publisher and editor hope that, as a whole, this volume will be found adapted to the purpose for which it is intended.

J. S. K.

EDINBURGH, *February* 1870.

ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY

OF THE

BRITISH DRAMA.

POETRY, in respect of the form which it may assume, has been divided into three kinds—Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic: the first (from the Greek *epos*, a word) consisting of the stately narration of heroic actions; the second (from the root of *lyre*) setting forth human emotions in such a form as admits of being set to music; and the last (in Greek signifying 'action,' from *draō*, to do, to act) is concerned with the representation (as distinct from the narration) of human actions, and exhibits a number of persons, called the *dramatis personæ*, or persons of the drama, in continued and animated conversation,—the progress of the story, action, or plot being gathered from their sayings and doings. The two main divisions of the drama are tragedy and comedy; the former of which Aristotle well defines as the imitation of some action that is serious, entire, and of a proper magnitude,—effecting through pity and terror the refinement of these and similar affections of the soul. Tragedy, in its best form, concerns itself with the deepest, noblest, most earnest side of man's nature, striving to elicit our strongest sympathy in behalf of others who are vividly represented before us as actually taking part in certain scenes of life which bring upon them sorrow and suffering. Comedy, on the other hand, deals with the ordinary commonplace events of everyday life, and ministers to the amusement of the spectator by exhibiting the ludicrous mistakes and follies of his fellow-men. Tragic poetry has been described as that which interests the mind in the highest degree, and comic poetry as that which engages us in the most complete lawlessness. In comedy, gloom, sadness, sobriety, have no recognised existence; while gaiety, joviality, riotous mirth, are unknown in tragedy. Tragedy, consistently with its origin, as will be seen, shows us man, if we may so speak, in the 'struggle for existence,' fighting against fate, striving to hold his own against unfeeling nature and man's inhumanity; while comedy exhibits him in a state of unconcern and self-abandonment.

If it were left to mere conjecture to account for the origin of the drama, one might very naturally suppose that it took its rise partly from what appears to be an innate propensity in man, as it is certainly a universal practice, to take an interest in and to recount the sayings and doings of others. Even among the cultivated classes of the present day—and far more so is it the case among the uncultivated and uneducated, who are living examples of what all classes at one time were—when two or three are met together, are not the affairs of themselves and their friends almost invariably the staple subject of conversa-

tion? And if any one with his ears open passes two gossips in conversation, he is almost sure to observe that the one is recounting to the other, in an animated and dramatic manner, some exploit of which he or she is the victorious hero or heroine. In this way, however, the origin of the epic would perhaps be more appropriately accounted for, it being essentially a narrative set forth by one narrator, generally interspersed with fragments of conversation, and resembling the drama in being concerned with the exhibition of a progressive action. The epic, we believe, was the first form of poetry, if not of all literature, and at first was probably nothing more than mere narrative vigorously and picturesquely set forth. The epic in many respects bears a considerable resemblance to, and one would fancy could not fail to suggest, the drama, which, we shall see, was not exactly the case. Theoretically, however, to account for the origin of the latter, in addition to the gossiping or story-telling propensity in man, we have also to take into consideration the earliest developed and perhaps the strongest of all his propensities—that of imitation or mimicry. This propensity is seen in earliest childhood: without it there would be no possibility of education. Are not the very games of children merely the mimicry of the serious life-business of their elders? Savages have been described as the children of nature; and they do resemble children in many respects, especially in the nature of their amusements, which are generally mere imitations or representations of their most serious employments—war and the chase. Among nearly every known people on the face of the globe, from the ultra-civilised and theatre-loving Parisian down to the almost brute-like Australian, is there something to be found corresponding to dramatic representation, something imitative of active life. Doubtless in many instances, among savage nations, this takes a very rude form; but even in its rudest form it is an outcome of the same propensity as the most elaborate production of the greatest dramatist,—viz. a desire to afford pleasure by representing the realities of active life. In its rudest form it is to be seen in the war-dance of the North American Indians and other savages, which is simply a representation of a battle, and may be regarded as tragedy in its crudest form; while the comic and love dances of the South Sea Islanders and others exhibit comedy in its earliest stage. Indeed, dancing seems at all times to have been intimately connected with dramatic representation; and one of the most important parts of the ancient classic drama, the *chorus*, takes its name from this fact. When the Spaniards visited Peru, they found the natives in possession of a drama of a comparatively advanced order. 'The Incas,' says Garcilaso de la Vega, 'represented upon festival days tragedies and comedies in due form, intermingling them with interludes which contained nothing low or grovelling. The subjects of their tragedies were the exploits and victories of their kings and heroes. On the other hand, their comedies were drawn from agriculture and the most common actions of human life; the whole mingled with sentences full of sense and gravity.' The Chinese are known to have had a drama from a very early period —no doubt of a somewhat grotesque kind, characteristic of the people—which to all appearance must have been of native growth; and there is no satisfactory proof that the Indians were indebted to the Greeks for the idea of their most elaborate and certainly ancient drama. Indeed, the love of dramatic representation is as prevalent and as natural to man as religion itself, with which it is very often found in some way connected, and to which the European drama, ancient and modern, owes to a large extent its origin.

Notwithstanding this innate propensity to dramatize the facts of human life, it can scarcely be said that to it is to be ascribed the origin of the Greek drama, of which the modern European drama may be regarded as the lineal

descendant. The idea of dramatic representation was familiar to the Greeks even before the invention of the drama proper. It was customary among them to represent certain legends connected with the gods in a visible dramatic form. 'Thus,' says Ottfried Müller, the historian of Greek literature, 'Apollo's combat with the dragon, and his consequent flight and expatriation, were represented by a noble youth of Delphi; in Samos, the marriage of Zeus (Jupiter) and Hēra (Juno) was exhibited at the great festival of the goddess. The Eleusinian Mysteries were (as an ancient writer expresses it) "a mystical drama," in which the history of Demeter and Ceres was acted, like a play, by priests and priestesses. . . . There were also mimic representations in the worship of Bacchus: thus, at the Anthesteria at Athens, the wife of the second archon, who bore the title of Queen, was betrothed to Dionysus in a secret solemnity, and in public processions even the god himself was represented by a man.' But it is to the rites connected with the worship of Bacchus that we must look for the immediate origin of the drama. It was the custom, especially among the Dorians of the Peloponnesus, to celebrate at certain seasons of the year, generally in early spring and in autumn, the worship of Dionysus (popularly identified with the Latin Bacchus), not so much as the god of wine, or the vine, but mainly as the personification of the productive force of nature. This they did at first by singing wild, impassioned songs, known as dithyrambs, generally improvised under the influence of wine, and which were accompanied with sacrifices, orgies, and rites of various kinds. 'But the worship of Bacchus,' says Müller, 'had one quality which was more than any other calculated to give birth to the drama, and particularly to the tragedy; namely, the *enthusiasm*, which formed an essential part of it. This enthusiasm proceeded from an impassioned sympathy with the events of nature in connection with the course of the seasons; especially with the struggle which Nature seemed to make in winter, in order that she might break forth in spring with renovated beauty.' About 580 B.C., Arion the lyric poet, we have good authority for believing, improved upon the wild, improvised dithyrambs mentioned above, by inventing what was called the tragic chorus, being a regular choral song sung by a number of people who probably represented the companions of Bacchus, and who danced around the altar, on which a goat was sacrificed. Hence, it is said, the origin of tragedy, which thus means literally the goat-song, from the Greek *tragos*, a goat, and *ōdē*, a song: *chorus* in Greek literally means a dance, or company of dancers. This dithyrambic tragic chorus continued to chant the sorrows and mishaps of Bacchus as the god of nature, in his struggle for life with the adverse powers of winter,—the particular festival at which it was sung being held at the end of winter or in early spring; hence the meaning which came to be attached to the words tragic and tragedy, for it was from this particular part of the worship of Bacchus that tragedy was developed. The further development of tragedy, according to Müller, belongs to the Athenians; while among the Dorians it seems to have been preserved in its original lyric form. Müller supposes that, even in the above elementary form of tragedy, the leaders of the chorus came forward separately, and narrated the perils which threatened the god, and his final escape from or triumph over them; the body of the chorus afterwards expressing its feelings, as if at passing events.

The next important innovation in connection with the worship of Bacchus, which indeed marks the birth of the regular tragic drama, according to all accounts, was made by Thespis, a native of Attica, about 535 B.C. To give rest to the singers, and relieve the monotony of the long effusions of the chorus, he is said to have come forward, or caused an actor to come forward, probably on a small platform, and recite a legend connected with some god or hero. 'Now,'

says Müller, 'according to the idea which we have formed from the finished drama, *one* actor appears to be no better than *none at all.* When, however, it is borne in mind that, according to the constant practice of the ancient drama, one actor played several parts in the same piece (for which the linen masks introduced by Thespis must have been of great use); and, moreover, that the chorus was combined with the actor, and could maintain a dialogue with him,—it is easy to see how a dramatic action might be introduced, continued, and concluded by the speeches inserted between the choral songs.' It is thought by some authorities that these actors might at first be chosen from among the professional rhapsodists who were in the habit of traversing the country, and reciting the works of Homer and other poets. This they often did with characteristic gesticulation, sometimes several together, each representing a different hero, and reciting his speeches in character.

Thus was tragedy born, and in a comparatively short time it reached its full development in the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, all nearly contemporary during the fifth century B.C. The first of these made the next important innovation and improvement in the character of the drama, by introducing another actor,—thus giving the dramatic element its due development. 'Tragedy, as he received it, was still an infant, though a vigorous one: when it passed from his hands, it had reached a firm and goodly youth.' Sophocles introduced a third actor, and otherwise improved on his predecessor. Euripides invented the prologue, which Müller thinks was a step in the backward direction; and he and his immediate successors made further additions and improvements, tending to render the Greek tragic drama as complete in form as it could well be, consistently with the stringent rules which Greek notions of art imposed upon it.

Comedy, like tragedy, had also its origin in the worship of Bacchus, but, according to the best authorities, took its rise in an entirely different way, and in connection with quite another festival. Tragedy, as we have seen, had originated in the winter celebrations of the worship of Bacchus, when the powers of nature were struggling to free themselves from the thralls of griping winter; and, as in a struggle of life and death, the minds of the people seemed filled with sadness and apprehension, finding utterance in the tragic chorus. Comedy, on the other hand, took its rise in connection with the joyous ingathering of the vintage, the fruit of nature's triumphant efforts, when all was mirth and jollity. The festivals of this joyous period were held in autumn, and by the country people; comedy thus, unlike tragedy, having a rustic origin. At these joyous country festivals it was the custom of the people, having drunk freely of the gifts of their generous god, to go round in procession from village to village, carrying aloft an image of the *phallus*, the emblem of nature's productive powers, the chorus singing songs of thanksgiving to the liberal Bacchus. After doing their god due honour, it was the custom of the people to indulge in the wildest and often most licentious revelry; and the chorus, turning their attention to the spectators, quizzed and satirized them in the most unrestrained manner. It was from this custom, it is said, that the regular comedy took its rise; its origin being generally ascribed to Susarion, a native of Megara, who had removed to Icaria in Attica, and who, according to one account, was the first to contend with a chorus of Icarians in order to obtain the prize—a basket of figs and a jar of wine. According to another account, quite consistent with the above, Susarion, somewhere between 580–564 B.C., was the first to regulate this amusement, and thus lay the foundation of regular comedy. The name applied by the Greeks to a drunken revel like the above was *kōmos* (comus), so that comedy literally means the 'revellers' song.' The

derivation of comedy from *kōmē*, a village, because it is said the actors went about from village to village satirizing the follies and vices of the people, rests on no good foundation. We have no such means of marking the gradual rise of comedy to perfection as we have in the case of tragedy. By what means it was gradually developed, can only be inferred, as Müller says, from the drama itself, which still retained much of its original organization, and from the analogy of tragedy.

Comedy, however, took much longer than tragedy to attain to the perfection of art, retaining its original form—that of personal satire—till the time of the greatest Greek comedian, Aristophanes (444–380 B.C.). In this form, known as the *old comedy*, the characters were real persons, introduced under their own names: most of the comedies of Aristophanes are of this class. This form of the comic drama inevitably became unbearable; and after passing through the stage of what is known as the *middle comedy*, in which real characters were introduced under assumed names, the comic art gradually reached perfection in the *new comedy*, essentially resembling the modern comic drama, in which the characters are purely fictitious, the only requirements being that they should be true to reality, and conformable to the rules of art.

As we are not writing a history of the Greek drama, nor even of the drama in general, but have introduced the above statements only because we deemed it necessary briefly to lay before the reader what is known of the origin of the European drama, we shall not enter into further details on this part of the subject. Suffice it to say, that the great difference in form between the ancient Greek or classic drama, and the modern English or romantic drama, is, that in the former was introduced what is known as the chorus, which, from the supreme part it played originally at the festivals of Bacchus, gradually came to be regarded as an altogether subordinate part of the main drama. This chorus consisted of a group of persons, in some way connected with the *dramatis personæ*, who, at intervals in the progress of the drama, gave utterance to certain moral reflections suggested by the scenes, or were used by the dramatist as a means of letting the audience know any details that were necessary to the full understanding of the plot. Even after the regular Greek drama had made considerable progress, the chorus seems to have continued to chant its part in the play, and, true to its name, enlivened the performance by dancing to its own music. Only one other difference between the classic and modern or romantic drama can we mention here: it is, that the former generally endeavoured to adhere rigidly to what are known as the dramatic unities of time, place, and action. The first of these enacts that, to keep up the illusion, everything represented in the drama should happen on the same day; the second, that, for the same reason, all the actions should take place on the same spot, or very nearly so; and the third, that there should be only one main action or plot, to which everything else must be subservient. This difference between the Greek and the English drama is not, however, merely formal; it arises from the very different principles on which ancient Greek and modern English, or rather Gothic, art is based. A writer quoted by Hazlitt says, that the great difference between ancient and modern poetry is, that the one is the poetry of form, the other of effect. 'The one seeks to identify the imitation with the external object—clings to it, is inseparable from it—is either that or nothing; the other seeks to identify the original impression with whatever else, within the range of thought or feeling, can strengthen, relieve, adorn, or elevate it. Hence the severity and simplicity of the Greek tragedy, which excluded everything foreign or unnecessary to the subject. Hence the Unities.'

It may not be deemed out of place to mention that the ancient theatres were immense semicircular buildings, open to the sky, the base of the semicircle being occupied by the stage, and the seats rising in tiers in the form of an amphitheatre, and often capable of containing thousands of spectators. The actors always wore masks suited to the characters they represented, the mouths of the masks being constructed on the principle of the speaking-trumpet, through which the voices of the performers sounded in a sort of loud chant, which was necessary in order that their speeches might be heard throughout the immense building. Hence the origin of the phrase *dramatis personæ* (from the Latin *per*, through, and *sono*, to sound), *i.e.* persons, literally and originally *masks* of the drama, each character having its own particular mask. Such is the origin of *person*, which literally means a 'speaking-trumpet.'

The Romans borrowed their drama, which is mainly of the comic order, chiefly from the Greeks. The Greek and Roman drama flourished down to a considerable time after the Christian era, and was so extremely popular in all the provinces and colonies, and was latterly of such a licentious nature, that the authorities of the Christian Church deemed it necessary to threaten with severe censure all those who frequented the theatres, and ultimately persuaded some of the Emperors to issue edicts against the performance of stage-plays. But neither church censures nor imperial edicts were found sufficient to eradicate from the people the inborn love of dramatic representation; and therefore the clergy determined to direct this passion into what they deemed a more proper channel,—an example which it would be wise in our modern clergy to follow oftener than they do. The modern European, like the ancient Greek drama, owes its origin to religion. The first known play on a religious subject, of which some fragments in Greek iambics are still extant, is said to have been written by Ezekiel, a Jew, shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem. It is taken from the Exodus, or the departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader Moses, and is supposed to have been written by Ezekiel for the purpose of animating his brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a new Moses. The principal characters are, Moses, Sapphora, and 'God from the bush.' Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The first known Christian writer of plays was Apollinarius, Bishop of Laodicea in the fourth century A.D., who is said to have turned some of the subjects of the Old Testament into plays. The oldest play extant on a Christian subject is written in Greek, entitled *Christos Paschôn*, 'The Passion of Christ,' and is somewhat doubtfully attributed to Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch and Archbishop of Constantinople in the fourth century: it is written on the model of Euripides, and is said to have been intended to supersede the representation of the works of the Greek dramatists. In this play, which is a poor production, the Virgin Mary makes her first appearance on the stage, and is represented with many weaknesses, and as indulging in most undignified and unchristian language. We hear no more of miracle plays, as these religious dramas are called, until the tenth century, when Roswitha, a nun in the convent of Gandersheim in Saxony, wrote six plays in Latin on subjects connected with the lives of the saints, which were intended, however, solely for the amusement and instruction of her sister nuns. Although this is the only instance on record of the performance of religious dramas at such an early period, still it is probable that the practice of representing plays of this kind in churches and religious houses by the clergy for their own amusement, may not have been uncommon even at this early period.

It is known that from the time of Pope Gregory the Great (the eleventh century), it became quite common for the clergy to commemorate the passion of Christ by processions, choruses, chants, and dialogues, at first only in the churches, the laity taking no part in them. A writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 1, 1868, says that it is in the mass, of which the dramatic character became most distinctly marked from the time of Gregory the Great, that the most recent research finds the germ of the modern drama. Ere long the gratification of the eye as well as the ear was ministered to in these periodical representations. By the side of Christ and His disciples were to be seen, figuring before the altar and in the procession, Adam and Eve bearing the tree of knowledge, John the forerunner and his lamb, Judas and his bag, the devil and the executioner, and ere long the patron saint of the locality on horseback, dragging after him some vanquished monster. Naturally this became not the least agreeable part of the service to the faithful; and the clergy, perceiving this, soon began to represent in the churches a sort of *tableaux vivants* of the chief scenes in biblical history, first from the New Testament —as the miracle of Cana, that of the loaves and fishes, the Lord's Supper, the curing of the blind, the resurrection of Lazarus, and the more popular parables, such as those of the prodigal son and the foolish virgins. It could be shown that in France these vast representations embraced the whole of biblical history. Although these exhibitions can scarcely be said to be the *origin* of the religious drama—religious plays having been privately represented at an earlier period—still there is no doubt that they tended in a great degree, along with other influences, to convert it into a regular and popular institution, fostering and sanctioning with the Church's approval the natural love of the people for dramatic representation.

Another powerful influence tending in the same direction, and which, working along with and modifying the above, gave to a certain extent the religious drama its ultimate form, was the *Feast of Fools* and the *Feast of the Ass*, instituted by Theophylact, Patriarch of Constantinople, about 990, in order, according to Hone, to wean the people from the ancient spectacles, particularly the bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, on the principle, we suppose, of *similia similibus curantur*. These feasts, the orgies connected with which lasted from Christmas to the end of January, rapidly became highly popular, and were celebrated, in France at least, in the maddest, most sacrilegious, and most licentious manner. The most sacred persons and offices were burlesqued, and the churches were made the scenes of the coarsest buffoonery; indeed, during the continuance of these feasts, the people seemed to be so many devils let loose for the purpose of holding hellish revelry, and making game of all that is generally considered sacred. 'The Feast of Fools,' says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1869, 'was carried on with the utmost licence of action and language, the maskers singing obscene songs, taking lascivious postures, playing dice and eating sausages and puddings on the altar, wearing spectacles with orange-peel in place of glasses, and mocking the practice of incensing by burning an old shoe or excrement in the censer, and incensing the priest with its smoke. The mock office being finished, they leaped and danced through the church like madmen, sometimes stripping themselves quite naked in their dances. They then recited a farce in the atrium or cemetery of the church, where they shaved their heads and arranged their beards.' The Feast of the Ass, as celebrated in France, consisted almost entirely of dramatic show. The clergy, habited in different vestments to represent the ancient prophets and other celebrated characters, including John the Baptist, Virgil, Balaam—in honour of

whose ass it was instituted—Nebuchadnezzar, and others, moved in procession through the body of the church chanting versicles, and conversing in character on the nativity of Christ, till they came into the choir. At Rouen they performed the miracle of the furnace: Nebuchadnezzar spoke, the sibyl appeared at the last, then an anthem was sung, which concluded the ceremony. The Feast of the Ass, as it was performed at Beauvais every year on the 14th of January, commemorated the flight of the Virgin into Egypt with the infant Jesus. To represent the Virgin, the most beautiful girl in the city, with a pretty child in her arms, was placed on an ass richly caparisoned. Thus mounted, she preceded the bishop and his clergy, all marching in procession through the streets to the Church of St. Stephen. There they ranged themselves on the right side of the altar, when mass was performed, the various parts of the service being terminated by the burden *Hin-han*, to imitate the braying of an ass. At the conclusion of the service, the officiating priest, instead of saying *Ita missa est*, repeated *Hin-han* three times, and during the service various hymns were sung in praise of the ass. These facts prove, that even so early as the eleventh century, exhibitions of a dramatic nature, connected with Old and New Testament subjects, were quite common in the west of Europe, and that the people took part in them both as spectators and actors. 'Originally,' says the writer above quoted, 'in the church dramas proper, as distinguished from the Asinaria, the language employed was Latin. But toward the close of the eleventh century Latin began to give way to the popular tongue; and in a dialogue between the wise and foolish virgins, written in France in the eleventh century, the Provençal dialect is adopted. . . . As the language of the people superseded the Latin, so did the wild, irregular, and undisciplined sentiment of the people overcome the restrictions of the Church, and run riot into licence and folly.' To such a scandalous extent was the farcical element in these exhibitions carried, that the Church authorities, who themselves had set the stone rolling, deemed it necessary to interfere, and endeavoured by edicts and bulls at length to purge or put a stop to them. But this was impossible. The clergy, however, gradually withdrew from taking any prominent part in them; and finally the religious orgies were prohibited altogether from being performed in churches. On the withdrawal of the clergy, societies of laymen were formed for the purpose of representing plays founded on biblical subjects, such as the 'Fraternity of the Gonfalone,' founded in Rome in 1264, and the 'Brothers of the Passion' at Paris.

On the whole, consistently with the most recent researches, the above is the most satisfactory way to account for the origin, or perhaps revival, of the strictly modern religious drama,—the precursor, in England at least, of what is known as the regular drama. Apparently it was in France that it received the strongest impulse, and soonest became established as a popular institution; but by the fourteenth century the representation of miracle plays and mysteries had become common over nearly the whole of Europe: indeed, the Church itself, as a writer remarks, might be said to have become a theatre. It was mainly at the principal Church festivals that these dramas were enacted; and it is worthy of notice how considerable a resemblance, in this and other respects, the origin and early history of the modern European religious drama bear to those of the Greek drama. Each in its origin formed an integral part of the religious services connected with the commemoration of the sufferings and triumph of One whom his worshippers considered their greatest benefactor, and for a long time each continued to be intimately associated with the festivals of the religious institution out of whose form of worship it was developed.

Various other causes are given by Dibdin, the uncritical historian of the

stage, and others, as contributing to the origin of the earliest form of the modern drama. About the time that it took its rise, the mad furor connected with the Crusades was at its height, and everything and everybody connected with religion enjoyed the greatest popularity. The people were never wearied of hearing the highly coloured stories narrated by the pilgrims and palmers of their adventures on their pious journeys. Menestrier, a French antiquary, quoted in Bayle's Dictionary, ascribes the origin of the mystery to the habit of the pilgrims who had returned from the Holy Land, the shrine St. James of Compostella, and other holy places, composing songs on their travels, mixing them with a recital of the life and death of the Son of God, or of the last judgment, miracles of saints, etc. These pilgrims, we are told, who went in companies, and who took their stand in streets and public places, where they sang with their staves in their hands, and their hats and mantles covered with shells and painted images of divers colours, formed a kind of spectacle which pleased and excited the piety of some citizens of Paris to raise a fund for purchasing a proper place to erect a theatre, in which to represent these mysteries on holy days, as well for the instruction of the people as for their diversion. It appears also to have been the custom of the merchants who frequented the many fairs held throughout Europe from the time of Charlemagne, to be accompanied with jugglers, minstrels, and buffoons, who used every art to inveigle the people to become purchasers of their masters' wares. These exhibitions soon became very popular, and for various reasons were regarded with disfavour by the clergy, who, when they saw they could not extinguish them, substituted in their stead dramatic exhibitions of a religious character.

It appears to us, then, that one might venture to assert that, from the time the Greek drama was instituted by Thespis, down to the present time, dramatic representation in one form or other has been kept alive in Europe. We have seen that at a very early period of the Christian era, the clergy attempted to substitute plays of a religious character for those pagan dramas which they deemed must exercise an evil influence on the people. What little record we have, seems to authorize a presumption that the drama was kept alive in monasteries and convents, where it was not unusual to represent subjects of a religious character, and even the plays of the Latin comedians; for we are told that Nun Roswitha, in the tenth century, wrote the religious plays formerly referred to as a substitute for the comedies of Terence, which were favourites with the nuns. But, as we have already said, what especially gave rise to the modern mystery and miracle play, was the more dramatic character assumed by the mass in the eleventh century, combined with the farcical exhibitions connected with the celebration of the Feast of Fools and the Feast of the Ass; the other causes mentioned above no doubt contributing to render them more and more popular and common.

As the reader will have perceived, what we have written above concerning the origin of the religious drama of the middle ages refers chiefly to France: we have no direct means of knowing what were the earliest causes at work in England in the same direction, although doubtless most of the above statements would apply, to a greater or less extent, to nearly all the Catholic countries of Europe. The main reason, however, why we have been so particular in setting forth the influences at work in France which tended to originate the religious drama, is, that there seems to be no doubt that from that country the earliest miracle plays were imported into England. There is no record of anything which could in any strict sense be called a drama having existed among our stolid ancestors the Anglo-Saxons. Their gleemen, like the ancient Greek rhapsodists, went about among the palaces of the Anglo-Saxon princes, reciting

or chanting the deeds of their heroes, and no doubt, like their prototypes, would put as much action into their recitations as possible; but the idea of dramatic representation apparently never occurred to them. Still it is possible, nay probable, especially in the later period of Anglo-Saxon domination, that, as in the religious houses of the Continent, religious and even profane plays were performed by the monks and nuns for their own amusement: for there was a considerable amount of good scholarship among the Anglo-Saxon clergy. This, however, is mere conjecture. It would be a waste of space and time to go back to the Celtic period.

The scanty records we have concur with probability in authorizing us to assign to the French the introduction of the earliest form of the modern drama into England. The Norman Conquest (1066) took place just about the time when the various causes above referred to were conspiring to give a regular form to, and render popular, the religious drama or miracle play. That event, we know, made French influence for the time supreme in England: all offices of any importance were taken out of the hands of the conquered Anglo-Saxons, and filled with the French followers of William; and among others, all the important offices connected with the Church were speedily filled with French ecclesiastics. As there can be no doubt that both clergy and laity would bring with them from France their recently formed tastes for religious dramatic representations, we might naturally expect to find the religious drama soon becoming an English institution. Facts show that this was actually the case. According to Mr. Collier, the learned historian of the English stage, 'no country of Europe, since the revival of letters, has been able to produce any notice of theatrical performances of so early a date as England.' Matthew Paris, writing about 1240, informs us that Geoffrey, who afterwards became Abbot of St. Albans, was at first brought from Normandy to teach the school there, but that, in consequence of some delay, he took up his residence at Dunstable; and while there he brought out the play of St. Catherine, borrowing copes from the neighbouring monastery of St. Albans for the purpose of decorating those who took part in the play. As Geoffrey was raised to the dignity of Abbot of St. Albans in 1119, it is certain that the above performances must have taken place before that date; Warton says about the year 1110, and Collier thinks possibly even earlier. According to Bulæus, who refers to the performance of the play in his *History of the University of Paris*, the above performance was no novelty, *sed de consuetudine magistrorum et scholarum*—'but was according to the custom of masters and scholars.' The performance of miracle plays, however, is referred to by a much earlier writer than Matthew Paris, viz. William Fitzstephen, the biographer of Thomas à Becket, who, as he speaks of what came within his own observation, is a witness of the highest value. Fitzstephen probably wrote about the year 1180; and in giving a description of the city of London, he tells us that in that city holy plays were enacted—'representations of those miracles which were wrought by the holy confessors, or of the sufferings in which the martyrs so signally displayed their fortitude.' This latter statement shows that, so early as the twelfth century, the representation of religious plays was quite a common thing in London; and from the former, we might infer that they were occasionally to be seen even in the provinces.

The allusions to the performance of these religious plays are exceedingly rare until we come down to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but the few notices that are to be met with warrant us in inferring that, during the course of the thirteenth century, they had become a recognised and regularly established amusement in England. Under the year 1258 there is a passage in the

Annales Burtonenses forbidding the performance of plays by *histriones*, which probably here means strolling players, who were no doubt laymen, for as yet the clergy were not only the composers, but the only authorized actors of these plays. In an Anglo-French poem entitled *Manuel de Peché*, generally ascribed to Bishop Grossetete, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century, there is a minute account of the authors of miracle plays, their subjects, and the circumstances under which they were usually performed. The institution of the festival of Corpus Christi in 1264 appears to have given a strong impulse to the more general performance of miracle plays,—one of the chief features of that festival, even at the present day, being pageants and processions. It is supposed that four years after the institution of this festival, *i.e.* about 1268, the custom of performing plays in the streets of large towns was introduced into this country; and Collier and other authorities think that it was about this date that the annual representation of miracle plays during Whitsuntide was instituted at Chester. 'Exhibitions of a similar kind took place at Coventry, York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Durham, Lancaster, Leeds, Preston, Bristol, Witney, Cambridge, Manningtree, and other places; and it may be conjectured that they were originally introduced into large towns nearly contemporaneously, for the purpose of disseminating a certain degree of knowledge of Scripture history.' During the fourteenth century frequent allusions are made to these performances in contemporary poets, chronicles, and statutes. They are spoken of in *Piers Plowman's Creede*, and Chaucer refers to them again and again, attending 'plays of miracles' being one of the amusements indulged in during Lent by the lusty Wife of Bath. In the latter part of the fourteenth century the choristers and scholars of St. Paul's Cathedral petitioned Richard II. to prohibit certain persons, probably laymen, 'from acting the history of the Old and New Testament, to the great prejudice of the clergy of the Church, who had expended considerable sums for a public representation of plays founded upon that portion of Scripture at the ensuing Christmas;' and in 1391, according to Stow, the parish clerks of London performed a play at Skinner's Well, near Smithfield, in presence of the king, queen, and nobles, which lasted three days.

As we are more concerned here with the literature of the drama than with the history of the stage, it is unnecessary to pursue this part of the subject further. Sufficient evidence has been adduced to show that the earliest form of the British drama is nearly as old as the Norman Conquest; that the custom of representing miracle plays at certain Church festivals, and on other great occasions, gradually spread itself over the length and breadth of the land: the custom was almost as universal as the celebration of the Church festivals themselves. During the fifteenth century these exhibitions had made such progress, that nearly every large city had its own company of performers, generally composed of the various trade corporations; and the king himself, and many of the nobility, kept among their retainers complete companies of players, who often went about from place to place giving performances. They continued to be as common and popular as ever during the sixteenth century, even after the regular drama had been developed, and did not cease to be represented in England till at least the beginning of the seventeenth century. Miracle plays have never entirely ceased to be represented on the Continent, and still continue to be acted in Germany, Spain, and Italy. Some years ago an article appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, giving a minute description of a most elaborate and well-acted religious drama on the Passion, which was represented in the open air in a most decorous manner at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, in the year 1860. This representation takes place every ten years, in fulfilment of a vow made by the inhabitants in the 17th

century. In *All the Year Round* is an interesting description of one on the same subject, which took place at Brixlegg, in the Tyrol, in August 1868. There were 300 performers and sixteen acts: the play began at nine in the morning, and, with the exception of an hour for refreshment, lasted till four in the afternoon. The most recent English religious drama is Byron's *Cain, a Mystery.*

As we have already remarked, miracle plays originated with the clergy; and they were for a long time mostly written and performed by them as a part of the celebration of Church festivals, of which they were a regular adjunct down to the time of the Reformation. Even after the corporations of the towns and choristers of the churches had become the regular performers in these religious dramas, which practice probably began to be common during the fifteenth century, there is evidence that, so late as about 1540, the clergy occasionally took part in the performances, probably in the country districts; and so long at least as the Roman Catholic religion maintained its ground, they seem generally to have acted as superintendents and directors. This we need be neither surprised nor shocked at, if we bear in mind the origin and object of these religious plays: they arose, as we have seen, from the very nature of the Roman Catholic Church service, some parts of which even at the present day are of a highly dramatic character; and whether or not the clergy had this object in view in encouraging them, they were the only means within the reach of the great majority of the people of obtaining a knowledge of the events of Scripture history. No doubt these exhibitions gave rise to many disorders, and the language of the plays themselves was often very coarse, and even what we should call blasphemous; but there is no doubt that, had it not been for the superintendence of the clergy, these evils would have been immeasurably aggravated: witness the ribaldry and licentiousness that characterized the Feasts of Fools and of the Ass mentioned above. Indeed, Collier supposes that certain great disorders, 'revellings, drunkenness, shouts, songs, and other insolences,' which took place at York during the representation of the Corpus Christi plays previous to 1426, arose from the non-interference of the clergy. These miracle plays, the manner of their representation, and all their accompaniments and consequences, were quite in keeping with the character of the people and the times, and were no outcome of a spirit of irreverence or irreligion: their character arose from the very materialistic notions of religion that then prevailed; and we need be no more shocked at the people of those times indulging in such amusements, than we need be at an uncultured hind of the present day preferring the tumbling, grimaces, and rude jests of a clown to the performance of Shakespeare's *Hamlet.* It is within the memory of some still living, that scenes not unlike what attended the performance of these miracle plays, were the usual concomitants of the celebration of the Communion in many of our Scotch country districts: any one may read of them in Burns's *Holy Fair.*

As the clergy were the originators, and for long the only performers, in these holy plays, so it is certain that churches and monasteries were the theatres in which they were at first represented. We formerly mentioned that the abuses which arose from the performance of those dramas were carried to such a height, that various edicts were issued by the Church authorities, forbidding the clergy to take part in them, and prohibiting the churches from being used as theatres for their performance. In the reign of Alexander II. of Scotland, penalties were decreed against all players who desecrated by their performances either the inside of the church or the churchyard; and in a provincial synod held at Worcester in 1240, the clergy were forbidden to appear at such exhibitions. The *Manuel de Peché*, mentioned above, expressly mentions both the interior and the cemeteries of churches as the scenes of such performances. Even long after it had become

customary to exhibit miracle plays on scaffolds or platforms constructed for the purpose, and erected in the open air, churches were occasionally made use of as theatres. So late as 1542, Bishop Bonner issued a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese, prohibiting 'all manner of common plays, games, or interludes, to be played, set forth, or declared within their churches and chapels.' From a tract published in 1572, quoted by Mr. Collier, the practice seems to have been not altogether given up even then. The author, speaking of the manner in which the clergy neglect their duties, says: 'He again posteth it (the service) over as fast as he can gallop: for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, . . . or an *interlude to be played;* and if no place else can be gotten, it must be done in the church.'

It is certain, however, that at a very early period, in the large towns the clergy ceased to take an active part in the getting up and representation of these religious plays, the task being taken up by various corporations. We have seen that in London the corporation of parish-clerks exhibited a miracle play at Skinner's Well; but in most instances it was the trading companies of the various cities where these plays were represented that took upon themselves the duty of management, each guild undertaking a portion of the performance, and sustaining a share in the expense. In the case of the Chester plays, for example, it was the duty of the tanners to represent *The Fall of Lucifer;* the drapers undertaking to set forth *The Creation and Fall;* the water-drawers of the Dee, *Noah's Flood; The Slaughter of the Innocents* devolving upon the goldsmiths; *The Passion of Christ* falling to the lot of the fleshers, bowyers, coopers, and strangers; and *The Crucifixion* to the ironmongers. From the number of actors engaged, the elaborate nature of the 'properties,' and the amount of time consumed, the corporations must have been put to considerable expense in these representations.

At an early period the representations seem at times to have taken place in the open air. The *Manuel de Peché*, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, alluded to above, particularly reprobates the performance of miracle plays 'in the streets of cities;' and it is well known that, when the acting of these plays devolved upon the city trade corporations, the performances always took place in the streets, attracting immense crowds from all the districts round about. The stage was generally a scaffold, which in its most perfectly developed form consisted of three platforms or storeys; but on this point we shall take the liberty of quoting from Mr. Collier, still the greatest authority on all matters connected with the early British drama. 'Miracle plays,' he says, 'were acted on temporary erections of timber, indifferently called scaffolds, stages, and pageants; and there is no doubt that in some instances they were placed upon wheels, in order that they might be removed to various parts of large towns or cities, and the plays exhibited in succession. The testimony of Archdeacon Rogers, who wrote his account of Chester prior to the death of Elizabeth, seems decisive on this point, as far as the performances there are concerned. He says that the scaffold consisted of two rooms, a higher and a lower: in the lower the performers attired themselves; and in the higher they acted, which was open at the top in order that all might be able to see the exhibition. The same authority would lead to the conclusion that only one scaffold, stage, or pageant was present at the same time in the same place; and doubtless such was the fact, according to the arrangement of the plays to which Archdeacon Rogers refers. It is indisputable, however, that the Chester miracle plays, as they exist in the British Museum, could not have been so represented. Some of the pieces require the employment of two, and even of

three scaffolds, independent of other contrivances: the street also must have been used, as several of the characters enter and go out on horseback. In the *Coventry Plays*, "the place" and "the mid-place" are mentioned; and there can be no doubt, from the terms of some of the stage directions, that two, three, and even four scaffolds were erected round a centre—the performers proceeding, as occasion required, from one to the other, across "the mid-place." In one Widkirk play Cain is exhibited at plough with a team of horses; and in another it is absolutely necessary for the story that something like the interior of a cottage should be represented, with a peasant's wife in bed, who pretends to have been just delivered of a child, which lies by her side in a cradle.' Strutt, however, according to Hone, informs us that the stage consisted of three platforms, one above another. On the uppermost sat God the Father, surrounded by his angels; on the second, the glorified saints; and on the last and lowest, men who had not yet passed from this life. On one side of the lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark pitchy cavern, from which issued the appearance of fire and flames; and when it was necessary, the audience was treated with hideous yellings and noises, in imitation of the howlings and cries of wretched souls tormented by relentless demons. From this yawning cave the devils themselves constantly ascended to delight and to instruct the spectators. Mr. Wright, editor of the *Chester Plays*, says that he has somewhere read of charges for coals to keep up hell-fire; and that on one occasion hell itself took fire, and was nearly burnt down. Among other extracts from the books of accounts connected with the representation of some of these plays, are found the following articles of expenditure:—'Item, paid for mending hell-mouth, 2d.;' 'Item, paid for keeping of fire at hell-mouth, 4d.;' 'Paid for setting the world on fire, 5d.' This last entry would lead us to infer that the 'sensation drama' is, after all, not quite so modern as the days of Mr. Boucicault, who, if he were consulting some of these antiquated miracle plays, might get a few hints as to the production of certain stage effects that would completely eclipse any 'sensation' scene hitherto attempted. We learn from some other entries in the records connected with the performance of these plays, that the actors must have dressed in character, and also that they must have been allowed either a certain salary or so much for necessary expenses. Some of these entries will sound to modern ears ludicrously profane, but certainly no feeling of impiety or irreverence actuated those who dictated them. Thus we meet with such entries as, 'God's coat of white leather, (6 skins);' 'Cheverel (peruke) for God;' 'Paid to God, 2s.;' 'Item, to Herod, 3s. 4d.;' 'Item, to the devil and to Judas, 18d.;' 'Item, paid to the two angels, 8d.;' 'Item, paid to the demon, 16d.' So rigid, indeed, were their notions of dressing in character, and so strictly did our simple ancestors adhere to the letter of what is written, that in the Chester and Coventry plays on *The Creation*, Adam and Eve are made to appear on the stage 'in all the simplicity of immortal costume,' until, after having eaten of the forbidden fruit, they discover their nakedness. In the Chester play, Adam, after having tasted the 'griefful' (to use an obsolete but expressive term) fruit, says:

Out! alas! what aileth me?
I am naked, well I see! . . .

EVE.

Alas, this adder hath done me [nye!][1]
Alas, her rede[2] why did I?
Naked we ben both for thy,[3]
And of our shape ashamed.

. . . . . .

Adam, husband, I rede we take
These fig-leaves for shame's sake,
And to our members a hilling[4] make
Of them for thee and me.

[1] *nye*—annoyance, injury. [2] *rede*—advice. [3] *for thy*—therefore. [4] *hilling*—covering.

The stage directions instruct that 'Adam and Eve shall cover their members with leaves, hiding themselves under the trees.' Warton observes 'that this extraordinary spectacle was beheld by a numerous company of both sexes with great composure: they had the authority of Scripture for such a representation, and they gave matters just as they found them in the third chapter of Genesis.' It is only fair to mention, however, that Mr. Wright is strongly inclined to think that it is altogether an error to suppose that the representatives of our first parents appeared in a perfectly nude condition on the stage—that the direction is merely figurative, and that they were only to be supposed to be in a state of nudity. 'Still,' he adds, 'that part of the performance which related to the fig-leaves could not be otherwise than what would now be considered very indecorous.' Altogether, when we take into account the subjects of these miracle plays, the language put into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ*, the actors, the stage appointments, and all the accompanying details, together with the absurd beliefs which they lead us to infer must have been held by those who looked upon them as a genuine representation of reality, we cannot fail to be amused at the simplicity of our ancestors; at the same time regarding them with that feeling of tender pity with which every thoughtful man is filled when he thinks on the trifles that afforded him infinite pleasure, and the absurd beliefs he cherished, in the days of his childhood and boyhood. We must now, however, review the plays themselves, which we can afford to do briefly, as we intend to give a specimen of one.

This earliest form of the British drama, as the reader will have perceived, is indifferently denominated *Miracle Play* or *Mystery;* the latter term, however, seems to have been a late importation from France,—the only names under which these religious dramas were known to our ancestors being *Miracles* or *Plays of Miracles.* In France there was always a distinction made between the application of the two terms: the term mystery was used to designate a drama founded on some incident or story in the Old or New Testament, or in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus; miracle play being applied to one founded on some miraculous incident in the life of a saint. The two terms, however, as we have said, are applied indifferently by English writers to the same thing. The origin of the term miracle or miracle play as applied to these early dramas is obvious, as in most of them, from the nature of their subjects, there is a strong infusion of the supernatural. The word mystery, again, it is generally said, is appropriately used in this connection to indicate that the plays thus denominated were intended to set forth to the populace the *mysteries* of the Christian faith. But this is the case with very few of these dramas, most of which are founded on simple narratives devoid of all mystery, taken from both the Old and New Testaments. Moreover, in many French manuscripts the word is written *mistère*, —its origin, according to some of the latest and best authorities, being found in the Latin *ministerium*, 'service,' 'office,' pointing to the time when these plays formed a regular part of religious service or worship. At all events, we know that the English miracle play or mystery was a drama founded on some historical part of the Old or New Testament, or on some incident in the life of a saint: those extant are mostly of the former character.

The oldest specimen of a miracle play extant is a fragment of that alluded to formerly as generally ascribed to Gregory Nazianzen, which has been translated into French. The oldest extant specimen of a miracle play in English is, according to Mr. Collier, to be found among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British Museum, the MS. being as old as the earlier part of the reign of Edward III., *i.e.* the early half of the fourteenth century. It is founded upon the sixteenth

chapter of the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus—which is the source of many later ones—and relates to the descent of Christ to hell to liberate Adam, Eve, John the Baptist, and the prophets. However, the principal extant miracle plays written in English consist of three separate sets known as the *Towneley* or *Widkirk* collection, consisting of thirty plays supposed to have belonged to Widkirk Abbey before the suppression of the monasteries, the manuscript of which appears to have been written about the reign of Henry VI. (1422–1461); the *Coventry Plays*, forty-two in number, consisting of miracle plays said to have been represented at Coventry on the feast of *Corpus Christi*, the manuscript of which was written at least as early as the reign of Henry VII. (1485–1509); the *Chester Whitsun Plays*, twenty-four in number, of which the oldest extant manuscript was written in 1581,—there being four others of the dates 1592, 1600, 1604, 1607 respectively. The first collection has been published by the Surtees Society, and the two others by the Shakespeare Society. Although the manuscripts are of the above dates, the plays themselves bear internal evidence of being very much older, although it is impossible to fix the dates with anything like certainty, especially as most of the plays have apparently been modernized and otherwise tampered with. The Chester plays, according to the prologue, were originally composed in the mayoralty of John Arnway by one Done Randall, a monk of Chester Abbey, whom certain good authorities suppose to have been no other than Randal, Ranulph, or Ralph Higden, author of the *Polychronicon;* but this can scarcely be credited, if, as the best authorities say, Higden died about 1360. A note on one of the British Museum Manuscripts of these plays mentioned above, however, says that Higden 'was thrice at Rome before he could obtain leave of the Pope to have them in the English tongue,' which indicates that the writer of the note believed that these plays were not originally written in English. Warton conjectured that they must have been written in Latin; but Mr. Collier's hypothesis, that they were originally in French, is far more likely to be the truth. This supposition he bases on certain remarkable coincidences in language between some of the Chester plays and old French plays on the same subjects, and on the fact that, at the time these are said to have been composed, French was still the prevailing fashionable and literary language. Another note, apparently written at the end of the sixteenth century, appended to a 'proclamation' used for these plays in the time of Henry VIII., contained in another Harleian manuscript, contains the following statement:—'Sir John Arnway, mayor, 1327 and 1328, at which time these plays were written by Randall Higgenett, a monk of Chester Abbey, and played openly in the Whitsun week.' The inference from these statements is, that when the Chester plays were first instituted in 1268, the dramas exhibited were written in French, but that when English became the recognised and prevailing language of all classes under Edward III., these plays were translated from French into English, possibly by Ralph Higden the chronicler, who may have added a few of his own composition. We know that plays were regularly performed at Chester and other large towns shortly after the institution of *Corpus Christi* festival; and the probability is, that the dramas now extant are those which were used from the beginning, the language having been at various periods modernized in order to suit the changes undergone by the English tongue. 'The Chester series,' says Mr. Collier, 'affords specimens of orthography of different ages, from the middle of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century.' The Coventry plays have been altered even to a greater extent; the Widkirk collection being the only one which has been handed down in a comparatively pure state.

The dramas in these three collections are nearly all on the same subjects; and

the language and mode of treatment are in many instances so very much alike, as to lead to the belief that they were translated or adapted from a common source. The subjects are mostly taken from the Old and New Testaments, and from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus,—the Chester series, however, drawing very sparingly from the latter source. The language of most of these plays is very rude, and often disgustingly coarse and obscene: the most sacred and divine persons are frequently made to speak in a manner that would be now considered unbecoming even in Billingsgate, though no doubt the language was regarded by those who heard it as perfectly proper and appropriate. As the writers of these dramas were not likely to make their characters and the language they used coarser and more nauseous than what they saw and heard around them in their contemporary men and women, we may safely regard them as a very faithful picture of society at the time the plays were written. No doubt the scene between Noah and his wife in the play of *The Deluge*, common to the three collections, may be regarded as a faithful picture in language and action of scenes then common in the married life of all classes of society; and indeed, scenes not very different, and language equally forcible, are not so rare, even at the present day, between husband and wife among certain classes of society. The progress of refinement in manners and language must indeed be very slow, since even at this distance from the time at which these plays were written, improvement in these as in other respects is only slowly working its way down through the lower strata of society. In the structure and conduct of the miracle plays, as might be expected, there is little or no display of art or taste; and although occasionally we meet with scenes and language naively natural and life-like, full of dramatic effect, 'and even of gentle and tender sentiment,' still, on the whole, they are devoid of literary merit. The composers of these plays seem to have felt bound to mix the *dulce* with the *utile*, and therefore in almost every one of them we meet with scenes of the coarsest humour and most riotous and inappropriate fun, which no doubt well served the purpose for which they were intended, viz. to keep the rude audience in good humour by furnishing them with food for uproarious laughter. Altogether, they will seem to readers of the present day—what they certainly were not meant to be by their writers, and assuredly were not considered by the audiences who witnessed them—coarse caricatures of the most sacred persons and events in holy writ, and a lamentable picture of the state of society in the time of our ancestors. Few of them can be said to be intrinsically interesting: they soon pall upon the modern taste, and are likely to be perused with profit only by the antiquarian, diligent historian, and persevering student of manners.

The Towneley plays are the coarsest of the three collections; the Coventry series being the best in language, and least indelicate in sentiment; and the Chester dramas a shade better than the Towneley. As a specimen of the subjects of these primitive dramas, we shall here transcribe the titles of the mysteries contained in the Chester collection. From these the reader will perceive that many of the most important episodes in Scripture history, and especially in the life of Christ, were dramatized, and doubtless would serve the same purpose in these dark and rude ages as the 'Pictorial Bible' does at the present day. The following are the titles of the Chester plays as they occur in the Shakespeare Society edition:—

1. The Fall of Lucifer.
2. The Creation and Fall, and Death of Abel.
3. Noah's Flood.
4. The Histories of Lot and Abraham.
5. Balaam and his Ass.

6. The Salutation and Nativity.
7. The Play of the Shepherds.
8. The Three Kings.
9. The Offering and Return of the Three Kings.
10. The Slaughter of the Innocents.
11. The Purification of the Virgin.
12. The Temptation, and the Woman taken in Adultery.
13. Lazarus.
14. Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.
15. The Lord's Supper and Christ's Betrayal.
16. The Passion of Christ.
17. The Crucifixion.
18. The Harrowing of Hell.[1]
19. The Resurrection of Christ.
20. Christ and the Disciples on the way to Emmaus.
21. Christ's Ascension.
22. The Election of Matthias, and the Emission of the Holy Spirit.
23. Ezekiel.
24. On the Appearance of Antichrist.
25. On the Last Judgment.

As a specimen of these miracle plays, and to give the reader the means of forming for himself an idea of what they really were, we have given at the end of this Introduction the greater part of the one entitled *Noah's Flood.*

Having dwelt with such comparative minuteness on the origin, history, and nature of the earliest form of the British drama, we shall now briefly trace its progress through the intermediate phase of what is known as the 'morality,' till it reached its full development in that form which has been consecrated by the genius of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. As we shall give at the end of this Introduction specimens illustrating the gradual progress of the drama to what is known as its 'legitimate' form, there is no great necessity for discursiveness here.

At a comparatively early period there were occasionally introduced into miracle plays characters of an abstract or allegorical nature, intended to represent virtues, vices, passions, etc.; but when this innovation was first made, there is no means of ascertaining. One of the earliest specimens of a drama of this kind is to be found in the Coventry series, in the eleventh play of which *Truth*, *Justice*, *Peace*, and *Pity* are introduced into the Parliament of Heaven. In other plays of the same series, *Death* and *the Mother of Death* are represented as taking part; 'until at length such characters as *Reufin* and *Lyon* were employed, partaking of greater individuality, though still personifying the feelings and passions which are supposed to have actuated the Jews against our Saviour.' Gradually such characters became more and more numerous, until, instead of being merely subsidiary to the scriptural characters forming the *dramatis personæ* of the miracle play, they ultimately put the latter into the shade, and a kind of play was established in which they were the sole or chief part of the characters. This kind of drama was called a 'Moral' or 'Moral Play,' though now it is generally known under the name of a 'Morality.' It must not, however, be imagined that these moral plays entirely superseded the mysteries, which long after the invention of the former continued to be almost as popular as ever, and, as we have seen, did not entirely cease out of the land until the beginning of the seventeenth century.

A moral or moral play is well defined by Collier to be 'a drama, the characters of which are allegorical, abstract, or symbolical, and the story of which is intended to convey a lesson for the better conduct of human life.' Evidence can be adduced to show that early in the fifteenth century the morality was in a state of considerable advancement; and Warton thinks it reached the highest perfection of which it was capable about the end of the same century, although, as Collier remarks, it subsequently acquired a greater degree of complication, and exhibited more labour and ingenuity in its construction. As much of what we have said with regard to miracle plays is equally applicable to moral plays, it is not necessary here to enter into a minute examination of the cha-

[1] *i.e.* The descent of Christ into hell, to release Adam and other old saints. This is taken from the Gospel of Nicodemus.

racter and structure of the latter. In many instances they are characterized by as much coarseness and buffoonery as are their predecessors the mysteries, although, as might be expected from the later date, and the improvement which had taken place in literary taste generally, they manifest greater skill in the use of language, and greater art in dramatic construction. Although the change in the characters of the drama from persons to personifications might seem a step backward, yet as, from the nature of these plays, there was a greater necessity for distinctiveness in the portraiture of character, they were really a step in advance of the miracle play, and no doubt in this respect paved the way for the invention of the legitimate drama. Nevertheless the pure morality, we cannot but imagine, must have been a very tedious affair indeed, and could not long have maintained its popularity, had there not been introduced into it, perhaps from the very first, scenes of buffoonery and coarse wit such as were almost invariably mixed up with the miracle play. Many of the later moralities, while still retaining their peculiar character as dramas of personification, show that vast advances had been made in the dramatic art and literary skill generally, being not unfrequently characterized by considerable force and originality of language, as well as genuine humour, while they show much insight into human nature, and power of depicting character. Still even the best of them, as compared with the regular drama, would now be considered 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' 'tolerable, and not to be endured,' and seem as little calculated to accomplish their moral end as Richardson's *Pamela*. As we shall see, however, they were ere long so considerably modified in their character, as to be but a little removed from the legitimate drama. What we have said with regard to the structure of the stage, and the representation of miracle plays, applies equally well to the plays under consideration.

We have already said that, to relieve the tedium which must have been induced by the representation of the unmodified moral plays, scenes of coarse fun and uproarious buffoonery were frequently introduced; and in nearly all moral plays, the great suppliers of these articles are two staple characters in nearly all dramas of this kind, known as *The Devil* and *The Vice*. Any notice of moralities would be incomplete without a description of these characters, the latter of which is frequently alluded to by the Elizabethan dramatists. We shall take the liberty of quoting Mr. Collier's account of these two stock 'moral' characters:

'The Devil was no doubt imported into moral plays from the old miracle plays, where he figured so amusingly, that when a new species of theatrical diversion had been introduced, he could not be dispensed with: accordingly, we find him the leader of the Seven Deadly Sins, in one of the most ancient moral plays that have been preserved. He was rendered as hideous as possible by the mask and dress he wore; and from Ulpian Fulwell's *Like will to Like*, 1568 (and from other sources of the same kind which need not be particularized), we learn that his exterior was shaggy and hairy, one of the characters there mistaking him for "a dancing bear." His "bottle-nose" and "evil face" are mentioned both in that piece, and in T. Lupton's *All for Money*, 1578; and that he had a tail, if it required proof, is evident from the circumstance that the Vice asks him for a piece of it to make a fly-flap. His ordinary exclamation on entering was, "Ho, ho, ho!" and on all occasions he was prone to roaring and crying out, especially when, for the amusement of the spectators, he was provoked to it by castigation at the hands of the Vice. Malone states that "his constant attendant was the Vice," as if the Devil never appeared without him but in *The Disobedient Child* (n. d. but printed about 1560), and in one or two other morals he exhibited alone.

'Regarding the Vice, Mr. Douce is of opinion (with that sagacity and knowledge which distinguish him, and make difference dangerous) that the name was derived from the nature of the character; and certain it is that he is represented most wicked by design, and never good but by accident. As the Devil now and then appeared without the Vice, so the Vice sometimes appeared without the Devil. Malone tells us that "the principal employment of the Vice was to belabour the Devil;" but although he was frequently so engaged, he had also higher duties. He figured now and then in the religious plays of a later date; and in

The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen, 1567, he performed the part of her lover, before her conversion, under the name of Infidelity: in *King Darius*, 1565, he also acted a prominent part, by his own impulses to mischief, under the name of Iniquity, without any prompting from the representative of the principle of evil. Such was the general style of the Vice, and as Iniquity he is spoken of by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The Vice and Iniquity seem, however, sometimes to have been distinct persons, and he was not unfrequently called by the name of particular vices.

'The Vice was wholly unknown in our "religious plays" which have hitherto gone by the name of Mysteries.

'With regard to "Moralities," it is certainly true, that in the most ancient moral plays characters of gross buffoonery and vicious propensities were inserted for the amusement and instruction of the audience; but although we hear of "the fool" in Medwall's interlude performed before Henry VIII. in 1516, such a character seems very rarely to have been specifically called "the Vice" anterior to the Reformation.

'On the external appearance of the Vice, Mr. Douce has observed, that "being generally dressed in a fool's habit," he was gradually and undistinguishably blended with the domestic fool; and there is every probability that such was the result. Ben Jonson, in his *Devil is an Ass*, alludes to this very circumstance when he is speaking of the fools of old kept in the houses of the nobility and gentry:

"Fifty years agone and six,
When every great man had his Vice stand by him
In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger."

The Vice here spoken of was the domestic fool of the nobility about the year 1560, to whom also Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, alludes, under the terms "buffoon or vice in plays." In the second Intermean of his *Staple News*, Ben Jonson tells us that the Vice sometimes wore "a juggler's jerkin with false skirts;" and though Mr. Douce is unquestionably correct when he states that the Vice was "generally dressed in a fool's habit," he did not by any means constantly wear the parti-coloured habiliments of a fool: he was sometimes required to act a gallant, and now and then to assume the disguise of virtues it suited his purpose to personate. The Vice, like the fool, was sometimes furnished with a dagger of lath, and it was not unusual that it should be gilt.

'Just preceding the mention of the "juggler's jerkin" by Ben Jonson, as part of the dress of the Vice, is an allusion to the ludicrous mode in which poetical justice was not unfrequently done to him at the conclusion of a moral. Tattle observes, "but there is never a fiend to carry him away;" and in the first Intermean of the same play, Mirth leads us to suppose that it was a very common termination of the adventures of the Vice, for him to be carried off to hell on the back of the Devil: "he would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to hell, in every play where he came."'

Of moral plays a considerable number are still extant, some in manuscript, and some printed. The subjects or aims of them are various, though the moral of very many, especially of the earlier ones, may be expressed appropriately in a slight modification of a well-known proverb, 'Do right and shame the devil;' or, as the epilogue attached to one of the oldest of these plays, *The Castle of Perseverance*, puts it—

'All men example hereat may take,
To maintain the good and menden their [ways].
Thus endeth our gamys:
To save you fro sinning,
Ever at the beginning,
Think on your last ending.
Te Deum laudamus!'

Of this class are, besides the one just mentioned, *Mind, Will, and Understanding*, *Mankind*, *Nature*, *The World and the Child*, *Hick Horner*, *Every Man*, *Lusty Juventus*. Others are of a more general character, but still have for their aim to enforce various lessons for human conduct,—one of them, entitled *The Nature of the Four Elements*, being intended 'to bring humanity to a conviction of the necessity of studying philosophy and the sciences;' another, *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, written by a W. Wager, probably soon after the accession of Elizabeth, is intended to enforce the necessity of giving children a good education. One which was licensed about 1569 (but founded on one much older), and entitled *The Marriage of Art and Science*, has the peculiarity which belongs to no other extant play of this class, of being regularly divided into five acts, and each act into a number of scenes. Besides Art and Science,

some of the other characters are, Reason, Experience, Instruction, Study, Diligence, Will, Idleness, Ignorance, and Tediousness, a Giant the deadly foe of Science. After various adventures, Art manages to strike off the head of Tediousness and presents it to Science, to whom he is then married; Art concluding thus:

'My pain is past, my gladness to begin,
My task is done, my heart is set at rest,
My foe subdued, my lady's love possest.
I thank my friends whose help I have at need;
And thus you see how Art and Science are agreed.
We twain henceforth one soul in bodies twain must dwell:
Rejoice I pray you all with me, my friends, and fare ye well.'

Other morals of this general character are, *All for Money* (printed 1578), by Thomas Lupton; *The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (1590); and *Liberality and Prodigality* (1602). Some of these are scarcely entitled to be called pure morals, *i.e.* plays in which the characters are purely allegorical, as there are introduced into them characters with personal names, often, however, representing some particular quality or abstract idea. As we cannot afford space to give a lengthened example of a pure moral play, we shall, before going further, quote Mr. Collier's analysis of one, by the famous John Skelton (1460-1529), the only important author, so far as is known, who attempted this kind of dramatic writing. Skelton probably wrote several plays of this kind, but the only one extant is that entitled *Magnificence*, written very possibly before 1509. In order to show the state of the language at the time this piece was written, we shall, in the quotation, retain the original spelling, which will offer very little difficulty to the reader:—

'The moral purpose of *Magnyfycence* is to show the vanity of worldly grandeur. It opens with a soliloquy by Felicity, who is soon joined by Liberty; and while they are discussing the degree to which freedom ought to be allowed, Measure enters to moderate between the disputants, and enlarges on his own importance.

'Magnificence is immediately afterwards introduced, and becomes acquainted with Fancy (who calls himself Largess), with Counterfeit-countenance, Crafty-conveyance, Cloked-collusion, Courtly-abusion, and Folly, who also impose upon him under feigned names. Courtly-abusion offers to carry him to a young lady, whose virtue is not inaccessible, and whose beauty is described with some luxuriance of style:

"A fayre maystresse,
That quyckly is envyved with rudyes of the rose,
Inpurtured with features after your purpose.
The streynes of her veynes as asure Inde blewe,
Enbudded with beautye and colour fresshe of hewe,
As lyly white to loke upon her heyre,
Her eyen relucent as carbuncle so clere;
Her mouth embawmed dylectable and mery,
Her lusty lyppes ruddy as a chery."

'Magnificence, ruined by his friends and retainers, falls into the hands of Adversity and Poverty, and the latter, in the following striking lines, contrasts the present with the former condition of Magnificence:

"That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of downe,
Nowe must your fete lye hyer than your crowne.
Where you were wonte to have cawdels for your hede,
Nowe must you monche mamokes and lumpes of brede.
And where you had chaunges of ryche aray,
Now lap you in a coverlet full fayne that you may.
And where that ye were pomped with what that ye wolde,
Nowe must ye suffre bothe hungre and colde.
With courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe,
Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe.
Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of raynes,
Nowe must be stormy beten with showres and raynes."

'Despair and Mischief next encounter Magnificence, and at the suggestion of the latter, who furnishes him with a halter and a knife, he is on the point of committing suicide, when Good-hope steps in, and stays his hand; he is followed by Redress, Circumspection, and

Perseverance, and they convince Magnificence of the weakness and vanity of his former state of exaltation, and he is content to move in a humbler and happier sphere. Several attempts are made to enliven the serious part of the "interlude," by comic incident and dialogue, the burden chiefly resting upon Fancy and Folly, who on one occasion get Crafty-conveyance into their company, and persuade him to lay a wager that Folly will not be able to laugh him out of his coat; it is accomplished in the following humorous, but not very delicate manner:

"[*Here foly maketh semblaunt to take a lowse from crafty-conveyaunce shoulder.*
Fancy. What hast thou found there?
Foly. By God, a lowse.
Crafty-convey. By cockes harte, I trowe thou lyste.
Foly. By the masse, a spanyshe moght with a gray lyste.
Fancy. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Crafty-convey. Cockes armes, it is not so, I trowe.
[*Here Crafty-conveyaunce putteth of his gowne.*
Foly. Put on thy gowne agayne, for nowe thou hast lost.
Fancy. Lo, John a bonam, where is thy brayne?"

'The versification is varied, and the length of the piece required that much should be done to lighten the burden.

'The moralization at the end of the piece is spoken by Redress, Circumspection, Perseverance, and Magnificence:

"And yo that have harde this dysporte and game,
Jhesus preserve you frome endlesse wo and shame."

'Skelton's aim in this moral play was against grandeur in general.'

As we have said, characters not strictly allegorical, but representative of persons, are introduced into some of the above morals, although when this innovation first took place cannot be ascertained; probably early in the sixteenth century. The earliest instance we have seen of the introduction of the representative of a person into a moral play is in the case of *The Nature of the Four Elements*, where a *Taverner* is one of the characters; and in some of the others of a not very much later date, it is attempted 'to invest even symbolical representatives with metaphysical as well as physical peculiarities, and to attract for them a personal interest.' In Ulpian Fulwell's *Like Will to Like*, not printed till 1568, besides allegorical impersonations there are characters with such names as Rafe Roister, Tom Tosspot, Philip Fleming, Cuthbert Cutpurse, etc.

Other plays, generally considered as belonging to this class, but which more nearly resemble the regular drama than any above mentioned, are *Tom Tiler and his Wife*, *The Conflict of Conscience*, *Jack Juggler*, *Cambyses*, and *Appius and Virginia*. *Tom Tiler and his Wife* is a sort of comedy, the plot of which turns on the sufferings of a husband, Tom Tiler, under the affliction of a shrewish wife named Strife. It was first printed in 1578, but was probably written some years earlier, and contains among its *dramatis personæ*, besides Destiny, Desire, and Patience, two friends of the wife known as Sturdy and Tipple, and Tom Tiler's friend Tom Tailor. The poor henpecked husband's friend proposes to Tom to cure his shrewish wife by disguising himself in the husband's clothes, and administering to Strife a sound beating. This is done to such purpose that the shrew is brought to humble submission; but Tom Tiler goes home, and in a weak moment confesses the truth to his own cost, for she, snatching up a stick, 'lays load upon him' most unmercifully, until he exclaims—

'O wife, wife! I pray thee save my life!
You hurt me ever, I hurted you never:
For God's sake, content thee.
Strife. Nay, thou shalt repent thee,
That ever Tom Tayler, that ruffian and railer,
Was set to be at me: he had better had eat me.'

However, matters are brought to a happy conclusion by the intervention of Patience, who renders Tom Tiler contented with his wife, and Strife more merciful to her husband. Six songs are interspersed in various lyrical measures, but none of them, according to Collier, of peculiar merit. *The Conflict of Conscience*, by Nathaniel Woodes, minister of Norwich, was probably written

about 1560, and is remarkable as being one of the earliest moral plays in which a historical character is introduced. This is Francis Spiera, an Italian lawyer, who in the drama is named Philologus, and who, as the title-page expresses it, 'forsook the truth of God's gospel for fear of the loss of life and worldly goods.' Besides Spiera, other personal characters are his two sons, Cardinal Eusebius, Cacenos, a Catholic priest who speaks the Scotch dialect, etc.; the allegorical characters being Conscience, Hypocrisy, Tyranny, Sensual Suggestion, etc. *Jack Juggler*, which was printed about 1562, but probably written about ten years before that, resembles a moral mainly in its design, and in the fact that a 'vice' Jack Juggler is introduced,—all the other characters having personal names, as Martha Bongrace, Dame Coy, Jenkin Careaway, etc., mostly significant, and indicative of the character of the persons to whom they belong. Its main peculiarity, however, is, that it is one of the very oldest pieces in English founded on a classic original, the author professing, in his prologue, to have been indebted to Plautus's first comedy. Of the other two plays mentioned above, *Cambyses* and *Appius and Virginia*, both containing a mixture of history and allegory, the latter is superior to the former both in construction and in literary merit, though neither can boast of much of these two qualities. The latter is founded on a well-known incident in Roman history, and is called by its author, whose initials R. B. only are known, a 'tragical comedy,' the exact signification of neither of these words being yet well defined. The characters are, besides Virginius, Virginia his daughter, her mother, Judge Appius, and Claudius; Conscience, Haphazard, Justice, Rumour, Comfort, Reward, and Doctrina, and some domestics. It was written not later than 1563, and, like most plays before and for some time after this, it is in rhyme. The author apparently had no notion of dramatic propriety and decorum, as he makes Virginius well acquainted with the events narrated in the beginning of Genesis, and makes him talk of his wife and daughter going to *church* like Christians; one of the servants swearing 'by the mass.' Still, notwithstanding these drawbacks, it compares favourably with preceding productions of the same class, and is interesting as marking an important stage in the development of the historical drama out of the old moral play, although there was produced about the same time a drama, which, so far as the characters are concerned, is entitled to be called a regular historical play.

We cannot follow the history of moral plays further, as our only design in noticing them is to show the share they had in giving birth to the legitimate drama; and what we have said above is sufficient for this purpose, as we have brought our observations down to a point when the first regular dramas, somewhat crude in form, make their appearance. We have traced the history of the miracle play, the earliest form of the British drama, down to the period when it gave birth to the morality, although the former for a long time still continued to be represented, especially in the country districts; and we have shown how the latter gradually became modified, by admitting among its allegorical impersonations, characters representative of persons, and ultimately assumed a form which could not fail to suggest the historical drama. Like the miracle play, the morality kept the stage for long after its legitimate child had reached its vigour, one of the last and worst of its kind being *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality* (1602), which was acted before Queen Elizabeth. Even in the works of some of our greatest dramatists, there are occasionally short allegorical episodes; and the best production of George Peele, *David and Bethsabe* (printed in the following pages), may, so far as the subject and characters are concerned, be fairly entitled a miracle play.

Before concluding this Introduction, by noticing some of the earliest regular dramas, we must go back in point of time and mention shortly a species of dramatic composition, which no doubt contributed largely to suggest the regular comedy; indeed it might itself be regarded as the earliest form of comedy, bearing somewhat of a resemblance to the modern farce. The kind of dramatic entertainment to which we refer is known as an 'Interlude,' and, as its name indicates, seems to have been intended for representation during the intervals of a longer and more serious entertainment. The term Interlude was not confined to plays of this peculiar kind, but as early as the reign of Edward IV. was applied to theatrical productions generally, both miracle and moral plays being sometimes so designated. The name, however, since the time of John Heywood, has been applied to a class of dramatical productions of which, Mr. Collier thinks, he has a claim to be considered the inventor; Heywood, at all events, is the earliest known author of interludes proper, those written by him being likewise the most meritorious. The interlude is a short farcical comedy, which would probably occupy not above half an hour in the performance, founded on some ludicrous or absurd incident, and carried on generally by only three or four characters. How the idea of such a composition was suggested to Heywood is not known, although there was often such a mixture of comedy and even 'screaming farce' in the old mysteries and morals, that it is not improbable the ludicrous scenes in some of these might have suggested to his merry mind the notion of the comic interlude; indeed, his earliest known composition of this kind resembles somewhat a short comical miracle play. The date of John Heywood's birth is not known, but early in the reign of Henry VIII. he is found attached to the court and in receipt of a salary as a 'player on the virginals;' in this capacity, and also as a writer of plays and a professed wit, he continued to be a retainer of the court during Henry's reign and that of his daughter Mary, and, though a zealous Catholic, was patronized even by the rigid Elizabeth. He died at Mechlin in Brabant in 1565. Heywood is perhaps better known as an epigrammatist than a writer of plays; he also wrote several songs. The earliest known of his interludes is *A Merry Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratte*, written before 1521. The tricks and imposition of both friars and pardoners are freely exposed and ridiculed during the course of the play.

Heywood's best interlude is undoubtedly the one entitled *The Four P's*, written probably about 1530. The play turns upon a dispute between a Pardoner, a Palmer, a Poticary (Apothecary), and a Pedlar. The play commences by each of the four boasting of the pre-eminence of his own profession, doing his best to cast contempt on that of his neighbours. The language here, as throughout the interlude, while sometimes highly ludicrous and full of wit and humour, is often very coarse and filthy; and Heywood, though a Catholic, does not scruple to expose the unclean lives and low tricks of the priesthood. Tired of reviling each other's occupation, they resolve, at the Pedlar's suggestion, to decide their dispute for pre-eminence by awarding it to him who will tell the greatest lie; and after some further wrangling, they agree each to put his lie in the form of a story. The Poticary begins, but his tale is so full of dirt and obscenity, that it is impossible for us to give even an abstract of it in these pages. The Pardoner takes his turn next, and commences by telling them that a female friend of his having died suddenly, he resolved to find out 'in what estate her sould did stand.' For this purpose he went to Purgatory — he apparently never dreamt of commencing higher up—but not finding her there, he made his way to hell.

'And first to the devil that kept the gate
I came, and spake after this rate:
All hail, Sir Devil, and made low courtesy:
Welcome, quoth he, thus smilingly.
He knew me well, and I at last
Remembered him since long time past:
For as good hap would have it chance,
This devil and I were of old acquaintance;
For oft in the play of Corpus Christi,
He hath played the devil at Coventry.
By his acquaintance and my behaviour,
He showed to me right friendly favour;
And to make my return the shorter,
I said to this devil, Good master porter,
For all old love, if it lie in your power,
Help me to speak with my lord and your.
Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
What time thou couldst have come so well:
For as on this day Lucifer fell,
Which is our festival in hell,
Nothing unreasonable craved this day,
That shall in hell have any nay.
But yet beware thou come not in,
Till time thou may thy passport win.'

He gets his passport, and his tale proceeds thus:

'This devil and I walked arm in arm,
So far, till he had brought me thither,
Where all the devils of hell together
Stood in array, in such apparel
As for that day there meetly fell.
Their horns well gilt, their claws full clean,
Their tails well kempt, and, as I ween,
With sothery[1] butter their bodies anointed;
I never saw devils so well appointed.
The master devil sat in his jacket,
And all the souls were playing at racket.
None other rackets they had in hand,
Save every soul a good firebrand;
Wherewith they played so prettily,
That Lucifer laughed merrily;
And all the residue of the fiends
Did laugh thereat full well like friends.
But of my friend I saw no whit,
Nor durst not ask for her as yet.
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,
And I by an usher brought in presence
Of Lucifer: then low, as well I could,
I kneeled, which he so well allowed,
That thus he becked, and by Saint Anthony
He smiled on me well favouredly,
Bending his brows as broad as barn-doors,
Shaking his ears as rugged as burrs;
Rolling his eyes as round as two bushels;
Flashing the fire out of his nostrils;
Gnashing his teeth so vaingloriously,
That methought time to fall to flattery,
Wherewith I told, as I shall tell.'

He beseeches Lucifer to tell him where his friend is; the devil, after hearing her name, exclaims:

'Now, by our honour, said Lucifer,
No devil in hell shall withhold her;
And if thou wouldst have twenty mo,
Wer't not for justice, they should go.
For all we devils within this den
Have more to do with two women,
Than with all the charge we have beside:
Wherefore if thou our friend will be tried,
Apply thy pardons to women so
That unto us there come no mo.
To do my best I promised by oath;
Which I have kept, for as the faith goeth
At this day, to heaven I do procure
Ten women to one man, be sure.
Then of Lucifer my leave I took,
And straight unto the master-cook
I was had, into the kitchen,
For Margery's office was therein.
All things handled there discreetly,
For every soul beareth office meetly:
Which might be seen to see her sit
So basely turning of the spit.
For many a spit here hath she turned,
And many a good spit hath she burned:
And many a spit full hoth hath roasted;
Before the meat could be half roasted,
And ere the meal were half roasted indeed,
I took her then from the spit with speed.
But when she saw this brought to pass,
To tell the joy wherein she was;
And of all the devils for joy how they
Did roar at her delivery,
And how the chains in hell did ring,
And how all the souls therein did sing;
And how we were brought to the gate,
And how we took our leave thereat,
Be sure lack of time suffereth not
To rehearse the twenty part of that,
Wherefore this tale to conclude briefly,
This woman thanked me chiefly
That she was rid of this endless death,
And so we departed on Newmarket Heath.
And if that any man do mind her,
Who list to seek her, there shall he find her.'

The Palmer allows that the Pardoner's tale is 'all much perilous,' but marvels how the devils could complain 'that women put them to such pain.'

'Whereby much marvel to me ensueth,
That women in hell such shrews can be,
And here so gentle as far as I see.
Yet have I seen many a mile,
And many a woman in the while.
Not one good city, town, nor borough,
In Christendom, but I have been thorough;
And this I would ye should understand,
I have seen women five hundred thousand,
And oft with them have long time tarried.
Yet in all places where I have been,
Of all the women that I have seen,
I never saw nor knew in my conscience,
Any one woman out of patience.

[1] *sothery*—savoury.

Poticary. By the mass, there is a great lie.
Pardoner. I never heard a greater, by our Lady.
Pedlar. A greater! nay, know ye any so great?

Palmer. Sir, whether that I lose or get,
For my part judgment shall be prayed.
Pardoner. And I desire as he hath said.
Poticary. Proceed, and ye shall be obeyed.'

The Pedlar then proceeds to give his award, and of course decides in favour of the Palmer, who has thus unwittingly, by the confession of all, told the greatest lie:

'Thus I award by way of judgment:
Of all the lies ye all have spent,
His lie to be most excellent.'

Notwithstanding the rudeness of the language and the coarseness of the fun of this unique play, it is full of humour, sarcasm, liveliness, and vigour of expression, and is, on the whole, not an unworthy harbinger of the regular British comic drama.

Besides the two above spoken of, other interludes by Heywood are—*A play between John the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir John the priest;* it is a 'merry play,' resembling in its structure and composition a one-act farce; *The Play of the Weather*, written to enforce and illustrate a point of natural philosophy, and under the name of Jupiter, to vindicate Providence in the course and distribution of the seasons. Both these were printed in 1533, but probably written much earlier.

The last interlude we shall notice is one of some importance, in so far as it bears the same relation to the serious drama that Heywood's productions do to comedy. It was published about 1530, and bears the following title:

'A new comedy in English, in manner of an interlude, right elegant and full of craft of rhetoric, wherein is showed and described, as well the beauty and good properties of women, as their vices and evil conditions, with a moral conclusion and exhortation to virtue.'

The characters are the hero Calisto, the heroine Melibea, Danio her father, Sempronio, a parasite, and a procuress Celestina. The following is Mr. Collier's account of the plot:

'The story is simply this: Calisto, a gay young man, is in love with Melibea, the daughter of Danio, but she dislikes him. By the advice of a parasite, called Sempronio, he engages by gifts old Celestina, who keeps a common brothel, on his side. She endeavours to seduce the heroine into her house to meet Calisto, but failing, pretends that he has a dreadful fit of the toothache, which cannot be cured without the loan of the relic-hallowed girdle of Melibea, aided by the maiden's prayers. Melibea, thus importuned, consents to lend her girdle (which seems to be taken figuratively for a much less innocent concession), and immediately after she has given it, she repents her rashness, confesses her fault to her father, puts up prayers to Heaven for assistance and forgiveness, and the performance ends with a moralization and warning to old and young by Danio.'

There are several other interludes extant, written about the same time as these just mentioned, but we have not space to go further into the subject; and indeed, considering the aim of this Introduction, more details on this point are unnecessary, as we have said enough to show that early in the sixteenth century English comedy had come into being, though in a sufficiently crude state. It is the writer's fault if the reader has not also been able to understand clearly the influences which were at work about the middle of the sixteenth century, tending to give rise to a kind of serious drama, whose characters would be entirely distinct both from the scriptural and saintly personages of the miracle play and the tiresome abstractions of the morality. Into the latter, as we have seen, were gradually introduced, alongside the abstract impersonations peculiar to the moral, characters taken both from everyday life and from history; and

to us it seems that this must have had a considerable share in suggesting the forms of the regular drama, known as *Tragedy* and *History*. There may have been other influences at work which we have now no means of ascertaining, and previous to the appearance of the first regular tragedy, there may have existed moral plays much more nearly resembling it in their characters and construction than any now extant. Still, we think that the mixed moral plays which have come down to us, containing, as some of them do, a serious or tragical element,—combined with the interludes and earlier comedies, which in their construction approximate closely to the form of the legitimate drama,—would of themselves be to a great extent suggestive of the earliest form assumed by the regular serious drama. No doubt, however, the greater attention given to the Greek and Roman classics, consequent on the revival of learning, during the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, had its share in giving birth to the last form assumed by the English drama. One of the interludes, *Thyestes*, took its title from a Homeric hero, and the moral *Jack Juggler* is founded on a comedy of Plautus. It is also known the *Andrea* of Terence was not only translated but acted before the middle of the sixteenth century; and somewhat later a drama appeared having for its title *Julius Cæsar*. Later still, we learn from Gosson's *School of Abuse*, published in 1579, there existed dramas bearing such titles as *Cæsar and Pompey*, *The Fabii*, *Cupid and Psyche*, etc.; and Gosson also informs us that 'comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the playhouses in London.' These statements show that somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century the attention of British play-writers was attracted not only to the dramatic and other productions of Greece and Rome, but also to the theatrical productions of the continental nations, in some of which the regular drama had begun to flourish. While, then, the British drama of the latter half of the sixteenth century is doubtless the legitimate child of the later moral plays, it appears highly probable that the influences just mentioned had something to do in helping to give it birth, and in bestowing upon it the character which ultimately marked it.

The English drama, it is well known, in reference to subject, is divided into tragedy, comedy, and a species which may partake of the nature of either of these, known as history or chronicle-history. The use of the terms tragedy and comedy was well enough defined both by the Greek and Roman dramatists; but in the earlier days of the English drama they appear to have been used indifferently to designate any kind of play, and were sometimes also applied to poetical compositions of other kinds. The play of *Appius and Virginia* is styled by its author a 'tragical comedy;' and Bale calls his miracle play, *God's Promises*, a tragedy, and his *Christ's Temptation* a comedy. Before his time, 'tragedy' was used to signify any serious narrative in verse, and even late in the reign of Elizabeth the term was applied to other besides dramatic productions. Dante, we know, calls his *Inferno* a *commedia*. The terms, however, with the rise of the regular drama, began to be generally confined to theatrical productions; and although we have already attempted to define them, we shall here take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from the work of Mr. Collier, in which he describes the terms with particular reference to their use in the English drama:

'By tragedy and comedy, I mean theatrical productions, the characters in which are either drawn from life, or are intended to represent life, whether those characters be actual or imaginary; the terms include also a species of drama, well known of old in the literature of this country, called "history," or "chronicle-history," which consisted of certain passages, or events detailed by annalists, put into a dramatic form, often without regard to the course in which they happened; the author sacrificing chronology, situation, and

circumstance to the superior object of producing an attractive play. It is the disregard of the trammels of the unities which constitutes our "romantic drama," whether the story be real or fictitious; and from the earliest period to the time of Shakespeare, there is not a play in our language in which they are strictly observed. The words "romantic drama" have reference to form and construction merely, and do not in any respect relate to sentiment or language.'

In order to connect this Introduction with the body of the work, we shall conclude by noticing one or two of the earliest extant regular comedies and tragedies. As we shall give specimens of these, our remarks here will be brief.

Judging from the remains that have reached our time, comedy had its birth at least ten years before tragedy. The earliest extant regular English comedy, discovered not many years ago, is entitled *Ralph Roister Doister;* it was certainly in existence in 1551, though probably written some years earlier. Its author was Nicholas Udall, a native of Hampshire, who was born in 1506, matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1520, and died about 1557, after having been successively Master of Eton and Westminster Schools. He appears to have written other comedies, but this is the only one which has come down to us, and in the prologue the author calls it a comedy or interlude. From this prologue we might infer that the comedies of Plautus and Terence were the models which he endeavoured to imitate. Before the discovery of Udall's play, the palm of precedence in point of time was given to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a comedy by Bishop Still, written not much earlier than 1566, and much inferior both in plot, construction, and literary merit to *Ralph Roister Doister*. The latter is regularly divided into five acts and scenes; and whereas Still's play depicts the manners of coarse rustic life, the scene of Udall's comedy is in London, and it possesses much interest as representing in no slight degree the manners of more polished society, exhibiting some of the peculiarities of thinking and acting in the metropolis at the period when it was written. The plot is interesting and well conducted, the language on the whole natural and vigorous, the characters marked by considerable individuality. As we shall give as much of this comedy as will enable the reader to judge of its merits for himself, it is unnecessary to notice it more minutely; it is certainly a great advance on the meagre interlude. It is written in rhyme, but it was not till the time of Marlowe that the stage was fairly freed from this trammel, and even Shakespeare himself sometimes concludes his speeches with a jingle.

There was an interval of ten years before the next regular extant drama made its appearance. Not that during this time no other theatrical productions besides morals made their appearance,—the probability is that there were; and Mr. Collier thinks that the play we are about to notice was preceded by a tragedy upon Luigi da Porto's famous novel of *Romeo and Juliet;* and it is known that in 1559 and 1560 respectively, appeared translations of two of Seneca's tragedies, *The Troas* and *Thyestes*, by Jasper Heywood, son of the author of the Interludes. Between 1559 and 1566, other eight translations from the same author appeared by various hands. However, we are speaking only of those dramas that have reached our own time. The earliest extant drama which may be regarded as the harbinger of the regular tragedy, was played before the queen at Whitehall, by the members of the Inner Temple, on the 18th of January 1561, and was first printed in 1565 under the title of *The Tragedy of Gorboduc*, although in the second edition of 1571 it is entitled *The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex*. The author of this piece was Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, who appears to have been assisted by Thomas Norton, although it is probable that the latter had a very

small share in its composition. Thomas Sackville, the only son of Sir Richard Sackville, was born at Buckhurst, in Sussex, in 1536; studied at Oxford and Cambridge, where he acquired a high reputation as a poet, both in Latin and English; and afterwards became a student of the Inner Temple. It was while a student there that he wrote his tragedy. He was the author of two other poems, —*The Induction*, a noble and dignified preface to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and *The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*. After travelling in France and Italy, he returned to England, and entered public life, and soon after 1566 was created Lord Buckhurst. He became a great favourite with the queen; and after the death of Burleigh, succeeded him as Lord High Treasurer. In 1604 he was created Earl of Dorset by King James, died in 1608, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The play of *Gorboduc* is regularly divided into five acts and scenes, and is so far an imitation of the classical drama that it has a chorus of 'four ancient and sage men of Britain,' although in the main it may be regarded as an early example of the romantic drama. Preceding each act there is a dumb show intended to prefigure what is to occur, although, as Warton remarks, 'it is not always typical of the ensuing incidents.' In that which precedes Act V., the impropriety has been committed of introducing a troop of soldiers, 600 years before Christ, with fire-arms, which are discharged to indicate the bloodshed about to ensue. Such anachronisms were frequent enough in the old miracle and moral plays, and, as is well known, Shakespeare himself occasionally 'nods' in this respect. 'Dumb show' was not entirely disused even in the more advanced days of the stage. The subject of this drama is taken from the early legendary history of Britain, and the following is Hawkins' abstract of the plot:

'Gorboduc, a king of Britain about 600 years before Christ, made in his lifetime a division of his kingdom to his sons Ferrex and Porrex. The two young princes within five years quarrelled for universal sovereignty. A civil war ensued, and Porrex slew his elder brother Ferrex. Their mother Viden, who loved Ferrex best, revenged his death by entering Porrex's chamber in the night, and murdering him in his sleep. The people, exasperated at the cruelty and treachery of this murder, rose in rebellion and killed both Viden and Gorboduc. The nobility then assembled, collected an army, and destroyed the rebels. An intestine war commenced between the chief lords; the succession of the crown became uncertain and arbitrary for want of the lineal royal issue; and the country, destitute of a king, and wasted by domestic slaughter, was reduced to a state of the most miserable desolation.'

The tragedy ought properly to have ended with the fourth act, for there the catastrophe is complete; but the author has eked out the play, 'certainly not very amusingly, by various harangues and narrations, relative to the civil war which followed the death of all the members of the royal family.' Although no doubt vastly superior in design and execution to most of the preceding and contemporary theatrical performances, 'it cannot,' says Mr. Collier, 'be disputed that the story proceeds with laborious sluggishness, and that the dialogue is generally as weighty as the plot it developes. The speeches are usually of most tedious extent, and the thoughts and sentiments more than sufficiently trite and commonplace.' Still, considering the circumstances under which this drama was produced, taking into account the rubbish which had possession of the stage at the time, the wretched examples which the author had before him for imitation, as the foundation of our regular tragic drama, it must be considered on the whole a creditable performance. Notwithstanding its inflated language, bad taste, and want of individuality in the characters, the language is occasionally vigorous, and often sweet and musical. This great improvement it has on its predecessors, which, however, was not generally adopted for many years after, viz. its want of rhyme; it is written in

blank verse. As we have seen before, Marlowe was the first to introduce this improvement on the public stage. A few extracts from this play will be found at the end of this Introduction.

At the same time as Gorboduc, or possibly a little earlier, was written a comedy which exists in manuscript in a mutilated state, and is spoken of with approval by Mr. Collier. It is entitled *Misogonus*, and is probably founded on an Italian novel.

Another dramatist, who wrote about the same time as Sackville, was Richard Edwardes, born 1523, died 1566; he was a native of Somersetshire, and was educated at Oxford. Little else appears to be known about him, except that he was the author of several plays, the names of only two of which have come down to us, *Palemon and Arcite*, and *Damon and Pythias*, the latter alone being extant. It was acted in 1564, but was probably written somewhat earlier. It is a tragi-comedy written in rhyme, and is full of all kinds of dramatic improprieties and absurdities, but contains some sweet and fanciful though conceited poetry; altogether, it is a fair production for the time, and may be regarded as one step in advance towards the perfection of the regular drama.

In 1566 appeared Bishop Still's *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a comedy of the same class as *Ralph Roister Doister*, though much inferior to that production. The plot turns on the loss of Gammer Gurton's needle, which, after much talk and searching, is found sticking in the seat of her servant Hodge's breeches. The language is even more coarse and antiquated than in its predecessor, which may be accounted for by the lower class of characters that form the *dramatis personæ*. It contains one of the earliest drinking songs in the language, which, as it has considerable merit and a jolly ring about it, we shall make bold to quote here:

'Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat, but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt worm should;
And saith, sweet heart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, etc.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls, that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trold,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, etc.'

In the same year as Bishop Still's play appeared, there were represented at Gray's Inn two plays by George Gascoigne (born 1536, died 1577); the one entitled *The Supposes*, being a translation from *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto, and the other *Jocasta*, adapted from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides by Gascoigne and a poet named Francis Kinwelmarsh. The former is mainly a close translation from the original, and is remarkable chiefly as being the earliest extant specimen of an English play written in prose. *The Supposes*, which is more of an adaptation than a translation, is, like Gorboduc, written in blank verse, and contains

many passages of spirit, force, and harmony. We quote the following description of the fight between Eteocles and Polynices (Act V.):

'Oh blind unbridled search of sovereignty,
Oh tickle train of evil attained state!
Oh fond desire of princely dignity!
Who climbs too soon, he oft repents too late.
The golden mean the happy doth suffice;
They lead the poasting day in rare delight,
They fill (not feed) their uncontented eyes,
They reap such rest as doth beguile the night;
They not envy the pomp of haughty train,
Nor dread the dint of proud usurping swords;
But plast alow more sugred joys attain,
Than sway of lofty sceptre can afford.
Cease to aspire, then, cease to soar so high,
And shun the plague that pierceth noble breasts.
To glittering courts what fondness is to fly
When better state in baser towers rests!'

We cannot afford to notice more in detail the productions which appeared previous to the time when the 'great race' of Elizabethan dramatists, commencing with Lilly, began to pour forth their unequalled productions; indeed there are few pieces extant, produced during that time, of any great merit in themselves, and we have noticed those above mentioned chiefly to show the reader when and how the regular drama came into being. Enough has been said to prove that shortly after 1560 it was fairly afloat on the sea of literature; and as a proof that the morality was being rapidly superseded by its more vigorous and life-like successor, as well as of the immense productiveness of the period between 1560 and 1580, we may mention that while, during that time, only six moralities were represented at court, there were enacted forty-six regular tragedies and comedies, none of which are now extant.

As we are mainly concerned here with the drama as a form of literature, we have not thought it necessary, and, indeed, we have not space, to give any details concerning it in its theatrical aspect. With regard to theatres, it must suffice to say that long after the commencement of the regular drama, moralities and even regular plays were played in public on stages erected in the open air, very often in inn yards. The *Belle Savage* in London was a favourite locality for such performances. It would appear, however, that latterly it was customary to represent plays in private in such places as the Inns of Court, and the residences of the sovereign and the nobility. The first regularly licensed theatre was opened at Blackfriars in 1576; and in a very short time it had about half a dozen rivals, as *The Theatre* in Shoreditch, *The Curtain* near Belle Savage, *Paris Garden*, Whitefriars, and others. The *Globe* theatre, with which Shakespeare was connected, was erected on the Bankside in Southwark about 1593, where also were erected *The Rose*, *The Hope*, and *The Swan* theatres. In the time of Shakespeare there would appear to have been at least a dozen of these buildings. 'The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of the performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the sounding or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dames of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floors, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly-prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Moveable scenery was first introduced by Davenant after the Restoration, but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance.' Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, the female parts being taken by boys

or effeminate-looking young men. It was customary for the king or queen and some of the nobles to retain companies of actors in their service for their own entertainment, although they were also allowed to act in public; hence the phrases attached to the titles of many old plays, 'Acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants,' 'the Earl of Leicester's Servants,' etc. As will be seen in the following pages, many of the dramatists were actors as well.

SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH DRAMAS.

In order to illustrate the preceding remarks, and enable the reader to judge for himself of the nature and progress of the early English drama, we shall here give specimens of a miracle play, and of an early comedy and tragedy. We have not space to introduce a morality; but as, with the exception of the characters, it differed but little from a miracle play, an example of a morality can be dispensed with, especially as we have given an abstract of one or two in the Introduction, which we have also done in the case of one of the best Interludes.

The miracle play we have selected is the one entitled *Noah's Flood*, from the Chester series; it was played by the 'Water Leaders and the Drawers of the Dee.' The whole series appears to have been played at one time, and to have occupied a number of days. Previous to the commencement of their exhibition, were read the *Banes* or proclamation, which gives an account of the supposed origin of the plays, and assigns to each of the trade-companies the part it is to take in the performance. *Noah's Flood* was the third in the order of performance, being preceded by *The Fall of Lucifer*, and *The Creation and the Fall.*

The first speaker is God, who laments the universal wickedness of the world, declaring his determination to exterminate 'man, beast, worm, and fowl.' He then gives Noah the details of the construction of the ark, and the play proceeds as follows:—

NOAH.

'O Lord, I thank thee loud and still,
That to me art in such will,
And spares me and my household to spill,
As I now soothly find.
Thy biddiug, Lord, I shall fulfil,
And never more thee grieve nor grill,[1]
That such grace hath sent me till
Amongst all mankind.
Have done, you men and women all,
Hie you, lest this water fall,
To work this ship, chamber and hall,
As God hath bidden us do.

SHEM.

Father, I am all ready bowne;[2]
An axe I have, by my crown!
As sharp as any in all this town,
For to go thereto.

HAM.

I have a hatchet wondrous keen,
To bite well, as may be seen,
A better ground one, as I ween,
Is not in all this town.

JAPHETH.

And I can make well a pin,
And with this hammer knock it in;
Go we work but din[3]
And I am ready bound.

NOAH'S WIFE.

And we shall bring timber too,
For we must nothing else do;
Women be weak to undergo
Any great travail.

SHEM'S WIFE.

Here is a good hacking stock,
On this you may hew and knock
Shall none be idle in this flock;
Nay, now may no man fail.

HAM'S WIFE.

And I will go gather slyche,[4]
The ship for to caulk and pitch,
Anointed it must be with stick,
Board, tree, and pine.

[1] *grill*—provoke.
[2] *bowne*—ready.
[3] *but din*—without din, *i.e.* without any more noise or talk.
[4] *slyche*—slime, mud, or lime.

JAPHETH'S WIFE.

And I will gather chips here
To make a fire for you in fere,[1]
And for to dight[2] your dinner,
Against your coming in.

Then Noah beginneth to build the ark, and speaketh Noah:

NOAH.

Now in the name of God, I begin
To make the ship that we shall in,
That we may be ready for to swim
At the coming of the flood:
These boards here I pin together,
To bear us safe from the weather,
That we may row hither and thither,
And safe be from the flood.
Of this tree will I make the mast,
Tied with cables that will last,
With a sail yard for each blast,
And each thing in their kind:
With topcastle and bowsprit,
Both cords and ropes I have all mette,[3]
To sail forth at the next wet,
This ship is at an end.

Wife, we shall in this vessel be kept,
My children and thou I would ye in leapt.

NOAH'S WIFE.

In faith, Noah, I would as lief thou slept!
For all thy frynish[4] fare,
I will not do after thy rede.[5]

NOAH.

Good wife, do now as I thee bid.

NOAH'S WIFE.

By Christ! not or I see more need,
Though thou stand all day and stare.

NOAH.

Lord, that women be crabbed aye,
And none are meek I dare well say;
That is well seen by me to-day,
In witness of you each one.
Good wife, let be all this beare,
That thou makest in this place here;
For all they ween that thou art master,
And so thou art, by Saint John!'

God then gives Noah a list of all the animals he is to take with him into the ark, concluding by declaring that he shall cause rain to fall for forty days and nights in order that men may be destroyed for their 'unrights.'

'NOAH.

'Lord, to thy bidding I am beane,[6]
Seeing no other grace will gain.
It will I fulfil fain,
For gracious I thee find;
A hundred winter and twenty
This ship making tarried have I:
If through amendment thy mercy
Would fall to mankind.

. . . . . .

Then Noah shall go into the ark with all his family, his wife excepted, and the ark must be boarded round about, and on the boards all the beasts and fowls painted.

SHEM.

Sir, here are lions, leopards in,
Horses, mares, oxen, and swine;
Goat and calf, sheep and kine;
Here sitting thou may see.

HAM.

Camels, asses, man may find,
Buck and doe, hart and hind,
And beasts of all manner kind,
Here be, as thinketh me.

. . . . . .

NOAH.

Wife, come in: why stand thou there?
Thou art ever froward, I dare well swear;
Come in, in God's name! half time it were,
For fear lest we drown.

NOAH'S WIFE.

Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail,
For withouten fail
I will not out of this town;
But I have my gossips every one,
One foot further I will not go:

They shall not drown, by Saint John!
An I may save their life.
They loved me full well, by Christ!
But thou let them into thy chest,
Else row now where thou list,
And get thee a new wife.

NOAH.

Shem, son, lo! thy mother is wroth;
By God, such another I do not know!

SHEM.

Father, I shall fetch her in, I trow,
Withouten any fail.—
Mother, my father after thee sends,
And bids thee into yonder ship wend.
Look up and see the wind,
For we be ready to sail.

NOAH'S WIFE.

Shem, go again to him, I say;
I will not come therein to-day.

NOAH.

Come in, wife, in twenty devils' way!
Or else stand there all day.

HAM.

Shall we all fetch her in?

NOAH.

Yea, sons, in Christ's blessing and mine!
I would you hied you betime,
For of this flood I am in doubt.

THE GOOD GOSSIP'S SONG.

The flood comes flitting in full fast,
On every side that spreads full far;
For fear of drowning I am aghast;
Good gossips, let us draw near,

[1] *in fere*—in company.
[2] *dight*—prepare.
[3] *mette*—measured.
[4] *frynish*—nice.
[5] *rede*—advice.
[6] *beane*—obedient.

And let us drink or we depart,
For ofttimes we have done so;
For at a draught thou drinks a quart,
And so will I do or I go.
Here is a pottle full of Malmser good and strong;
It will rejoice both heart and tongue;
Though Noah think us never so long,
Here we will drink alike.

JAPHETH.

Mother, we pray you all together,
For we are here, your own children,
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For his love that you bought!

NOAH'S WIFE.

That will I not, for all your call,
But[1] I have my gossips all.

SHEM.

In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether thou wilt or not.

NOAH.

Welcome, wife, into this boat.

NOAH'S WIFE.

Have thou that for thy note![2]

NOAH.

Ha, ha! marry, this is hot!
[It] is good for to be still.
Ha! children, methinks my boat removes,
Our tarrying here highly me grieves,
Over the land the water spreads;
God do as he will.
Ah! great God, thou art so good,
That works not thy will is wood,[3]
Now all this world is one flood,
As I see well in sight.

This window I will shut anon,
And into my chamber I will go,
Till this water so great mone[4]
Be slacked through thy might.

Then shall Noah shut the window of the ark, and for a little space be silent, and afterwards looking round about shall say:

NOAH.

Lord God, in majesty,
That such grace hath granted me,
Where all was born false to be,
Therefore now I am bound;
My wife, my children, and my meanye,[5]
With sacrifice to honour thee,
Of beasts, fowls, as thou may'st see
And full devotion.

GOD.

Noah, to me thou art full able,[6]
And to my sacrifice acceptable,
For I have found thee true and stable;
On thee now must I mind;[7]
Warray[8] earth I will no more,
For man's sins that grieves me sore.
You shall now grow and multiply,
On earth again to edify;
. . . . . .
My bow between you and me
In the firmament shall be,
By every token that you shall see,
That such vengeance shall cease.
Man shall never more
Be wasted with water, as he hath been before;
But for sin that grieveth me sore,
Therefore this vengeance was.
. . . . . .
My blessing, Noah, I give thee here,
To thee, Noah, my servant dear;
For vengeance shall no more appear,
And now farewell, my darling dear.

We shall next present to the reader so much of the earliest extant English comedy (*Ralph Roister Doister*) as will enable him to form a notion of its merits as a drama.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER.
MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE.
GAVIN GOODLUCKE.
SYM SURESBY.
TRISTRAM TRUSTY.
DOBINET DOUGHTIE.
TRUEPENNY.
HARPAX.
A SCRIVENER.

Women.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.
MADGE MUMBLECRUST.
TIBET TALKAPACE.
ANNOT ALYFACE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE (*entereth singing*).

As long liveth the merry man (they say),
As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day.

After a few more lines in this strain, he says:

---

[1] *But*—without, unless.
[2] *note*—(?) head or nose. She evidently makes him feel the weight of her fist.
[3] *wood*—mad.
[4] *mone*—may.
[5] *meanye*—*menage*, household.
[6] *able*—fit, proper.
[7] *mind*—think.
[8] *Warray*—war with, curse.

Know ye, that for all this merry note of mine,
He might pose me now that should ask where I dine.
My living lieth here and there, of God's grace:
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place;
. . . . . .
But this day on Ralph Roister Doister's, by his leave.
For truly of all men he is my chief banker,
Both for meat and money, and my chief sheet-anchor.
For sooth Roister Doister in that he doth say,
And require what ye will, ye shall have no nay.
But now of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
That ye may esteem him after his worthiness,
In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
Is not the like stock whereon to graft a lout.
All the day long is he facing and craking[1]
Of his great acts in fighting and fraymaking;
But when Roister Doister is put to his proof,
To keep the queen's peace is more for his behoof.
If any woman smile or cast on him an eye,
Up is he to the hard ears in love by and by,
And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life:
Master Ralph Roister Doister is but dead and gone,
Except she on him take some compassion.
. . . . . .
I will seek him out. But, lo, he cometh this way.
I have yonder espied him sadly coming,
And in love for twenty pound by his glooming.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER; MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE.

R. Roister. Come, death, when thou wilt: I am weary of my life.
. . . . . .
M. Merry. What is it then?
Are ye in danger of debt to any man?
If ye be, take no thought, nor be not afraid:
Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid.
R. Roister. Tut, I owe nought.
M. Merry. What then? fear ye imprisonment?
R. Roister. No.
M. Merry. No, I wist, ye offend not so to be shent.[2]
But if he had, the Tower could not you so hold,
But to break out at all times ye would be bold.
What is it? hath any man threatened you to beat?
R. Roister. What is he that durst have put me in that heat?
He that beateth me, by his arms, shall well find,
That I will not be far from him, nor run behind.
M. Merry. That thing know all men, ever since ye overthrew
The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew.
But what is it then?
R. Roister. Of love I make my moan.
M. Merry. Ah, this foolish love! wil't ne'er let us alone?
But because ye were refused the last day,
Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way.
I would meddle no more, since I find all so unkind.

[1] *craking*—boasting. [2] *shent*—disgraced.

R. Roister. Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my mind.
. . . . . .
M. Merry. What is her name?
R. Roister. Her yonder.
M. Merry. Who?
R. Roister. Mistress ah—
M. Merry. Fie, fie for shame!
Love ye and know not whom? but her yonder, a woman?
We shall then get you a wife, I cannot tell when.
R. Roister. The fair woman, that supped with us yesternight;
And I heard her name twice or thrice, and had it right.
M. Merry. Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good cheer with you;
If ye had, I could have told you her name now.
R. Roister. I was to blame indeed, but the next time perchance.
And she dwelleth in this house.
M. Merry. What, Christian Custance?
R. Roister. Except I have her to my wife, I shall run mad.
M. Merry. Nay, unwise, perhaps, but I warrant you for mad.
R. Roister. I am utterly dead unless I have my desire.
M. Merry. Where be the bellows that blew this sudden fire?
R. Roister. I hear she is worth a thousand pound and more.
M. Merry. Yea, but learn this one lesson of me afore:
An hundred pound of marriage money doubtless,
Is ever thirty pound sterling, or somewhat less;
So that her thousand pound, if she be thrifty,
Is much near about two hundred and fifty.
Howbeit, wooers and widows are never poor.
R. Roister. Is she a widow? I love her better therefore.
M. Merry. But I hear she hath made promise to another.
R. Roister. He shall go without her, and he were my brother.
M. Merry. I have heard say, I am right well advised,
That she hath to Gavin Goodlucke promised.
R. Roister. What is that Gavin Goodlucke?
M. Merry. A merchant man.
Yet a fitter wife for your ma'ship[1] might be found.
. . . . . .
R. Roister. I am sorry God made me so comely, doubtless,
For that maketh me each where so highly favoured,
And all women on me so enamoured.
M. Merry. Enamoured, quoth you? have ye spied out that?
Ah, sir, marry now I see you know what is what.
Enamoured, ka?[2] Marry, sir, say that again;
But I thought not ye had marked it so plain.
R. Roister. Yes, each where they gaze all upon me and stare.
M. Merry. Yea, Malkyn, I warrant you as much as they dare.
And ye will not believe what they say in the street,
When your ma'ship passeth by all such as I meet,
That sometimes I can scarce find what answer to make.
. . . . . .

[1] *ma'ship*—mastership. [2] *ka*—quoth'a.

Matthew then tells Ralph what great heroes the women mistake him for, and proceeds thus:

O Lord! (say some) that the sight of his face we lack.
It is enough for you (say I) to see his back.
His face is for ladies of high and noble parages,
With whom he hardly 'scapeth great marriages.
With much more than this, and much otherwise.
R. Roister. I can thee thank that thou canst such answers devise:
But I perceive thou dost me throughly know.
M. Merry. I mark your manners for mine own learning, I trow;
But such is your beauty, and such are your acts,
Such is your personage, and such are your facts,
That all women, fair and foul, more and less,
They eye you, they love you, they talk of you doubtless.
Your pleasant look maketh them all merry,
Ye pass not by, but they laugh till they be weary;
Yea and money could I have, the truth to tell,
Of many to bring you that way where they dwell.
R. Roister. Merrygreeke, for this thy reporting well of me—
M. Merry. What should I else, sir? it is my duty, pardee.
R. Roister. I promise thou shalt not lack, while I have a groat.
M. Merry. Faith, sir, and I ne'er had more need of a new coat.
R. Roister. Thou shalt have one to-morrow, and gold for to spend.
M. Merry. Then I trust to bring the day to a good end.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. What if Christian Custance will not have you, what?
R. Roister. Have me? yes I warrant you, never doubt of that.
I know she loveth me, but she dare not speak.

. . . . . .

She looked on me twenty times yesternight,
And laughed so.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. In the meantime, sir, if you please, I will home,
And call your musicians; for in this your case,
It would set you forth, and all your wooing grace:
Ye may not lack your instruments to play and sing.

. . . . . .

ACT I.—SCENE III.

MADGE MUMBLECRUST *spinning on the distaff*; TIBET TALKAPACE *sewing*; ANNOT ALYFACE *knitting*; R. ROISTER.

[After some sharp practice between Madge, Tibet, and Ralph, the latter and Madge are left alone.]

R. Roister. Ah, good sweet nurse.
M. Mumbl. Ah, good sweet gentleman.
R. Roister. What?
M. Mumbl. Nay, I cannot tell, sir; but what thing would you?
R. Roister. How doth sweet Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?
M. Mumbl. She doth very well, sir, and command me to you.
R. Roister. To me?
M. Mumbl. Yea, to you, sir.
R. Roister. To me? Nurse, tell me plain, To me?
M. Mumbl. Yea.
R. Roister. That word maketh me alive again.

. . . . . .

I promise thee, nurse, I favour her.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
R. Roister. Bid her sue to me for marriage.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
R. Roister. And surely for thy sake she shall speed.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
R. Roister. I shall be contented to take her.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
R. Roister. But at thy request, and for thy sake.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
R. Roister. And come, hark in thine ear what to say.
M. Mumbl. E'en so, sir.
[*Here let him tell her a great long tale in her ear.*

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE; DOBINET DOUGHTIE; RALPH ROISTER; MADGE MUMBLECRUST; HARPAX.

M. Merry. Come on, sirs, apace, and quit yourselves like men.
Your pains shall be rewarded.

. . . . . .

But with whom is he now so sadly rounding[1] yond?
D. Dough. With *Nobs Nicebecetur Miserere* fond.
M. Merry. God be at your wedding: be ye sped already?
I did not suppose that your love was so greedy.
I perceive now ye have choice of devotion,
And joy have ye, lady, of your promotion.
R. Roister. Tush, fool, thou art deceived: this is not she.
M. Merry. Well, make much of her, and keep her well, I advise ye.
I will take no charge of such a fair piece keeping.
M. Mumbl. What aileth this fellow? he driveth me to weeping.
M. Merry. What, weep on the wedding day? be merry, woman:
Though I say it, ye have chosen a good gentleman.
R. Roister. What meanest thou man? tut, a whistle.
M. Merry. Ah sir, be good to her, she is but a gristle.
Ah, sweet lamb and coney.
R. Roister. Tut, thou art deceived.
M. Merry. Weep no more, lady, ye shall be well received.
Up with some merry noise, sirs, to bring home the bride.
R. Roister. Gogs arms! knave, art thou mad? I tell thee, thou art wide.

. . . . . .

R. Roister. This same is the fair widow's nurse, of whom ye wot.
M. Merry. Is she but a nurse of a house?

. . . . . .

[1] Now so seriously *whispering* yonder.

R. Roister. This is our best friend, man.
M. Merry. Then teach her what to say.
M. Mumbl. I am taught already.

. . . . . .

M. Mumbl. And what shall I show your mastership's name is?
R. Roister. Nay, she shall make suit, ere she shall know that, ywis.
M. Mumbl. Yet, let me somewhat know.
M. Merry. This is he, understand,
That killed the blue spider in Blanchepouder land.
M. Mumbl. Yea, Jesus, William, zee law! did he zo law?
M. Merry. Yea, and the last elephant that ever he saw,
As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,[1]
And e'en with pure strength of arms pluck'd out his great tusk.
M. Mumbl. Jesus, *Nomine Patris*, what a thing was that!
R. Roister. Yea, but Merrygreeke, one thing thou hast forgot.
M. Merry. What?
R. Roister. Of the other elephant.
M. Merry. Oh, him that fled away?
R. Roister. Yea.
M. Merry. Yea, he knew that his match was in place that day.

. . . . . .

M. Mumbl. Oh Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is so sore.
R. Roister. Thou makest her too much afraid, Merrygreeke; no more.
This tale would fear my sweetheart Custance right evil.

. . . . . .

R. Roister. Now, nurse, take this same letter here to thy mistress;
And as my trust is in thee, ply my business.
M. Mumbl. It shall be done.
M. Merry. Who made it?
R. Roister. I wrote it each whit.
M. Merry. Then needs it no mending.
R. Roister. No, no.
M. Merry. No, I know your wit.
R. Roister. I warrant it well.
M. Mumbl. It shall be delivered;
But, if ye speed, shall I be considered?
M. Merry. Whough! dost thou doubt of that?
M. Mumbl. What shall I have?
M. Merry. An hundred times more than thou canst devise to crave.
M. Mumbl. Shall I have some new gear? for my dole is all spent.
M. Merry. The worst kitchen wench shall go in ladies' raiment.
M. Mumbl. Yea?
M. Merry. And the worst drudge in the house shall go better
Than your mistress doth now.
M. Mumbl. Then I trudge with your letter.
R. Roister. Now may I repose me: Custance is mine own.
Let us sing and play homeward, that it may be known.
M. Merry. But, are you sure that your letter is well enough?
R. Roister. I wrote it myself.
M. Merry. Then sing we to dinner.

[*Here they sing, and go out singing.*

. . . . . .

The letter is delivered to Christian Custance, who refuses to open it.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

DOBINET DOUGHTIE.

D. Dough. Where is the house I go to, before or behind?
I know not where, nor when, nor how I shall it find.
If I had ten men's bodies, and legs, and strength,
This trotting that I have must needs lame me at length.
And now that my master is new set on wooing,
I trust there shall none of us find lack of doing:
Two pair of shoes a day will now be too little
To serve me, I must trot to and fro so mickle.
'Go, bear me this token; carry me this letter;'
Now this is the best way; now that way is better.
'Up before day, sirs, I charge you, an hour or twain;
Trudge, do me this message, and bring word quick again.'

. . . . . .

And now am I sent to Dame Christian Custance;
But I fear it will end with a mock for pastance.[2]
I bring her a ring, with a token in a clout;
And, by all guess, this same is her house out of doubt.
I know it now perfect, I am in my right way;
And lo! yonder the old nurse, that was with us last day.

. . . . . .

Dobinet then meets with Truepenny, Tibet, and Annot, and persuades them to convey Ralph's token to their mistress, who rewards them with a sound scolding.

C. Custance. Well, ye naughty girls, if ever I perceive
That henceforth ye do letters or tokens receive,
To bring unto me, from any person or place,
Except ye first show me the party face to face,
Either thou or thou, full truly abide thou shalt.
Tib. Talk. Pardon this, and the next time powder me in salt.
C. Custance. I shall make all girls, by you twain, to beware.
Tib. Talk. If I ever offend again, do not me spare.
But, if ever I see that false boy any more,
By your mistresship's licence, I tell you afore,
I will rather have my coat twenty times swinged,
Than on the naughty wag not to be avenged.
C. Custance. Good wenches would not so ramp abroad, idly,
But keep within doors, and ply their work earnestly.
If one would speak with me, that is a man likely,
Ye shall have right good thank to bring me word quickly;

[1] *buske*—bush.

[2] *pastance*—pastime.

But, otherwise, with messages to come in post,
From henceforth, I promise you, shall be to your cost.
Get you in to your work.
Tib. and Annot. Yes, forsooth.
. . . . . .
C. Custance. Now will I in too, for I think, so God me mend,
This will prove some foolish matter in the end.
[*Exeunt.*
. . . . . .

ACT III.—SCENE II.

TIBET; M. MERRYGREEKE; CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE.

Tib. Talk. Ah! that I might but once in my life have a sight
Of him who made us all so ill shent; by this light,
He should never escape, if I had him by the ear,
But, even from his head, I would it bite or tear.
Yea, and if one of them were not enough,
I would bite them both off, I make God a vow.
. . . . . .
C. Custance. In at doors!
Tib. Talk. I am gone. [*Exit.*
M. Merry. Dame Custance, God ye save.
C. Custance. Welcome, friend Merrygreeke: and, what thing would ye have?
M. Merry. I am come to you, a little matter to break.
. . . . . .
C. Custance. No creature hath my faith and troth but one,
That is Gavin Goodlucke: and if it be not he,
He hath no title this way, whatever he be,
For I know none to whom I have such word spoken.
M. Merry. Ye know him not you, by his letter and token?
C. Custance. Indeed true it is, that a letter I have,
But I never read it yet, as God me save.
M. Merry. Ye a woman, and your letter so long unread!
C. Custance. Ye may thereby know what haste I have to wed.
But now, who is it for my hand, I know by guess.
M. Merry. Ah! well, I say.
C. Custance. It is Roister Doister, doubtless.
M. Merry. Will ye never leave this dissimulation?
Ye know him not?
C. Custance. But by imagination;
For, no man there is, but a very dolt and lout,
That to woo a widow would so go about.
He shall never have me his wife while he do live.
M. Merry. Then will he have you if he may, so might I thrive;
And he biddeth you send him word by me,
That ye humbly beseech him ye may his wife be,
And that there shall be no let in you, nor mistrust,
But to be wedded on Sunday next if he list;
And biddeth you to look for him.
C. Custance. Doth he bid so?
M. Merry. When he cometh, ask him whether he did or no.
C. Custance. Go say, that I bid him keep him warm at home,
For, if he come abroad, he shall cough me a mome.[1]
My mind was vexed, I 'shrew his head, sottish dolt.
M. Merry. He hath in his head—
C. Custance. As much brain as a burbolt.[2]
M. Merry. Well, Dame Custance, if he hear you thus play choplogic.
C. Custance. What will he?
M. Merry. Play the devil in the horologe.[3]
C. Custance. I defy him, lout.
M. Merry. Shall I tell him what ye say?
C. Custance. Yea, and add whatsoever thou canst, I thee pray,
And I will avouch it whatsoever it be.
M. Merry. Then let me alone; we will laugh well, ye shall see:
It will not be long ere he will hither resort.
C. Custance. Let him come when him list, I wish no better sport.
Fare ye well, I will in, and read my great letter:
I shall to my wooer make answer the better.
[*Exeunt.*

Matthew goes and gives Ralph an exaggerated version of Custance's answer, taking the opportunity of letting his silly friend know his own real opinion of his character. Under cover of Christian's answer, Ralph is called

The veriest dolt that ever was born;
And veriest lubber, sloven, and beast,
Living in this world, from the west to the east;
Yet, of himself hath he such opinion,
That in all the world is not the like minion.
He thinketh each woman to be brought in dotage,
With the only sight of his goodly personage:
Yet, none that will have him: we do him lout and flock,
And make him among us, our common sporting-stock;
And so would I now (quo' she), save only because,—
'Better nay,' (quo' I)—'I list not meddle with daws.'
'Ye are happy (quo' I) that ye are a woman,
This would cost you your life in case ye were a man.'
. . . . . .
R. Roister. I will go home and die.
M. Merry. Then shall I bid toll the bell?
R. Roister. No.
M. Merry. God have mercy on your soul: ah, good gentleman,
That e'er you should thus die for an unkind woman!
Will you drink once ere you go?
R. Roister. No, no, I will none.
M. Merry. How feel your soul to God?
R. Roister. I am nigh gone.
M. Merry. And shall we hence straight?

[1] A *mome* is another word for a fool, and the phrase 'cough me a fool' is common in old plays.
[2] A *burbolt* is a bird-bolt, or arrow with which boys knocked down birds; it had a nob at the end.
[3] 'To play the devil in the horologue,' or in the *clock*, is an expression to indicate the making of confusion.
'The divell is in th' orloge, the houres to trye:
Searche houres by the sun, the devyll's dyal will lie.'
J. Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1562.

R. Roister. Yea.
M. Merry. Placebo dilexi. [*ut infra.*[1]
Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die.
R. Roister. Hech how, alas! the pangs of death my heart do break.
M. Merry. Hold your peace, for shame, sir! a dead man may not speak.
Nequando: What mourners and what torches shall we have?
R. Roister. None.
M. Merry. Dirige. He will go darkling to his grave,—
Neque lux, neque crux, neque mourners, *neque* clink,
He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think,
A porta inferi. Who shall your goods possess?
R. Roister. Thou shalt be my sectour,[2] and have all, more and less.
M. Merry. Requiem æternam. Now God reward your mastership,
And I will cry halfpenny dole for your worship.

. . . . . .

. . . All men take heed by this one gentleman,
How you set your love upon an unkind woman:
For these women be all such mad, peevish elves,
They will not be won, except it please themselves.
But, in faith, Custance, if ever ye come in hell,
Master Roister Doister shall serve you as well.
And will ye needs go from us thus in very deed?
R. Roister. Yea, in good sadness.

Ralph is however persuaded to live, and by Matthew's advice resolves to try what a personal interview with Christian will do. Matthew tells him not to

. . . Speak with a faint heart to Custance,
But with a lusty breast and countenance,
That she may know she hath to answer to a man.

. . . . . .

Ye must have a portly brag after your estate.

. . . . . .

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

CUSTANCE; MERRYGREEKE; ROISTER DOISTER.

. . . . . .

C. Custance. Get ye home, idle folks.
M. Merry. Why may not we be here?
Nay and ye will haze, haze;[3] otherwise, I tell you plain,
And ye will not haze, then give us our gear again.
C. Custance. Indeed I have of yours much gay things, God save all.
R. Roister. Speak gently unto her, and let her take all.
M. Merry. Ye are too tender-hearted: shall she make us daws?
Nay dame, I will be plain with you in my friend's cause.
R. Roister. Let all this pass, sweetheart, and accept my service.
C. Custance. I will not be served with a fool in no wise.
When I choose a husband, I hope to take a man.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see.
He sendeth you such a token, ring, and letter.
C. Custance. Marry, here it is, ye never saw a better.
M. Merry. Let us see your letter.
C. Custance. Hold, read it if ye can,
And see what letter it is to win a woman.
M. Merry. 'To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart, and pigsny,
Good Mistress Custance, present these by and by.'
Of this superscription do ye blame the style?
C. Custance. With the rest, as good stuff as ye read a great while.
M. Merry. 'Sweet Mistress, whereas I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and riches chief of all;
For your personage, beauty, demeanour, and wit,
I commend me unto you never a whit.
Sorry to hear report of your good welfare,
For (as I hear say) such your conditions are,
That ye be worthy favour of no living man,
To be abhorred of every honest man.
To be taken for a woman inclined to vice,
Nothing at all to virtue giving her due price.
Wherefore concerning marriage, ye are thought
Such a fine paragon, as ne'er honest man bought.
And now by these presents I do you advertise
That I am minded to marry you in nowise.
For your goods and substance, I could be content
To take you as ye are. If ye mind to be my wife.' . . .

The letter goes on thus to some length, it being capable of affording two very different senses, according to the punctuation.

. . . . . .

C. Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such a husband?
M. Merry. Ah, that ye would in a letter show such despite.
R. Roister. Oh, I would I had him here, the which did it indite!
M. Merry. Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light.
R. Roister. Yea, I meant I wrote it mine own self yesternight.
C. Custance. Yes, sir, I would not have sent you such a mock.
R. Roister. Ye may so take it, but I meant it not so, by cock.
M. Merry. Who can blame this woman to fume, and fret, and rage?

. . . . . .

C. Custance. God be with you both, and seek no more to me. [*Exeat.*
R. Roister. Wough! she is gone for ever, I shall her no more see!
M. Merry. What weep? fie for shame! and blubber? for manhood's sake
Never let your foe so much pleasure of you take.
Rather play the man's part, and do love refrain:
If she despise you, e'en despise ye her again.

[1] Meaning at the end of the play, where 'the Psalmodie' is inserted, which is supposed to be sung below.
[2] *i.e.* executor.
[3] *Haze* means 'ha' us,' or 'have us.'

R. Roister. By gosse, and for thy sake I defy her indeed.
M. Merry. Yea, and perchance that way ye shall much sooner speed.
For one mad property these women have, in faith,
When ye will, they will not; will not ye, then will they.
. . . . . .
R. Roister. Thou dost the truth tell.
M. Merry. Well, I lament.
R. Roister. So do I.
M. Merry. Wherefore?
R. Roister. For this thing;
Because she is gone.
M. Merry. I mourn for another thing.
R. Roister. What is it, Merrygreeke, wherefore dost thou grief take?
M. Merry. That I am not a woman myself for your sake.
. . . . . .
For though I say it, a goodly person ye be.
R. Roister. No, no.
M. Merry. Yes, a goodly man as e'er I did see.
R. Roister. No, I am a poor homely man, as God made me.
M. Merry. By the faith that I owe to God, sir, but ye be.
Would I might, for your sake, spend a thousand pound land.
R. Roister. I daresay thou wouldst have me to thy husband.
M. Merry. Yea; and I were the fairest lady in the shire,
And knew you as I know you, and see you now here.
Well, I say no more.
R. Roister. Gramercies, with all my heart.
M. Merry. But since that cannot be, will ye play a wise part?
R. Roister. How should I?
M. Merry. Refrain from Custance awhile now,
And I warrant her soon right glad to seek to you:
You shall see her anon come on her knees creeping,
And pray you to be good to her, salt tears weeping.
R. Roister. But what and she come not?
M. Merry. In faith, then farewell she;
Or else, if ye be wroth, ye may avenged be.
. . . . . .
R. Roister. But I would be avenged in the mean space,
On that vile scribbler, that did my wooing disgrace.
M. Merry. Scribbler (quo' you)? Indeed, he is worthy no less.
I will call him to you, and ye bid me, doubtless.
. . . . . .
R. Roister. He shall never 'scape death on my sword's point,
Though I should be torn therefor joint by joint.

They then have an interview with the Scrivener, whom Ralph tries to bully, but is made to eat humble-pie. The Scrivener reads the letter, pointing it so as to bring out a sense different from Ralph's copy. Matthew and Ralph then resolve to have another interview with Christian, and put her right as to the letter.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SYM SURESBY.

. . . . . .
Sym Suresby. My master, Gavin Goodlucke, after me a day,
Because of the weather, thought best his ship to stay;
And now that I have the rough surges so well past,
God grant I may find all things safe here at last;
Then will I think all my travel well spent.
Now, the first point wherefore my master hath me sent
Is to salute Dame Christian Custance, his wife
Espoused; whom he tendereth no less than his life.
. . . . . .
But lo, forth cometh herself happily indeed.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; SYM SURESBY.

C. Custance. I come to see if any more stirring be here.
But what stranger is this, which doth to me appear?
Sym Sure. I will speak to her.—Dame, the Lord you save and see.
C. Custance. What, friend Sym Suresby? Forsooth, right welcome ye be.
How doth mine own Gavin Goodlucke? I pray thee tell.
Sym Sure. When he knoweth of your health he will be perfect well.
C. Custance. If he have perfect health, I am as I would be.
Sym Sure. Such news will please him well, this is as it should be.
C. Custance. I think now long for him.
Sym Sure. And he as long for you.
C. Custance. When will he be at home?
Sym Sure. His heart is here e'en now;
His body cometh after.
C. Custance. I would see that fain.
Sym Sure. As fast as wind and sail can carry it amain.
But what two men are yonder, coming hitherward?
C. Custance. Now, I shrew their best Christmas cheeks both togetherward!

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE; SYM SURESBY; RALPH ROISTER DOISTER; MATTHEW MERRYGREEKE; TRUEPENNY.

C. Custance. What mean these lewd fellows thus to trouble me still?
Sym Suresby here perchance shall thereof deem some ill,
And shall suspect me in some point of naughtiness,
An they come hitherward.
. . . . . .
R. Roister. Well found, sweet wife (I trust), for all this your sour look.
C. Custance. Wife! why call ye me wife?
Sym Sure. Wife! This gear goeth a-crook.

M. Merry. Nay, Mistress Custance, I warrant you, our letter
Is not as we read e'en now, but much better.

. . . . . .

C. Custance. I did not refuse him for the letter's sake.
R. Roister. Then ye are content me for your husband to take.
C. Custance. You for my husband to take? Nothing less truly.

. . . . . .

But what prate I with fools? have I nought else to do?
Come in with me, Sym Suresby, to take some repast.
Sym Sure. I must, e'er I drink, by your leave, go in all haste
To a place or two with earnest letters of his.
C. Custance. Then come drink here with me.
Sym Sure. I thank you.
C. Custance. Do not miss,
You shall have a token to your master with you.
Sym Sure. No tokens this time, gramercies. God be with you. [*Exeat.*

. . . . . .

C. Custance. I will be even with thee, thou beast, thou may be bold.
R. Roister. Will ye have us, then?
C. Custance. I will never have thee.
R. Roister. Then will I have you?
C. Custance. No, the devil shall have thee.
I have got this hour more shame and harm by thee,
Than all thy life days thou canst do me honesty.

. . . . . .

Faith, rather than to marry with such a doltish lout,
I would match myself with a beggar out of doubt.

. . . . . .

R. Roister. Yes, dame, I will have you whether ye will or no.
I command you to love me, wherefore should ye not?
Is not my love to you chafing and burning hot?
M. Merry. To her, that is well said.
R. Roister. Shall I so break my brain
To dote upon you, and ye not love us again?
M. Merry. Well said yet.
C. Custance. Go to, thou goose.
R. Roister. I say, Kit Custance,
In case ye will not haze, well, better yes perchance.
C. Custance. Avaunt, lozell, pick thee hence.
M. Merry. Well, sir, ye perceive,
For all your kind offer, she will not you receive.
R. Roister. Then a straw for her, and a straw for her again.
She shall not be my wife, would she never so fain,
No, and though she would be at ten thousand pound cost.
M. Merry. Lo, dame, ye may see what a husband ye have lost.
C. Custance. Yea, no force; a jewel much better lost than found.
M. Merry. Ah, ye will not believe how this doth my heart wound.
How should a marriage between you be toward,
If both parties draw back, and become so froward?
R. Roister. Nay, dame, I will fire thee out of thy house, and destroy
Thee and all thine, and that by and by.
M. Merry. Nay, for the passion of God, sir, do not so.
R. Roister. Yes, except she will say yea to that she said no.

Christian then sends for Tristram Trusty, and she and her maids resolve that if Ralph makes his appearance again they will give him a warm reception. Trusty meantime endeavours to console her; Merrygreeke joins them, and assures Christian that he takes part in Ralph's wooing merely for sport and pastime.

C. Custance. I'll ache your heads both! I was never wearier,
Nor never more vexed since the first day I was born.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. Hither will he repair with a sheep's look full grim,
By plain force and violence to drive you to yield.
C. Custance. If ye two bid me, we will with him pitch afield,
And my maids together.
M. Merry. Let us see; be bold.
C. Custance. Ye shall see women's war.
T. Trusty. That fight will I behold.
M. Merry. If occasion serve, taking his part full brim,
I will strike at you, but the rap shall light on him.
When we first appear—
C. Custance. Then will I run away,
As though I were afraid.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. A stomach, quoth you: he that will that deny,
I know, was never at dinner in your company.
R. Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man it is that I mean.
M. Merry. Nay, the stomach of a horse or a dog, I wean.
R. Roister. Nay, a man's stomach with a weapon mean I.
M. Merry. Ten men can scarce match you with a spoon in a pie.
R. Roister. Nay, the stomach of a man to try in strife.
M. Merry. I never saw your stomach cloyed yet in my life.
R. Roister. Tush, I mean in strife or fighting to try.
M. Merry. We shall see how ye will strike now being angry.

. . . . . .

R. Roister. Nay, as for they, shall every mother's child die,
And in this my fume a little thing might make me
To beat down house and all, and else the devil take me.

. . . . . .

M. Merry. Be not at one with her upon any amends.[1]

[1] That is, be not *reconciled* with her upon any amends

R. Roister. No, though she make to me never so many friends;
Not if all the world for her would undertake:
No, not God himself neither, shall not her peace make.
On, therefore! march forward! Soft, stay a while yet.
M. Merry. On.
R. Roister. Tarry.
M. Merry. On.
R. Roister. Soft. Now forward set.
C. Custance. What business have we here? Out, alas, alas!
R. Roister. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Didst thou see that, Merrygreeke, how afraid she was?
Didst thou see how she fled apace out of my sight?
Ah, good sweet Custance! I pity her, by this light.
M. Merry. That tender heart of yours will mar altogether;
Thus will ye be turned with wagging of a feather.
R. Roister. On, sirs, keep your ray.
M. Merry. On forth, while this gear is hot.
R. Roister. Soft, the Arms of Calais, I have one thing forgot.
M. Merry. What lack we now?
R. Roister. Retire, or else we be all slain.
M. Merry. Back, for the passion of God! back, sirs, back again!
What is the great matter?
R. Roister. This hasty forthgoing
Had almost brought us all to utter undoing:
It made me forget a thing most necessary.
M. Merry. Well remembered of a captain, by Saint Mary.
R. Roister. It is a thing must be had.
M. Merry. Let us have it then.
R. Roister. But I wot not where, nor how.
M. Merry. Then wot not I when.
But what is it?
R. Roister. Of a chief thing I am to seek.
M. Merry. Tut so will ye be, when ye have studied a week.
But tell me what it is.
R. Roister. I lack yet an headpiece.
M. Merry. The kitchen collocavit,[1] the best hens to grace.
Run, fetch it, Dobinet, and come at once withal,
And bring with thee my potgun, hanging by the wall.
I have seen your head with it, full many a time,
Covered as safe as it had been with a screen;
And I warrant it save your head from any stroke,
Except perchance to be amazed with the smoke.
I warrant your head therewith, except for the mist,
As safe as if it were locked up in a chest.
And lo, here our Dobinet cometh with it now.
D. Dough. It will cover me to the shoulders well enough.
M. Merry. Let me see it on.
R. Roister. In faith, it doth metely well.
M. Merry. There can be no fitter thing. Now ye must us tell
What to do.
R. Roister. Now forth in array, sirs, and stop no more.
M. Merry. Now, Saint George to borrow![2] Drum, dubbe a dubbe afore.
T. Trusty. What mean you to do, sir? Commit manslaughter?
R. Roister. To kill forty such is a matter of laughter.
T. Trusty. And who is it, sir, whom ye intend thus to spill?
R. Roister. Foolish Custance here forceth me against my will.
T. Trusty. And is there no means your extreme wrath to slake?
She shall some amends unto your good ma'ship make.
R. Roister. I will none amends.
T. Trusty. Is her offence so sore?
M. Merry. And he were a lout she could have done do more.
She hath called him fool, and dressed him like a fool,
Mocked him like a fool, used him like a fool.
T. Trusty. Well yet the sheriff, the justice, or constable,
Her misdemeanour to punish might be able.
R. Roister. No, sir, I mine own self will in this present cause
Be sheriff, and justice, and whole judge of the laws.
This matter to amend, all officers be I shall,
Constable, bailiff, sergeant.

. . . . . .

ACT IV.—SCENE VIII.

M. Merrygreeke; C. Custance; R. Roister; Tibet Talk.; An. Alyface; M. Mumblecrust; Truepenny; Dobinet Doughtie; Harpax.

Two drums with their Ensigns.

C. Custance. What caitiffs are those that shake my house wall?
M. Merry. Ah, sirrah, now Custance, if ye had so much wit,
I would see you ask pardon, and yourselves submit.
C. Custance. Have I still this ado with a couple of fools?
M. Merry. Here ye what she saith?
C. Custance. Maidens, come forth with your tools
In array.
M. Merry. Dubbadub, sirrah.
R. Roister. In array!
They come suddenly on us.
M. Merry. Dubbadub.
R. Roister. In array!
That ever I was born! we are taken tardy.
M. Merry. Now, sirs, quit ourselves like tall men and hardy.
C. Custance. On afore, Truepenny, hold thine own, Annot,
On toward them, Tibet, for escape us they cannot.
Come forth, Madge Mumblecrust: so, stand fast together.
M. Merry. God send us a fair day.
R. Roister. See, they march on hither.
Tib. Talk. But mistress—
C. Custance. What sayst you?
Tib. Talk. Shall I go fetch our goose?
C. Custance. What to do?
Tib. Talk. To yonder captain I will turn her loose.

[1] It is not at all clear what kitchen utensil is here meant—perhaps a *culender*.

[2] To *borrow* is to protect or guard. Thus in *Every Man*, 'Fro payne it wyll you *borowe*.' Shakespeare in Richard II. has the exclamation, 'Saint George to thrive,' which has much the same meaning.

And she gape and hiss at him, as she doth at me,
I durst jeopard my hand, she will make him flee.
C. Custance. On, forward.
R. Roister. They come.
M. Merry. Stand.
R. Roister. Hold.
M. Merry. Keep.
R. Roister. There.
M. Merry. Strike.
R. Roister. Take heed.
C. Custance. Well said, Truepenny.
Truepenny. Ah, whoresons!
C. Custance. Well done, indeed.
M. Merry. Hold thine own, Harpax: down with them, Dobinet.
C. Custance. Now Madge, there Annot; now stick them, Tibet.
Tib. Talk. All my chief quarrel is to this same little knave,
That beguiled me last day: nothing shall him save.
D. Dough. Down with this little quean, that hath at me such spite:
Save you from her, master, it is a very sprite.
C. Custance. I myself will mounsire grand captain [1] undertake.
R. Roister. They win ground.
M. Merry. Save yourself, sir, for God's sake!
R. Roister. Out, alas, I am slain! help!
M. Merry. Save yourself!
R. Roister. Alas!
M. Merry. Nay then, have at you, mistress.
R. Roister. Thou hittest me, alas.
M. Merry. I will strike at Custance here.
R. Roister. Thou hittest me.
M. Merry. So I will.
Nay, Mistress Custance.
R. Roister. Alas, thou hittest me still.
Hold!
M. Merry. Save yourself, sir!
R. Roister. Help! Out alas, I am slain.
M. Merry. Truce, hold your hands!
How, how say you, Custance, for saving of your life,
Will ye yield and grant to be this gentleman's wife?
C. Custance. He told me he loved me: call ye this love?
M. Merry. He loved a while, even like a turtle-dove.
C. Custance. Gay love, God save it, so soon hot, so soon cold.
M. Merry. I am sorry for you: he could love you yet, so he could.
R. Roister. Nay, she shall be none of mine.
M. Merry. Why so?
R. Roister. Come away, by the mass, she is mankine.[2]
I durst adventure the loss of my right hand,
If she did not slay her other husband.
And see if she prepare not again to fight.
M. Merry. What then? Saint George to borrow, our lady's knight.
R. Roister. Slay else whom she will, by Gog, she shall not slay me.
M. Merry. How then?
R. Roister. Rather than to be slain, I will flee.
C. Custance. To it again, my knightnesses: down with them all!
R. Roister. Away, away, away! she will else kill us all.
M. Merry. Nay, stick to it, like an hardy man and a tall.
R. Roister. Oh, bones! thou hittest me. Away, or else die we shall.
M. Merry. Away, for the passion of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ.
C. Custance. Away, lout and lubber, or I shall be thy priest.
So, this field is ours, we have driven them all away.

. . . . . .

Now Roister Doister will no more wooing begin.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] That is, *Monsieur grand Capitaine.*
[2] 'She is *mankine*,' or of the male species. So Sicinius, in *Coriolanus*, Act iv. scene 2, asks Volumnia, 'Are you *mankind?*'—See the notes upon this passage.

ACT V.—SCENE II.

C. Custance; Gavin Goodlucke; Sym Suresby.

C. Custance. I come forth to see and hearken for news good;
For about this hour is the time, of likelihood,
That Gavin Goodlucke, by the sayings of Suresby,
Would be at home; and lo! yonder I see him I.
What, Gavin Goodlucke! the only hope of my life,
Welcome home, and kiss me, your true espoused wife.
G. Good. Nay, soft, Dame Custance; I must first, by your licence,
See whether all things be clear in your conscience.
I hear of your doings to me very strange.
C. Custance. What! fear ye that my faith towards you should change?
G. Good. I must needs mistrust ye be elsewhere entangled,
For I hear that certain men with you have wrangled
About the promise of marriage by you to them made.

. . . . . .

Sym Sure. If ye be honest, my words can hurt you nothing;
But what I heard and saw, I might not but report.

. . . . . .

C. Custance. Why, Tristram Trusty, sir, your true and faithful friend,
Was privy both to the beginning and the end.
Let him be the judge, and for me testify.
G. Good. I will the more credit that he shall verify:
And, because I will the truth know, e'en as it is,
I will to him myself, and know all, without miss.
Come on, Sym Suresby, that before my friend thou may
Avouch thee the same words, which thou didst to me say. [*Exeunt.*

. . . . . .

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

Gavin Goodlucke; Tristram Trusty; C. Custance; Sym Suresby.

G. Good. And was it none other than ye to me report?
T. Trusty. No; and here were ye wished, to have seen the sport.
G. Good. Would I had, rather than half of that in my purse.
Sym Sure. And I do much rejoice the matter was no worse;

And like as to open it I was to you faithful,
So of Dame Custance honest truth I am joyful.
For, God forfend that I should hurt her by false report.
G. Good. Well, I will no longer hold her in discomfort.
C. Custance. Now come they hitherward: I trust all shall be well.

G. Good. Sweet Custance, neither heart can think, nor tongue tell,
How much I joy in your constant fidelity.
Come now, kiss me, the pearl of perfect honesty.
C. Custance. God let me no longer to continue in life,
Than I shall towards you continue a true wife.
. . . . . .

In the last scene Ralph is badgered, and at last pardoned, and allowed to take part in the general merrymaking.

Our last example of the early regular English drama, is Thomas Sackville's (Lord Buckhurst) *Ferrex and Porrex*, the oldest extant tragedy.

Dramatis Personæ.

GORBODUC, *King of* Great Britain.
VIDENA, *Queen, and Wife to* King GORBODUC.
FERREX, *Elder Son to* King GORBODUC.
PORREX, *Younger Son to* King GORBODUC.
CLOTYN, *Duke of* Cornwall.
FERGUS, *Duke of* Albany.
MANDUD, *Duke of* Loegris.
GWENARD, *Duke of* Cumberland.
EUBULUS, *Secretary to the* King.
AROSTUS, *a Counsellor to the* King.
DORDAN, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his Eldest Son* FERREX.
PHILANDER, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his Youngest Son* PORREX.
Both being of the old King's Council before.
HERMON, *a Parasite remaining with* FERREX.
TYNDAR, *a Parasite remaining with* PORREX.
NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of the Elder Brother's Death.*
NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms.*
MARCELLA, *a Lady of the Queen's Privy Chamber.*
CHORUS, *four ancient and sage men of* Britain.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

VIDENA; FERREX.

Vid. The silent night that brings the quiet pause,
From painful travails of the weary day,
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face;
And now the day renews my grieful plaint.
Fer. My gracious lady, and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.
Vid. So great a wrong, and so unjust despite,
Without all cause against all course of kind![1]
Fer. Such causeless wrong, and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or, at the least, revenge.
Vid. Neither, my son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.
Fer. Mine! know I none, but grief for your distress.
Vid. Yes; mine for thine, my son. A father? No:
In kind a father, not in kindliness.
Fer. My father? why, I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace.
Vid. Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me.
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee,
He, grieved thereat, is not content alone
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee, of thy birthright and heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right, he will bereave:
Half of his kingdom he will give away.
Fer. To whom?
Vid. Even to Porrex, his younger son;
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,
That, being rais'd to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Fill'd with disdain and with ambitious hope.
Fer. Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me.
Just hath my father been to every wight:
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.
Vid. So grant the gods! But yet, thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail;
For those have I essay'd; but even this day
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.
Fer. Their ancestors from race to race have borne
True faith to my forefathers and their seed:
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.
Vid. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them;
And so they will, for so is wont to be,
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, or civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right succeeding line returns again,
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.
Fer. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.
Vid. The end! thy end I fear: Jove end me first!

[1] *kind*—nature.

The second act is occupied with long speeches from Gorboduc, Arostus, Philander, and Eubulus, concerning the king's proposed division of the kingdom between his two sons. Gorboduc concludes thus:

Gor. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part:
But since I see no cause to draw my mind,
To fear the nature of my loving sons,
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
Can there work hate, where nature planteth love;
In one self purpose do I still abide.
My love extendeth equally to both,
My land sufficeth for them both also.
Humber shall part the marches of their realms:
The southern part the elder shall possess,
The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
Free from the travail, and the painful cares,
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
To tread down truth, or favour false deceit;
I mean to join to either of my sons
Some one of those, whose long approved faith
And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart,
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.
This is the end; and so I pray you all
To bear my sons the love and loyalty
That I have found within your faithful breasts.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

FERREX; HERMON; DORDAN.

Fer. I marvel much what reason led the king,
My father, thus, without all my desert,
To reave[1] me half the kingdom, which by course
Of law and nature should remain to me.
Her. If you with stubborn and untamed pride
Had stood against him in rebelling wise;
Or if, with grudging mind, you had envied
So slow a sliding of his aged years;
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatal death upon his royal head;
Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;
Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.
. . . . . .
Dor. Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you!
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule
(Who long might live to see your ruling well),
To you, my lord, and to his other son,
Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;
Which never would so wise a prince have done,
If he had once misdeem'd that in your heart
There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
And now to give you half his realm to guide;
Yea, and that half which, in abounding store
Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,
In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
In things of needful use, which friendly sea
Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,
In flowing wealth, in honour, and in force,
Doth pass the double value of the part
That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.
Such is your case, such is your father's love.
Fer. Ah love, my friends! Love wrongs not whom he loves.
Dor. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
So large a reign, ere that the course of time
Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
Which time perhaps might end your time before.
Fer. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
My native right of half so great a realm,
And thus to match his younger son with me
In equal pow'r, and in as great degree?
Yea, and what son? The son whose swelling pride
Would never yield one point of reverence,
When I, the elder, and apparent heir,
Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;
Yea, and that son which from his childish age
Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life,
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,
The mindful malice of his grudging heart
Is arm'd with force, with wealth, and kingly state?
. . . . . .
Dor. Alas, my lord, what grieful thing is this,
That of your brother you can think so ill?
I never saw him utter likely sign,
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem
Such hate of you, nor such unyielding pride.
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
That raising such mistrustful fear in you,
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
Travail by reason to destroy you both.
Wise is your brother, and of noble hope,
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength if you 'gree in one.

Hermon, in a long insidious speech, advises Ferrex to

Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
In your own kingdom triumphs over you.
. . . . . .
But if you like not yet so hot device,
Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
But, though with peril of your own estate,
You will not be the first that shall invade;
Assemble yet your force for your defence,
And for your safety stand upon your guard.
Dor. O heaven! was there ever heard or known
So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace

[1] *reave*—bereave of.

This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
Your present murder, and eternal shame.
Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink
So high a treason in your princely breast.
Fer. The mighty gods forbid that ever I
Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
. . . . . .
The gods forbid, I say:
Cease you to speak so any more to me;
Nor you, my friend, with answer once repeat
So foul a tale: in silence let it die.
. . . . . .
But, since I fear my younger brother's rage,
And since, perhaps, some other man may give
Some like advice, to move his grudging head
At mine estate; which counsel may perchance
Take greater force with him, than this with me;
I will in secret so prepare myself,
As, if his malice or his lust to reign
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,
I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

PORREX; TYNDAR; PHILANDER.

Por. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
Against his brother as his mortal foe?
And now, while yet his aged father lives,
Neither regards he him, nor fears he me?
War would he have? and he shall have it so.
Tyn. I saw myself the great prepared store
Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there.
. . . . . .
The rascal numbers of unskilful sort
Are filled with moustrous tales of you and yours.
In secret, I was counsell'd by my friends
To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
Letters from those that both can truly tell,
And would not write unless they knew it well.
Phil. My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,
Send to your brother, to demand the cause.
Perhaps some traitorous tales have filled his ears
With false reports against your noble grace;
Which, once disclos'd, shall end the growing strife,
That else, not stay'd with wise foresight in time,
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives.
Send to your father eke, he shall appease
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.
Por. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all;
Nor will to him, nor to my father send.
If danger were for one to tarry there,
Think ye it safety to return again?
In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,
The wonted courteous laws to messengers
Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,
That have disclosed his treason unto me?
Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.
Or shall I to the king, my father, send?
Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives,
That loves my brother, and that hateth me?
Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
To Ferrex to oppress me all unaware?
I will not; but I will invade his realm,
And seek the traitor prince within his court.
Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
Of this his treason and his hate to me.
Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,
And hold my yielding throat to traitor's knife,
While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,
Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?
Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
Then to the king, my father, will I send.
The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
If not, I will defend me as I may.
[*Exeunt* PORREX *and* TYNDAR.
Phil. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings!
The father's death! the ruin of their realms!
. . . . . .
But I will to the king, their father, haste,
Ere this mischief come to the likely end.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

GORBODUC; EUBULUS; AROSTUS.

Gor. O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of gods,
Whose vengeance neither Simois' stained streams
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses dead
Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease;
Nor slaughter of unhappy Priam's race,
Nor Ilion's fall, made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troy.
'Oh, no man happy till his end be seen.'
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
In present years might make a happy wight,
Happy was Hecuba, the wofull'st wretch
That ever lived to make a mirror of;
And happy Priam, with his noble sons;
And happy I, till now, alas! I see
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
If timely speed provide not hasty help.

A letter is read from Eubulus making known the resolution taken by Ferrex, immediately after which Philander enters and announces that Porrex

In haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindly war
Threatens the murder of your eldest son.

After some tedious speechifying, a messenger enters and tells the king,

Porrex, your younger son,
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to Ferrex did allot to rule;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.
Gor. O heavens, send down the flames of your revenge!
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire!
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

VIDENA *sola.*

Why should I live, and linger forth my time
In longer life to double my distress?
. . . . . .
But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.
Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee;
Nor never bode I painful throes for thee.
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast;
But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats
Have nursed thee; nor yet of flesh and blood
Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
And wild and desert woods breed thee to life.
But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge?
Or that these hands will not be wroke[1] on thee?
Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,
That loved him more dearly than herself?
And doth she live, and is not 'venged on thee?

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

GORBODUC; AROSTUS.

Gor. We marvel much, whereto this ling'ring stay
Falls out so long. . . .
Aros. Lo, where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

Enter EUBULUS *and* PORREX.

Eub. According to your highness's hest to me,
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort
As from his wearied horse he did alight,
For that your grace did will such haste therein.
Gor. We like and praise this speedy will in you,
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
And from those bounds which law of nature sets,
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
Our present hand could stay no longer time,
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
As just revenge of thy detested crime.
No; we should not offend the law of kind,
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
By blood again; and justice forceth us
To measure death for death, thy due desert.
Yet since thou art our child, and since as yet
In this hard case what word thou canst allege
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
We are content to stay our will for that
Which justice bids us presently to work,
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Porrex then, in a long speech, endeavours to exculpate himself by urging that what he had done was purely in self-defence.

Gor. Oh cruel wight, should any cause prevail
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
But what of thee we will resolve to do
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean
Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,
Until our princely pleasure further shall
To thee be show'd. Depart therefore our sight,
Accursed child! [*Exit* PORREX.] What cruel destiny,
What froward fate hath sorted[2] us this chance,
That even in those, where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.
Aros. Your grace shall now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth,
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke essays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.
Gor. Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient spirit to others wrapp'd in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Enter MARCELLA.

Mar. Oh where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas, within the mother's breast,
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruth be banish'd thence, if pity there
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?
Gor. Madam, alas, what means your woful tale?

[1] *wroke*—wreak'd, revenged.

[2] *sorted*—allotted.

Mar. O silly woman I! why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same:
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.
Gor. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech!
Eub. Patience, your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.
Gor. Oh let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain.
[*Exeunt* GORBODUC *and* EUBULUS.
Mar. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.
Aros. Oh damned deed!
Mar. But hear this ruthful end:
The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes, e'en new unclos'd,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying, alas (for nought else could we do),
His ruthful end, ran to the woful bed,
Dispoiled straight his breast, and all we might
Wiped in vain, with napkins next at hand,
The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. Oh what a look!
Oh what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
He fixed upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braid[1]
A deep-fetched sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook!
Aros. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.
Mar. Oh hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end;
But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant, O marble breast,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer[2] and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs in such proportion cast
As would have wrapt a silly woman's thought;
If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
Even to let fall, and kissed him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death;
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
Oh mother, thou to murder thus thy child! . . .
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,
That bowed the headpiece of thy friendly foe!
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again!
Aros. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed;
Rather with me depart, and help to swage
The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king
Must needs by nature grow by death of this
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.
Mar. What wight is that which saw that I did see,
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
Not I, alas, that heart is not in me:
But let us go, for I am grieved anew,
To call to mind the wretched father's woe.
[*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Oh happy wight, that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood!
And happy he that can in time beware
By other's harms, and turn it to his good.
But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

The fifth act concludes with the following couplet, Tennysonian in style and sentiment:

For right will always live, and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

[1] *a braid*—a start.

[2] *cheer*—appearance, face.

JOHN LILLY.

[JOHN LILLY or LYLY, probably the earliest regular dramatist after Lord Buckhurst, was born in Kent about 1553. He became a student of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569; took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1573, and his Master's degree in 1575. According to Anthony á Wood, he appears not to have been a very hard student, 'but always averse to the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy.' There is extant among the Lansdowne manuscripts a letter, in very good Latin, dated 1574, written by Lilly to Lord Burghley, desiring his Lordship's patronage and assistance; with what result is not known. Burghley, however, seems afterwards to have conferred upon him some office connected with his own household. From two letters extant, written by Lilly to Queen Elizabeth, it is inferred that he was a candidate for the office of Master of the Revels, probably with no success. After leaving college, he appears to have spent most of his time in London, supporting himself by his pen. When he died is unknown, probably somewhere about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mr. Fairholt, editor of Lilly's dramatic works, infers from certain allusions in a work of Nash's, that our author 'was a little man, was married, and fond of tobacco.' The works by which Lilly is now best known are his two prose works, entitled *Euphues; or, the Anatomy of Wit*, and *Euphues and his England*, which gave rise to the term and the affected style of writing known as *Euphuism*. However tedious and trifling these works may appear to modern readers, there can be no doubt that Lilly's contemporaries admired and imitated them to an incredible extent. Euphuism became the rage, even Shakspeare being smitten by the fever. Blount, the editor of an edition of his plays published in 1632, says 'that beauty in court which could not parley Euphuisme, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French;' and Anthony á Wood tells us that 'in these books of *Euphues*, 'tis said that our nation is indebted for a new English in them, which the flower of the youth thereof learned.' By most of his contemporaries he seems to have been held in great estimation. 'The chief characteristic of his style,' says Mr. Collier, 'besides its smoothness, is the employment of a species of fabulous or unnatural natural philosophy, in which the existence of certain animals, vegetables, and minerals with peculiar properties is presumed, in order to afford similes and illustrations.' As far as the dramatic style allows, Lilly's dramas are to a great extent disfigured by this painfully unnatural fine writing, although there is comparatively little of it in the work we have selected. *Campaspe*, or *Alexander and Campaspe*, as it is sometimes entitled, has some claim to be considered a historical play, in that the *dramatis personæ* are mostly historical characters. The incident on which the play is founded is mentioned by Pliny; and the plot, though slight, is, on the whole, well wrought out by the author. Although the scene is laid in Athens, in the time of Alexander the Great, the persons of the drama are, in character and manners, Englishmen of Lilly's own time. It is one of the best and most interesting of the author's plays, some of the characters, such as Diogenes and his servant Manes, being drawn with considerable force and distinctness; and the wit is sometimes clever, amusing, and original. Hazlitt says of it: 'This play is a very pleasing transcript of old manners and sentiment. It is full of sweetness, and point, of Attic salt and the honey of Hymettus.' Although, when compared with many of his contemporaries, Lilly cannot be ranked very high as a dramatist, still he affords a not unpalatable foretaste of the rich feast of wit and wisdom which immediately followed. As we learn from the pro-

logues and epilogues, this play was written in haste, for representation at court, after which it made its appearance at Blackfriars theatre.

Besides *Campaspe*, first printed in 1584, Lilly wrote the following dramas :—*Sapho and Phão* (1584) ; *Endymion* (1591) ; *Galathea* (1592) ; *Midas* (1592) ; *Mother Bombie* (1594) ; *The Maid's Metamorphosis* (1600) ; *Love's Metamorphosis* (1601). It is doubtful whether Lilly was the author of the last two.]

CAMPASPE:

PLAYED BEFORE THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, AT NIGHT, BY HER MAJESTY'S CHILDREN, AND THE CHILDREN OF ST. PAUL'S.

Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, 1584.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACK-FRIARS.

They that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes; and Lepidus, which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast, whose head was like a dragon; and we, which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl Pallas's shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine to Egypt when Nylus flowed less than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen; and it may threaten despair unto us, if we be less courteous than you look for, or more cumbersome. But as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and travelling all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet said, This is a bird; so we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountain seem to bring forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say, This is a beast! Basil softly touched yieldeth a sweet scent, but chafed in the hand, a rank savour. We fear, even so, that our labours, slily[1] glanced on, will breed some content, but examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse.[2] There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules. Feathers appear not on the Phœnix under seven months, and the mulberry is twelve in budding; but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendereth again; or like the brood of Trochilus, whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid become birds. But howsoever we finish our work, we crave pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgress in manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot-herbs that we set flowers. But we hope, as harts that cast their horns, snakes their skins, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labour; so our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But lest, like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our towns, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude, wishing that although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT.

We are ashamed that our bird, which fluttereth by twilight, seeming a swan, should be proved a bat set against the sun. But as Jupiter placed Silenus's ass among the stars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced upon a rough discourse to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries, who think to hide the crack in a stone by setting it deep in gold. The gods supped once with poor Baucis, the Persian kings sometimes shaved sticks: our hope is your Highness will at this time lend an ear to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father; and we, calling Alexander from his grave, seek only who was his love. Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa his shadows, who, in the moment they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive; or Lynces, who having a quick sight to discern, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with these torches which, giving light to others, consume themselves; and we, showing delight to others, shame ourselves.

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[1] *Slily glanced on*—read superficially.

[2] It was, as we have said, written in haste for performance at court.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALEXANDER, *King of Macedon.*
HEPHESTION, *his General.*
CLYTUS, PARMENIO, MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS, } *Warriors.*
MELIPPUS, *Chamberlain to Alexander.*
ARISTOTLE, DIOGENES, CRISIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, CRYSUS, } *Philosophers.*
APELLES, *a Painter.*
SOLINUS, SYLVIUS, } *Citizens of Athens.*
PERIM, MILO, TRICO, } *Sons to Sylvius.*
GRANICHUS, *Servant to Plato.*
MANES, *Servant to Diogenes.*
PSYLLUS, *Servant to Apelles.*
Page to *Alexander.*
Citizens of Athens.
CAMPASPE, TIMOCLEA, } *Theban Captives.*
LAIS, *a Courtezan.*

SCENE—*Athens.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

CLYTUS, PARMENIO, TIMOCLEA, CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION.

Clytus. Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories courage or courtesy; in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above custom: Thebes is razed, the people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside, a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Par. Clytus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is; therefore seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light; so of a sire, in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular?[1] It is for turkies[2] to stain each other, not for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison.

Clytus. You mistake me, Parmenio, if, whilst I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unless happily[3] you conjecture (which none of judgment will conceive) that, because I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree; or coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

Par. Ay, but Clytus, I perceive you are born in the east, and never laugh but at the sun rising; which argueth though a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Clytus. We will make no controversy of that of which there ought to be no question; only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander.

Par. Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and prisoners!—a pleasant sight to us, because profit is joined with honour; not much painful to them, because their captivity is eased by mercy.

Timo. Fortune, thou didst never yet deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune. Sword and fire will never get spoil, where wisdom and fortitude bear sway. O Thebes, thy walls were raised by the sweetness of the harp, but razed by the shrillness of the trumpet. Alexander had never come so near the walls, had Epaminondas[1] walked about the walls; and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he had been to watch their towers. But destiny is seldom foreseen, never prevented. We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts cannot yield by death. Come, Campaspe and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him, on whom we feared not to cast our darts.

Par. Madam, you need not doubt; it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

Timo. Alexander hath overcome, not conquered.

Par. To bring all under his subjection is to conquer.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is divine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Virtue is.

Clytus. Alexander, as he tendreth[2] virtue, so he will you; he drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honour; he is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy; in fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conquest mild, as beseemeth a king. In all things, than which nothing can be greater, he is Alexander.

Camp. Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin; for if he save our honours, it is more than to restore our goods. And rather do I wish he preserve our fame than our lives; which, if he do, we will confess there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander.

Alex. Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

Clytus. Like[3] your Majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?[4]

Clytus. I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour.

Alex. I will know.—Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battle with thy father before the city of Chieronte, where he died, I say, which none can gainsay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worser fortune in your life than his death. But fear not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessity.[5]

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[1] *singular*—what is singular, rare, or excellent.
[2] Turquoises.
[3] *happily*—haply, perhaps; from *hap*—chance.

[1] One of the greatest Greeks. He raised Thebes to the supremacy of Greece, which she lost almost as soon as he died, B.C. 362.
[2] *tendreth*—has a *tender* regard for, loveth.
[3] *Like your Majesty*—may it please your Majesty.
[4] *reputation*—repute or rank.
[5] want or poverty.

—But what are you, fair lady—another sister to Theagines?

Camp. No sister to Theagines, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extreme fortune.

Alex. Well, ladies (for so your virtues show you), whatsoever your births be, you shall be honourably entreated.[1] Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall not be as abjects[2] of war, but as subjects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplied so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons and my prisoners. [*Exeunt Parmenio and captives.*] Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace as conquer in war; that, whilst arms cease, arts may flourish, and, joining letters with lances, we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it no less praise to be wise than commendable to be valiant.

Hep. Your Majesty therein showeth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue; and needs must that commonwealth be fortunate whose captain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher a captain. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT I.—SCENE II.

MANES, GRANICHUS, PSYLLUS.

Manes. I serve instead of a master,[3] a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board.

Psyllus. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. A crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets. For *natura paucis contenta*.[4]

Gran. Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher: but that Diogenes, that dog, should have Manes, that dog-bolt,[5] it grieveth nature and spiteth art: the one having found thee so dissolute, absolute, I would say, in body, the other so single, singular in mind.

Manes. Are you merry? It is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toss of your head, that you have done that to-day which I have not done these three days.

Psyllus. What's that?

Manes. Dined.

Gran. I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer.

Manes. I would it were so, but he keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Gran. What then, lukewarm? That[6] made Manes run from his master the last day.

Psyllus. Manes had reason; for his name foretold as much.

Manes. My name? how so, sir boy?

Psyllus. You know that it is called *Mons à Movendo*,[7] because it stands still.

Manes. Good.

Psyllus. And thou art named *Manes, à Manendo*, because thou runnest away.

Manes. Passing[1] reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

Psyllus. To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

Manes. I will prove that my body was immortal, because it was in prison.

Gran. As how?

Manes. Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal?

Gran. Yes.

Manes. And the body is the prison of the soul?

Gran. True.

Manes. Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it in prison.

Gran. Oh bad!

Psyllus. Excellent ill!

Manes. You may see how dull a fasting wit is; therefore, Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granichus: Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen.

Psyllus. And me.

Gran. Ah! sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body, and a god in his study for the soul. Among all his men, he commendeth one that is an excellent musician; then stand I by, and clap another on the shoulder, and say, this is a passing good cook.

Manes. It is well done, Granichus; for, give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill my guts than my brains.

Psyllus. I serve Apelles, who feedeth me, as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner, the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting.[2] When I would eat meat, he paints a spit; and when I thirst, 'Oh,' saith he, 'is not this a fair pot?' and points to a table which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

Gran. What doest thou then?

Psyllus. This doth he then, bring in many examples that some have lived by savours, and proveth that much easier it is to fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress's picture, that they never desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their favours.[3] Then doth he show me counterfeits,[4] such as have surfeited with their filthy and loathsome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of the god Bacchus, and his disorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly, though I go richly, which maketh me, when I should begin to shadow[5] a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid a shoulder of mutton; for *semper animus meus est in patinis*.[6]

Manes. Thou art a god to me; for, could I see but a cook's shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw: as, *plures occidit crapula quam gladius;*[7] *musa jejunantibus amica;*[8] repletion killeth delicately; and an old saw of

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[1] *entreated*—treated. [2] captives or slaves.

[3] It is a curious inconsistency that Diogenes, the cynic and despiser of luxury, should here be made to keep a servant in his tub.

[4] 'Nature is content with a few things.'

[5] *dog-bolt*—evidently a term of reproach, nearly synonymous with *dog*, only perhaps more contemptuous. Butler uses it as an adj., in the sense of *base*.—NARES.

[6] Dodsley reads *what* here.

[7] 'Mountain from moving,' on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Lilly here, in jest or earnest, makes Psyllus derive *mons* (mountain) from Lat. *moveo*, to move. Following out the principle, Psyllus tries to make a wretched joke, and raise the laugh against Manes, by deriving his name from Lat. *maneo*, to remain.

[1] *Passing reasons*—fine reasoning indeed.

[2] *counterfeiting*—painting.

[3] *favours*—graces; beauties.

[4] *Counterfeits*—pictures or portraits.

[5] *Shadow*—outline.

[6] 'My mind is always among the stew-pans,' or 'my belly is always crying cupboard.'—From *Terence*.

[7] 'Surfeit (or intemperance) slayeth more than the sword.'

[8] 'The Muse is a friend to the fasting.'

abstinence by Socrates, *The belly is the head's grave.* Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimafray.[1]

Gran. But how dost thou then live?

Manes. With fine jests, sweet air, and the dogs' alms.

Gran. Well, for this time I will stanch thy gut, and, among pots and platters, thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato.

Psyllus. For joy of it, Granichus, let's sing.

Manes. My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning.

Gran. Another commodity[2] of emptiness.

SONG.

Gran. O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else, from Juno's dairy,
O these draughts would make us merry.

Psyllus. O for a wench (I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things);
Tickled am I with her embraces,
Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

Manes. O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;[3]
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

Chor. Wines (indeed) and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood;
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

ACT I.—SCENE III.

MELIPPUS, PLATO, ARISTOTLE, CRISIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PARMENIO, CLYTUS, DIOGENES.

Melip. I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king. First, I came to Crisippus, a tall, lean, old mad man, willing[4] him presently to appear before Alexander. He stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body. I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down, and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to divers other; none refusing to come, saving an old obscure fellow, who, sitting in a tub turned towards the sun, read Greek to a young boy. Him, when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, 'If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to me.' 'Why,' said I, he is a king.' He answered, 'Why, I am a philosopher.' 'Why, but he is Alexander.' 'Ay, but I am Diogenes.' I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape, to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, 'Thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander.' 'Nay,' smiling, answered he, 'Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes: virtue must be sought, not offered.' And so, turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming. [*Exit.*]

Plato. It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes should work supernatural effects.

Aris. I do not so much stand upon the apparition[1] is seen in the moon, neither the *Demonium* of Socrates, as that I cannot by natural reason give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes me, in the depth of my studies, to cry out, '*O ens entium miserere mei.*'[2]

Plato. Cleanthes, and you attribute so much to nature, by searching for things which are not to be found, that, whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the occasion itself. There is no man so savage, in whom resteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be called God.

Cleant. I am of this mind, that that first mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man, almost of mean capacity, but can prove it natural?

Anax. These causes shall be debated at our philosophers' feast, in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle, that there is *Natura naturans*,[3] and yet not God.

Cra. And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*,[4] and not nature.

Aris. Here cometh Alexander.

Alex. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

Hep. They are not philosophers if they know not their duties.

Alex. But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged.

Hep. I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus' message.

Alex. I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come. Aristotle and the rest, sithence[5] my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself in my court to have as many philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school, wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace as I did in war discipline.

Aris. We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded, for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom as they do in dignity.

Alex. It is so, Aristotle; but yet there is among you, yea, and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander: Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his philosophy.

Aris. If ever mischief entered into the heart of Calistenes,[6] let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes, Aristotle doth deny.

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[1] *gallimafray*—hash, or hodge-podge, a mixture of many ingredients; used also metaphorically.
[2] *commodity*—advantage, or convenience.
[3] *coney*—rabbit; pronounced here *kun'e.*
[4] *willing*—desiring.

[1] Probably *which* should be inserted before *is.*
[2] 'O Being of beings, pity me.'
[3] Somewhat equivalent to the *Force* of certain modern philosophers.
[4] 'God, the Best and Greatest.'
[5] *sithence*—since.
[6] Callisthenes was a pupil and relation of Aristotle, and rendered himself so obnoxious to Alexander by his arrogance and independence, that he was accused of being privy to a plot to assassinate the king.

Alex. Well, Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me; but in kings' causes I will not stand to scholars' arguments. This meeting shall be for a commandment, that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons. Let your lives be answerable[1] to your learnings, lest my proceedings be contrary to my promises.

Hep. You said you would ask every one of them a question, which yesternight none of us could answer.

Alex. I will. Plato, of all beasts, which is the subtilest?

Plato. That which man hitherto never knew.

Alex. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?

Aris. In doing a thing impossible for a man.

Alex. Crisippus, which was first, the day or the night?

Cris. The day, by a day.

Alex. Indeed! strange questions must have strange answers. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Cle. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

Alex. Crates, how long should a man live?

Crates. Till he think it better to die than to live.

Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.

Alex. Hephestion, methinks they have answered all well, and in such questions I mean often to try them.

Hep. It is better to have in your court a wise man than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

Alex. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let us go and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thrall.[2] [*Exeunt.*

Plato. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar.

Aris. And all you happy, that he is your sovereign.

Cris. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be a man.

Aris. He seeketh to draw near to the gods in knowledge; not to be a god.

Enter DIOGENES.

Plato. Let us question a little with Diogenes, why he went not with us to Alexander. Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duty, that thou went'st not with us to the king.

Diog. And you your profession that went to the king.

Plato. Thou takest as great pride to be peevish as others do glory to be virtuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought court-like, as others shame that be courtiers to be accounted philosophers.

Aris. These austere manners set aside; it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money.

Aris. Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good be crooked, and endeavour to make myself straight from[3] the court; as be straight, and learn to be crooked at the court.

Cris. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

Diog. And thou to be jump[1] with Alexander.

Anax. Let us go; for in contemning him, we shall better please him than in wondering at him.

Aris. Plato, what doest thou think of Diogenes?

Plato. To be Socrates, furious.[2] Let us go.

[*Exeunt philosophers.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

DIOGENES, PSYLLUS, MANES, GRANICHUS.

Psyllus. Behold, Manes, where thy master is; seeking either for bones for his dinner, or pins for his sleeves. I will go salute him.

Manes. Do so; but mum, not a word that you saw Manes.

Gran. Then stay thou behind, and I will go with Psyllus.

Psyllus. All hail, Diogenes, to your proper[3] person.

Diog. All hate to thy peevish conditions.

Gran. O dog!

Psyllus. What dost thou seek for here?

Diog. For a man and a beast.

Gran. That is easy, without thy light, to be found. Be not all these men?

Diog. Called men.

Gran. What beast is it thou lookest for?

Diog. The beast, my man, Manes.

Psyllus. He is a beast indeed that will serve thee!

Diog. So is he that begat thee.

Gran. What wouldst thou do if thou shouldst find Manes?

Diog. Give him leave to do as he hath done before.

Gran. What's that?

Diog. To run away.

Psyllus. Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

Diog. It were a shame for Diogenes to have need of Manes, and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

Gran. But put the case he were gone, wouldst thou entertain any of us two?

Diog. Upon condition.

Psyllus. What?

Diog. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

Gran. Why, I am a scholar, and well seen[4] in philosophy.

Psyllus. And I a 'prentice, and well seen in painting.

Diog. Well then, Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Psyllus, a philosopher, to correct thine evil manners. But who is that Manes?

Manes. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

Gran. You are taken tardy.[5]

Psyllus. Let us slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master.

Diog. Manes, thou knowest the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determined to put away my man, and serve myself; *quia non egeo tui vel te.*[6]

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[1] *answerable to*, &c.—in accordance with your teachings.

[2] *thrall*—prisoner. Probably Timoclea is meant.

[3] *from*—away from.

[1] *to be jump*—to agree; Scotch *jimp*, exact.

[2] *furious*—raging, or intemperate.

[3] *proper*—comely; handsome.

[4] *Well seen*—have good insight; well skilled.

[5] 'You have turned lazy.'

[6] 'For I don't want either thyself or thy service.'

Manes. Master, you know a while ago I ran away; so do I mean to do again, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum.*[1]

Diog. I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man; for I was resolved long sithence[2] to put away both my slaves, money and Manes.

Manes. So was I determined to shake off both my dogs, hunger and Diogenes.

Psyllus. O sweet consent[3] between a crowd[4] and a Jew's harp.

Gran. Come, let us reconcile them.

Psyllus. It shall not need, for this is their use, now do they dine one upon another.

[*Exit Diogenes.*

Gran. How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master?

Manes. No, I did but now bind myself to him.

Psyllus. Why, you are at mortal jars.

Manes. In faith no; we brake a bitter jest one upon another.

Gran. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Psyllus. My father knew them both little whelps.

Manes. Well, I will hie me after my master.

Gran. Why, is it supper time with Diogenes?

Manes. Ay, with him at all time when he hath meat.

Psyllus. Why then, every man to his home; and let us steal out again anon.

Gran. Where shall we meet?

Psyllus. Why, at *Ala vendibili suspensa hædera non est opus.*[5]

Manes. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis,*[6] thou blessest me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PAGE, DIOGENES, APELLES.

Alex. Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called. Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Hep. I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea.

Alex. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father.

Hep. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea still in thy mouth! Art thou not in love?

Hep. Not I.

Alex. Not with Timoclea you mean; wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not.[7] And so you lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

Hep. Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms, as I know myself moderate in affection.

Alex. Is love a vice?

Hep. It is no virtue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And sith[1] thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt be partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I love! I love Campaspe, a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion? Blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell?

Hep. Might my words crave pardon and my counsel credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will.

Alex. Speak, Hephestion; for whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

Hep. I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shameful to be heard, or the cause sorrowful to be believed? What! is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind, whose greatness the world could not contain, drawn within the compass of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules,[2] when you should shake the spear with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander! that soft and yielding mind should not be in him, whose hard and unconquered heart hath made so many yield. But you love,—ah grief! but whom? Campaspe?—ah shame! a maid forsooth unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant. Ay, but she is beautiful; yea, but not therefore chaste: ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body; but she may be crooked in some part of the mind: ay, but she is wise; yea, but she is a woman: beauty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red, when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honey, which the smoother they look, the sooner they break. It is thought wonderful among the sea-men, that Mugill,[3] of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the Bret,[4] of all the slowest: and shall it not seem monstrous to wise men that the heart of the greatest conqueror of the world should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature? of a woman? of a captive? Hermyns[5] have fair skins, but foul livers; sepulchres fresh colours, but rotten bones; women fair faces, but false hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not a chamber; fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus; from the fiery assaults of war, to the maidenly skirmishes of love; from displaying the eagle in thine ensign, to set down the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaspe: a hair curling by nature, not art; sweet, alluring eyes; a fair face made in despite[6] of Venus, and a stately port in disdain of Juno; a wit apt to conceive, and quick to answer; a skin as soft as silk, and as

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[1] 'Because I know you've got no money.'

[2] 'since.' [3] *consent*—harmony.

[4] *Crowd*—a musical instrument like a fiddle, with six strings; Welsh *crwth*—a bulge, a fiddle; Gael. *cruit*—a bunch, fiddle.

[5] Possibly this may be meant as an alehouse motto or sign; *ala* should be *alæ*, and the literal translation is, 'There is no need of hanging ivy over saleable ale;' or more freely rendered, 'Good wine needs no bush.' The ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and formerly used to be painted over tavern doors as a sign, as the spruce is in Germany at the present day.

[6] 'I look upon you as my father.'

[7] Dodsley says that this simile perhaps occurs more frequently in our old writers than any other.

[1] 'since.'

[2] Hercules is said to have spun, and done other effeminate things, when living with Omphale.

[3] *Mugil*—a Latin word, probably mullet.

[4] *Bret*—turbot or halibut; the word is still used in some districts.

[5] *Hermyns*—ermines.

[6] *in despite of*—in defiance. *in disdain of*—in mockery or contempt.

smooth as jet; a long white hand, a fine little foot; to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part; what of this? Though she have heavenly gifts, virtue and beauty, is she not of earthly metal, flesh and blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, show yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be both overseen and overtaken in a woman,[2] whose false tears know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly as that of love; in the one physic cannot prevail, nor in the other counsel.[3]

Alex. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salve, that sense cannot conceive. Little do you know, and therefore slightly do you regard the dead embers in a private person, or live coals in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity as their callings do in majesty. An eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star: none can conceive the torments of a king, unless he be a king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not-to-be-conceived sighs cleave the heart in shivers, whose wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephestion, with arguments to seek to refell[4] that which with their deity the gods cannot resist; and let this suffice to answer thee, that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander; whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being immortal; nor, I fear me, to be borne, being intolerable.

Hep. I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard.

Alex. Yield, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain.

Hep. Suppose she loves not you; affection cometh not by appointment or birth; and then, as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and will command.

Hep. You may, to yield to lust by force; but to consent to love by fear, you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Hep. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist—love.

Alex. I am a conqueror, she a captive; I as fortunate as she fair. My greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind the modesty of hers. Is it not likely, then, that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

Hep. You say that in love there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood.

Alex. No more, Hephestion; in this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice. Thou may'st be a good soldier, but never good lover. Call my page. [*Enter page.*] Sirrah, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

Page. I go.

Alex. In the mean season,[5] to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go see Diogenes. And see where his tub is.—Diogenes!

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. Why, then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no gods.

Alex. They be gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind, but Diogenes.

Alex. If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the world.

Alex. What dost thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog. But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learn to be content?

Diog. Unlearn to covet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

Hep. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how[1] sharp, with a kind of sweetness; full of wit, yet too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

Diog. Do.

Alex. But here cometh Apelles.—How now, Apelles; is Venus' face yet finished?

Apel. Not yet; beauty is not so soon shadowed,[2] whose perfection cometh not within the compass either of cunning or of colour.

Alex. Well, let it rest unperfect, and come you with me, where I will show you that finished by nature that you have been trifling about by art.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Apel. Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour so fresh, that may shadow a countenance so fair.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to glose[3] with your tongue; but, as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard favour,[4] which maketh you to despair of my face; and then shall you have as great thanks to spare your labour as to discredit your art.

Apel. Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor your sex; for, knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration, where, feeding themselves, they fall into an ecstasy; your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections.[5]

Camp. I am too young to understand your

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[1] *answerable to*—corresponding to.

[2] *overseen and overtaken in a woman*—tricked or deceived, and captivated or intoxicated by a woman.

[3] This long harangue is a fair example of the tedious and affected style of the author's *Euphues*.

[4] *Refell*—disprove or refute; from Lat. *refello*, to disprove, from *fallo*, to deceive, and *re*, denoting an undoing.

[5] *mean season*—meantime.

[1] In some editions there is a semicolon after *how*.

[2] *shadowed*—depicted.

[3] *glose*—flatter; generally said to be allied to *gloss*—explain; but in meaning rather connected with *gloss*—glitter; polish.

[4] *favour*—look or countenance.

[5] Dodsley (ed. 1744) reads *perfections*.

speech, though old enough to withstand your device. You have been so long used to colours, you can do nothing but colour.

Apel. Indeed, the colours I see I fear will alter the colours I have. But come, Madam, will you draw near? for Alexander will be here anon. Psyllus, stay you here at the window; if any inquire for me, answer, *Non lubet esse domi.*[1]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

PSYLLUS, MANES.

Psyllus. It is always my master's fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone; the better he shadows[2] her face, the more will he burn his own heart. And now, if any man could meet with Manes, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose—

Manes. And here comes Manes, who hath as much meat in his maw as thou hast honesty in thy head.

Psyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee know that.

Psyllus. But dost thou not remember that we have certain liquor to confer[3] withal?

Manes. Ay, but I have business; I must go cry a thing.

Psyllus. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I never had—my dinner!

Psyllus. Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

Manes. I mean, I must cry; not as one would say cry,[4] but cry, that is, make a noise.

Psyllus. Why, fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou must needs make a noise.

Manes. Boy, thou art deceived: Cry hath divers significations, and may be alluded[5] to many things; knave but to one, and can be applied but to thee.

Psyllus. Profound Manes!

Manes. We Cynics are mad fellows; didst thou not find I did quip[6] thee?

Psyllus. No, verily; why, what's a quip?

Manes. We great girders[7] call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

Psyllus. How canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sudden?

Manes. Wit will have his swing; I am bewitched, inspired, inflamed, infected.

Psyllus. Well, then will I not tempt thy gibing spirit.

Manes. Do not, Psyllus, for thy dull head will be but a grindstone for my quick wit, which, if thou whet with overthwarts,[8] *periisti, actum est de te.*[9] I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.[10]

Psyllus. Let me cross myself, for I die if I cross thee.

[1] 'It is not his pleasure to be at home.'
[2] 'depicts.' [3] *confer*—discuss, consume.
[4] *cry*—weep. [5] *alluded*—referred.
[6] *quip*—taunt or retort upon. A *quip* is a cut or smart stroke of wit; it is allied to *whip*.
[7] *girder*—one who girds, gibes, or uses sarcasm. To *gird* is to cut with a switch, to lash with wit. Anglo-Saxon, *geard, gird,* and German, *gerte*—switch or rod.
[8] *overthwarts*—cross or sharp answers.
[9] 'Thou art done for, it's all over with thee.'
[10] *bob*—taunt or scoff.

Manes. Let me do my business; I myself am afraid lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I am sometimes in such a vein, that for want of some dull pate to work on, I begin to gird[1] myself.

Psyllus. The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax!

Manes. Well, then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth to-morrow to fly.

Psyllus. It is a jest.

Manes. Is it a jest to fly? should'st thou fly so soon, thou should'st repent it in earnest.

Psyllus. Well, I will be the cryer.

Manes and Psyllus, one after another. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez,[2] All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place, between the hours of nine and ten, shall see Diogenes, the Cynic, fly.

Psyllus. I do not think he will fly.

Manes. Tush! say fly.[3]

Psyllus. Fly.

Manes. Now let us go, for I will not see him again till midnight. I have a back way into his tub.

Psyllus. Which way callest thou the back way, when every way is open?

Manes. I mean to come in at his back.

Psyllus. Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Apel. I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine.

Camp. Why then, paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

Apel. Were you ever shadowed before of any?

Camp. No. And would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceived of any.

Apel. It were pity but that so absolute[4] a face should furnish Venus's temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. What are these pictures?

Apel. This is Læda, whom Jove deceived in likeness of a swan.

Camp. A fair woman, but a foul deceit.

Apel. This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in shape of Amphitrion, her husband, and begat Hercules.

Camp. A famous son, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might do it because he was a god.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was evil done, because he was a god.

Apel. This is Danae, into whose prison Jupiter drizzled a golden shower, and obtained his desire.

Camp. What gold can make one yield to desire?

Apel. This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravished; this Antiopa.

Camp. Were all the gods like this Jupiter?

Apel. There were many gods in this like Jupiter.

Camp. I think, in those days, love was well ratified[5] among men on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in heaven.

Apel. Nay, you may imagine there were women

[1] *gird*—jibe at.
[2] *Oyez* is French—hear ye; the form used at the commencement of public proclamations.
[3] Psyllus is no doubt supposed to have hesitated to say *fly*.
[4] *absolute*—perfect. [5] *ratified*—established.

passing amiable when there were gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women never so fair, men would be false.

Apel. Were women never so false, men would be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit[1] is this, Apelles?

Apel. This is Venus, the goddess of love.

Camp. What! be there also loving goddesses?

Apel. This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

Camp. How is she hired? by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What prayer?

Apel. Vows irrevocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Hearts ever sighing; never dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses. But were you never in love?

Camp. No; nor love in me.

Apel. Then have you injured many!

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you have been loved of many.

Camp. Flattered, perchance, of some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so fair and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colours, and fall to that you must do, not that you would do.

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

CLYTUS, PARMENIO, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CRYSUS, DIOGENES, APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Clytus. Parmenio, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass that in Alexander, now-a-days, there groweth an unpatient kind of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn, at all times either more sour or severe than he was accustomed.

Par. In king's causes, I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive. They have long ears and stretched arms in whose head suspicion is a proof, and to be accused is to be condemned.

Clytus. Yet, between us, there can be no danger to find out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet: it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour. That he should be in love, it is not impossible.

Par. In love, Clytus? No, no; it is as far from his thought as treason in ours: he, whose ever waking eye, whose never tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unsatiable of victory hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of love. Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all, galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

Alex. Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an ambassage,[2] no less profitable to me than to yourselves honourable.

Clytus. We are ready at all commands; wishing nothing else but continually to be commanded.

Alex. Well, then, withdraw yourselves till I have further considered of this matter. [*Exeunt Clytus and Parmenio.*] Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning.

Hep. You love, and therefore think anything.

Alex. But not so far in love with Campaspe as with Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or of conquest.

Hep. Occasion cannot want, if will do not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power; the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do; the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augurs, and gaping over the smoke of their beasts' entrails.[1] All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head, which you have sworn to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confess the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles: give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him as he can cowardice. But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub!

Crysus. One penny, Diogenes; I am a Cynic.

Diog. He made thee a beggar that first gave thee anything.

Crysus. Why, if thou wilt give nothing, nobody will give thee.

Diog. I want nothing till the springs dry and the earth perish.

Crysus. I gather for the gods.

Diog. And I care not for those gods which want money.

Crysus. Thou art not a right Cynic that wilt give nothing.

Diog. Thou art not, that wilt beg anything.

Crysus. Alexander, King Alexander, give a poor Cynic a groat.

Alex. It is not for a king to give a groat.

Crysus. Then give me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a beggar to ask a talent. Away.—Apelles!

Apel. Here.

Alex. Now gentlewoman? doth your beauty put the painter to his trump?[2]

Camp. Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow[3] a deformed counterfeit.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature.[4] And, methinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their savours.

Apel. Your Majesty must know it is no less hard to paint savours than virtues: colours can neither speak nor think.

Alex. Where do you first begin when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in just compass, as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint, as you are a king, your Majesty may begin where you please; but, as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces.

Apel. I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

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[1] *counterfeit*—picture or portrait.

[2] *about an ambassage*—on an embassy, or business.

[1] Alluding to the method of augury by inspection of the entrails of animals.

[2] *put the painter to his trump*—make him play his trump card, *i.e.* put him to his last push.

[3] *shadow*, &c.—paint an untrue likeness.

[4] *colour the life*, &c.—paint the features to the life.

Alex. Why, is it so easy?

Apel. No; but he doth it so homely.[1]

Alex. When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel. Never finish; for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.

Alex. Why should not I, by labour, be as cunning[2] as Apelles?

Apel. God shield[3] you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex. Methinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance, and so it was in the time of Phidias.

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many favours. For now, if the hair of her eyebrows be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow:[4] the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else would the picture seem like the blazon of ancient armoury, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness. For as, in garden knots,[5] diversity of odours make a more sweet savour, or as, in music, divers strings cause a more delicate consent,[6] so in painting, the more colours the better counterfeit; observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pencil, Apelles; I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coal[7] breaks.

Apel. You lean too hard.

Alex. Now it blacks not.

Apel. You lean too soft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards,[8] that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle[9] than blotting of a board.[10] But how have I done here?

Apel. Like a king.

Alex. I think so; but nothing more unlike a painter. Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish; dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton[11] as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.

Hep. I will not contrary[12] you, your Majesty; for time must wear out that[13] love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed.

Alex. How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet consent[14] in her countenance with a chaste disdain![15] desire mingled with coyness! and I cannot tell how to term it, a curst[1] yielding modesty!

Hep. Let her pass.

Alex. So she shall for the fairest on the earth.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE V.

PSYLLUS, MANES, APELLES.

Psyllus. I shall be hanged for tarrying so long.

Manes. I pray God my master be not flown before I come.

Psyllus. Away, Manes! my master doth come.

Apel. Where have you been all this while?

Psyllus. Nowhere but here.

Apel. Who was here sithens my coming?

Psyllus. Nobody.

Apel. Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been aloitering. Was Alexander nobody?

Psyllus. He was a king; I meant no mean body.

Apel. I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I say it was no body, because it was no honest body. Away in. [*Exit Psyllus.*] Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou, by drawing her beauty, brought to pass that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by how much the more thou hast showed thy cunning: was it not sufficient to behold the fire, and warm thee, but with Satyrus thou must kiss the fire and burn thee? O Campaspe, Campaspe, art must yield to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection! Could Pygmalion[2] entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into flesh? and cannot Apelles obtain by plaints[3] to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so far inferior to carving? or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chisels then shadowed with colours? What Pygmalion, or what Pyrgoteles,[4] or what Lysippus is he, that ever made thy face so fair, or spread thy fame so far as I? unless Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in colouring my sweet Campaspe, I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable. But alas! she is the paramour to a prince: Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers, threats, and promises? Will not she think it better to sit under a cloth of estate[5] like a queen, than in a poor shop like a housewife? and esteem it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou mayest swim against the stream with the crab, and feed against the wind with the deer, and peck against the steel with the cockatrice:[6] stars are to be looked at, not reached

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[1] *homely*—commonly, poorly.

[2] *cunning*—skilful.

[3] *shield*—guard against, forbid.

[4] Alluding to the fashion, prevalent in the time of Lilly, of dyeing the hair yellow, which was the natural colour of Queen Elizabeth's. Yellow hair was much admired in ancient times, and has come into fashion again at the present day.

[5] It was fashionable in Elizabeth's time to arrange flower-beds in intricate knotted convolutions.

[6] *consent*—harmony.

[7] Charcoal was used as a pencil to outline a picture.

[8] Things to be regarded or attended to.

[9] *setting of a battle*—arranging an army for battle.

[10] *blotting of a board*—painting a picture. In old times, pictures were painted on boards or panels.

[11] *cotton*—succeed, or go on prosperously; probably from the finishing of cloth, which, when it *cottons*, or rises to a nap, is quite complete.

[12] 'contradict.' [13] *that*—what.

[14] *consent*—acquiescence, or compliance.

[15] *disdain*—pride or reserve.

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[1] Dodsley (ed. 1744) reads *courteous: yielding modesty*, *i.e.* modesty without prudery.

[2] Pygmalion, a king of Cyrus, is said to have fallen in love with the ivory image of a maiden, which he himself had made; and, on Venus answering his prayer to breathe life into it, married the maiden.

[3] *plaints*—lamentations, or violent entreaties.

[4] Pyrgoteles was a celebrated gem engraver, and Lysippus a distinguished statuary of ancient Greece, both contemporaries of Apelles.

[5] The canopy placed over royalty.

[6] *cockatrice*—from *cock*, and Anglo-Saxon *ater*, a snake; supposed to be produced from a cock's egg, with the head of a cock and body of a serpent. It was said to have a deadly eye, and many fables are told about it. It was supposed to have the power to pierce steel by pecking at it.

at; princes to be yielded unto, not contended with; Campaspe to be honoured, not obtained; to be painted, not possessed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! and why didst thou draw it so fair a face? O beautiful countenance! the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher: the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter, dreaming asleep, could not conceive again waking. Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee. Now must I paint things unpossible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections: deep and hollow sighs, sad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancy, an unsettled resolution, and what not, Apelles? And what but Apelles? But as they that are shaken with a fever are to be warmed with clothes, not groans, and as he that melteth in a consumption is to be recured by colices,[1] not conceits; so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries; by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons. And sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreme, I will hazard that little life that is left, to restore the greater part that is lost; and this shall be my first practice, for wit must work where authority is not. As soon as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will, by device, give it a blemish, that by that means she may come again to my shop; and then as good it were to utter my love, and die with denial, as conceal it, and live in despair.

SONG BY APELLES.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set[2] her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love! has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SOLINUS, PSYLLUS, GRANICHUS, MANES, DIOGENES, POPULUS (the People).

Sol. This is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

Psyllus. I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes is, though my master cudgel my no body, as he threatened.

Gran. What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings to-day?

Psyllus. We shall hear; for here cometh Manes. —Manes, will it be?

Manes. Be! he were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

Gran. How is he furnished to fly? hath he feathers?

Manes. Thou art an ass! capons, geese, and owls have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders. O, you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise.

Sol. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad; his body must needs be too heavy.

Manes. Why, he hath eaten nothing this seven-night but cork and feathers.

Psyllus. Touch him, Manes.

Manes. He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight.

Populus intrat (the Populace enters).

Manes. See, they begin to flock; and behold, my master bustles himself to fly.

Diog. You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groan, and whose breaths infect the air with stench. Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink: yea, call me dog; so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. Ye term me a hater of men: no, I am a hater of your manners. Your lives dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day, and surfeit in the night: back-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony! You flatter kings, and call them gods; speak truth of yourselves, and confess you are devils! From the bee you have taken not the honey, but the wax, to make your religion; framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust you colour under a courtly colour of love; injuries abroad under the title of policies at home; and secret malice creepeth under the name of public justice. You have caused Alexander to dry up springs and plant vines, to sow rocket and weed endive, to shear sheep, and shrine[1] foxes. All conscience is sealed at Athens. Swearing cometh of a hot mettle; lying of a quick wit; flattery of a flowing tongue; indecent talk of a merry disposition. All things are lawful at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever, and surfeit as though you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king's schoolmaster! O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not sure to wake; and when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disordered lives; and if you will not amend your manners, I will study to fly farther from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

Sol. Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I see thee come out of a brothel house? was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

Gran. It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

Manes. You were as good eat my master.

One of the people. Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

Diog. I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly.

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[1] *colices.* *Cullis* was a strong broth for invalids, strained or gelatinized. French *coulis*—a broth, or jelly, from *couler*, to strain. It was most elaborately prepared, containing, among many other more edible and savoury ingredients, pieces of gold, ambergris, and dust of oriental pearls.

[2] Set as a stake.

[1] *shrine*—enshrine or deify. 'He means,' says Nares, 'that the Athenians had occasioned Alexander to encourage luxury in preference to utility, and the plunder of the innocent, while he exalted or deified the wicked; this he calls shearing,' &c.

People. Dog! dog! take a bone!

Diog. Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People. We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behind his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee.

Diog. Indeed, I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

Manes. Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog. No, Manes, not without wings.

Manes. Everybody will account you a liar.

Diog. No, I warrant you; for I will always say the Athenians are mischievous.

Psyllus. I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles[1] hit home.

Gran. Nor I.

Psyllus. Come, let us go! and hereafter, when I mean to rail upon any body openly, it shall be given out, I will fly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Campaspe, Apelles.

Camp. [*alone.*] Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wag, than thy heart break! Hath a painter crept further into thy mind than a prince? Apelles, than Alexander? Fond wench! the baseness of thy mind bewrays[2] the meanness of thy birth. But alas! affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak; and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not blown up till it hath gotten an high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apel. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted.

Camp. It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

Apel. No, Madam. To paint Venus was a pleasure; but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe, it is a heaven!

Camp. If your tongue were made of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but such a common thing it is amongst you to commend, that oftentimes, for fashion's sake, you call them beautiful whom you know black.

Apel. What might men do to be believed?

Camp. Whet their tongue on their hearts.

Apel. So they do, and speak as they think.

Camp. I would they did!

Apel. I would they did not!

[1] *huddle*—a term of contempt applied to old decrepid persons; possibly from having their clothes huddled about them, or from being bent or *huddled* together with age.

[2] *bewrays*—betrays.

Camp. Why, would you have them dissemble?

Apel. Not in love, but their love.[1] But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

Camp. So that you will answer me another without excuse.

Apel. Whom do you love best in the world?

Camp. He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

Camp. I had thought it had been a man. But whom do you honour most, Apelles?

Apel. The thing that is likest you, Campaspe.

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in, for Alexander will think it long till we return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clytus. We hear nothing of our embassage;[2] a colour[3] belike to blear[4] our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean season, but use for tantara[5]—sol, fa, la; for his hard couch, down beds; for his handful of water, his standing cup of wine?

Par. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing peace; for what else do we see now than a kind of softness in every man's mind; bees to make their hives in soldiers' helmets, our steeds furnished with foot-cloths of gold[6] instead of saddles of steel; more time to be required to scour the rust off our weapons, than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence[7] Alexander fell from his hard armour to his soft robes, behold the face of his court: youths that were wont to carry devices of victory in their shields, engrave now posies[8] of love in their rings; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a lance, now in easy coaches ride up and down to court ladies; instead of sword and target to hazard their lives, use pen and paper to paint their loves. Yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in court, that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a horn to hunt, than the sound of a trumpet to fight. O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration,—thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps,[9] instead of plumes in graven helmets,—thou would'st either die among them for sorrow, or confound them for anger.

Clytus. Cease, Parmenio, lest, in speaking what becometh thee not, thou feel what liketh thee not. Truth is never without a scratch'd face, whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

Par. It grieveth me not a little for Hephestion, who thirsteth for honour, not ease; but such is his fortune and nearness in friendship to Alexander, that he must lay a pillow under his head

[1] This sentence may mean that there should be no dissembling in true love, but that there may be in men's love, which is false.

[2] *embassage*—embassy.

[3] *colour belike*—pretence likely.

[4] *blear our eyes*—make our eyes water.

[5] *use for tantara*, &c.—*i.e.*, instead of listening to the sound of the war-trumpet, he now enjoys soft singing.

[6] Housings of horses worn in times of peace.

[7] *Sithence*—since.

[8] A *posy* was a poetic motto or conceit inscribed on a ring.

[9] Alluding to the custom of gallants wearing their mistress's glove in their cap as a favour.

when he would put a target in his hand. But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measures in a dance, that were wont to set the order for a march. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

Camp. You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love; for it shall be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake; I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feed thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye. Besides, the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith, will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which, by strong imagination, I will make a substance.

Camp. Well, I must be gone; but this assure yourself, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours, than in Alexander's court, following higher fortunes. [*Campaspe alone.*] Foolish wench! what hast thou done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone. But content is such a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaves, and straightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoise[1] their sails in a flattering calm, and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment. If they frown, who dares call them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love but to queens; for as near must they meet in majesty as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from kings, love, Jove, and lightning. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE V.

APELLES, PAGE.

Apel. Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no less wise than fair; thyself must be no less cunning than faithful. It is no small matter to be rival with Alexander.

Page. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture. The king thinketh that, now you have painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

Page. None, perhaps, you like so well.

Apel. It may be I have painted none so well.

[1] *hoise*—hoist.

Page. I have known many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boys. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

DIOGENES, SYLVIUS, PERIM, MILO, TRICO, MANES.

Syl. I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy sons do?

Syl. You shall see their qualities. Dance, sirrah! [*Then Perim danceth.*] How like you this? doth he well?

Diog. The better the worser.

Syl. The music very good.

Diog. The musicians very bad; who only study to have their strings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

Syl. Now shall you see the other. Tumble, sirrah! [*Milo tumbleth.*] How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diog. To see a wag, that was born to break his neck by destiny, to practise it by art.

Milo. This dog will bite me; I will not be with him.

Diog. Fear not, boy; dogs eat no thistles.

Perim. I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diog. When I am hungry, a mastiff; and when my belly is full, a spaniel.

Syl. Dost thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged?

Diog. I must needs believe there are gods, for I think thee an enemy to them.

Syl. Why so?

Diog. Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend his body every way, and his mind no way.

Perim. Thou doest nothing but snarl and bark like a dog.

Diog. It is the next[1] way to drive away a thief.

Syl. Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a nightingale.

Diog. I care not, for I have a nightingale to sing herself.

Syl. Sing, sirrah!

[*Trico singeth.*]

SONG.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
'Jug, jug, jug, jūg, tereu,' she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song![2] who is't now we hear?
None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark! hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring;
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring.

Syl. Lo, Diogenes! I am sure thou canst not do so much.

Diog. But there is never a thrush but can.

Syl. What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

Diog. To be as unlike as may be thy sons.

[1] *next*—nearest, *i.e.* soonest or readiest.

[2] *prick-song*—music written down was so called, from the points or dots with which it is noted; hence the nightingale's song, being more regularly musical than any other, was often termed a prick-song.—NARES.

Manes. He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run away.

Syl. How sayest thou, Perim, wilt thou be with him?

Perim. I, so he will teach me first to run away.

Diog. Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so nimble.

Syl. How sayest thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?

Diog. Nay, hold your peace; he shall not.

Syl. Why?

Diog. There is not room enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Syl. Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no less, when they knew my virtues.

Syl. Farewell, Diogenes; thou neededst not have scraped roots[1] if thou wouldst have followed Alexander.

Diog. Nor thou have followed Alexander if thou hadst scraped roots. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

Apel. [*alone.*] I fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that which thy tongue durst not. What little regard hadst thou, whilst Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her countenance! If he espy, or but suspect, thou must needs twice perish, with his hate and thine own love. Thy pale looks when he blushed, thy sad countenance when he smiled, thy sighs when he questioned, may breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy. O love! I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou made me that I know not what myself am; only this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions[2] for unknown pleasures! Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yield to it; for better it is to melt with desire than wrestle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful[3] bed; be content to live unknown, and die unfound.[4] O Campaspe! I have painted thee in my heart: painted? nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted; and that in such deep characters, that nothing can raise it out, unless it rub my heart out.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS, LAIS, DIOGENES.

Mil. It shall go hard, but this peace shall bring us some pleasure.

Phry. Down with arms, and up with legs, this is a world for the nonce.[5]

Lais. Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foul scars in fair faces, and crooked maims[6] in straight legs? as though men, being born goodly[7] by nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly; and all, forsooth, for a new-found term, called *valiant*, —a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense can commendation.

Mil. It is true, Lais, a feather bed hath no fellow; good drink makes good blood, and shall pelting[1] words spill it?

Phry. I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wire-drawer's, not to curtail it off at the cutler's.

Lais. You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds with great words: but stay at home, where, instead of alarums you shall have dances; for hot battles with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These pewter[2] coats can never sit so well as satin doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace, unless you despise the rudeness of war.

Mil. It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub.—Diogenes, what sayest thou to such a morsel?

Diog. I say, I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poison my stomach.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art; it is no meat for dogs.

Diog. I am a dog; and philosophy rates[3] me from carrion.

Lais. Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable[4] to thy calling, the time was thou wouldst have had my company, had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

Diog. I remember there was a thing that I repented me of, and now thou hast told it; indeed, it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

Lais. Down, villain! or I will have thy head broken.

Mil. Will you couch?[5]

Phry. Avaunt, cur! Come, sweet Lais, let us go to some place and possess peace. But first let us sing; there is more pleasure in tuning of a voice than in a volley of shot.

Mil. Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us here. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, PAGE, DIOGENES, APELLES, CAMPASPE.

Alex. Methinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but, I perceive, it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace nor my pleasure: be of good cheer; though I wink, I sleep not.

Hep. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes; if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mind in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question, nor looked stedfastly upon anything. I hold my life, the painter is in love.

Hep. It may be; for commonly we see it incident[6] in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove,

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[1] Referring, no doubt, to the primitive way in which Diogenes got his living.
[2] *passions*—sufferings.
[3] *careful*—full of care or sorrow; sorrowful.
[4] *unfound*—undiscovered.
[5] *nonce*—present occasion, immediate purpose: *for the nonce—i.e.*, probably *for then*, or *the once*—for the enjoyment of the present hour.
[6] *maim*—defect, injury, lameness.
[7] *goodly*—good-looking, well made.

[1] *pelting*—paltry, and comes from the same root.
[2] *pewter coats*—probably applied in jest to steel armour.
[3] *rate* here probably means to 'call off,' a sense which it has still in the Kentish dialect.
[4] *answerable*—suitable.
[5] *couch*—crouch, or lie down.
[6] *incident*—falling to, happening.

Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan; especially painters, who, playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it; and then, poor souls, they kiss the colours with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alex. I will find it out. Page, go speedily for Apelles; will him to come hither; and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, *Apelles's shop is on fire!*

Page. It shall be done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

Hep. I marvel what your device shall be.

Alex. The event shall prove.

Hep. I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

Alex. Pity him not, I pray thee; that severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

Hep. As the Macedonians do of their herb *beet*, which, looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched.

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Hep. A word, by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humour,[1] by self-will made a flattering madness.

Alex. You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes.—Diogenes, thou mayst think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon.

Diog. If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; if to laugh, you be come too soon.

Hep. It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please.

Diog. And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

Alex. What dost thou think of the time we have here?

Diog. That we have little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

Diog. Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

Alex. If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Hep. You may; but he will be very perverse with you.

Alex. It skills not,[2] I cannot be angry with him.—Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

Diog. A little worser than I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

Alex. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diog. Next men and bees.

Alex. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That she is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who, I am sure, is as far from thy thoughts as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

Diog. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

Alex. But here cometh Apelles.—Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand, if it like your Majesty; but I am devising a platform[1] in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

Apel. No; but something above Venus.

Page. Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your shop is on fire!

Apel. Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone!

Alex. Stay, Apelles, no haste; it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost so she be safe.

Apel. Not love her; but your Majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me being an artificer,[2] as the substance doth others that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours grosly:[3] though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. Call hither Campaspe. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loveth under hand, yea and under Alexander's nose, and—but I say no more.

Apel. Apelles loveth not so: but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

Alex.[4] Campaspe, here is news. Apelles is in love with you.

Camp. It pleaseth your Majesty to say so.

Alex. Hephestion, I will try her too. Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another. How say you, Campaspe? would you say ay?

Camp. Your handmaid must obey, if you command.

Alex. Think you not, Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded?

Hep. I am no thought-catcher, but I guess unhappily.[5]

Alex. I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love.

Camp. But your Majesty may move a question, where you be willing to have a match.

Alex. Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness. Apelles, take Campaspe; why move ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles; will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe; do you love Apelles?

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[1] *humour*—caprice, temporary inclination or propensity.

[2] *It skills not*—it matters not; makes no difference. Anglo-Saxon *scylan*—to distinguish.

[1] *platform*—(literally) flat form, groundwork, or design drawn on a level surface; here it means design, plan, or sketch.

[2] *artificer*—artist.

[3] That is, 'your attempt at deception is clumsy, and easily seen through.'

[4] There should have been an *Enter Campaspe* here, and *Enter Apelles* above; but stage directions were seldom used by the earlier dramatists.

[5] *unhappily*—mischievously.

Camp. Pardon, my lord, I love Apelles!

Alex. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

Apel. Only Campaspe!

Alex. Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew as well upon the low grass, as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen. Well, enjoy one another; I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters; using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for sempsters and scholars: the one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on; the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wond'rest at.

Apel. Thanks to your Majesty on bended knee, you have honoured Apelles.

Camp. Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed Campaspe. [*Exeunt.*

Alex. Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other lords to be in a readiness; let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

Hep. The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself. But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart, than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or, on my word, I will fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACK-FRIARS.

WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillars will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day. We hope in the ears where our travails[1] be lodged, no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is always of the same colour into what it runneth. In the Trojan horse lay couched soldiers, with children; and in heaps of many words we fear divers unfit, among some allowable.[1] But as Demosthenes, with often breathing[2] up the hill, amended his stammering; so we hope with sundry labours against the hair[3] to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our pastimes be misliked that have been allowed,[4] you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour. And so we rest in good case,[5] if you rest well content.

[1] *travails*—labours; works.

THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT.

WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes's birds or his horses; the one received some men with sweet notes, the other bit all men with sharp teeth. But as Homer's gods conveyed them into clouds whom they would have kept from curses; and as Venus, lest Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders, covered his face with the wings of swans; so we hope, being shielded with your Highness's countenance, we shall, though we hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking of those jades; and receive, though no praise (which we cannot deserve), yet a pardon, which in all humility we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should term our labours. iron or bullion; only it belongeth to your Majesty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint; current by the stamp, or counterfeit by the anvil. For as nothing is to be called white, unless it had been named white by the first creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, unless it be christened good by the judgment of yourself. For ourselves again, we are like these torches of wax,[6] of which, being in your Highness's hands, you may make doves or vultures, roses or nettles, laurel for a garland, or elder[7] for a disgrace.

[1] *allowable*—passable; praiseworthy.

[2] We talk now-a-days of taking a *breather*, a climb or walk that tries the power of our lungs.

[3] *against the hair*—against the grain.

[4] *allowed*—approved; praised. In this sense the word comes from Lat. *laudo*, to praise.

[5] *case*—condition.

[6] Alluding to the candles which lighted the hall in Greenwich, where the play was performed before Elizabeth.

[7] The *elder* was regarded as a disgraced tree, because Judas was popularly supposed to have hanged himself on it.

GEORGE PEELE.

[George Peele, a gentleman by birth, was born in Devonshire about 1558. He was educated at Oxford, having been a member of Broadgate's Hall (now Pembroke College), probably taking his degree of Master of Arts in 1579. We are informed by Anthony á Wood that Peele 'was esteemed a most noted poet in the University;' and Mr. Dyce thinks it probable that the *Tale of Troy*, which he published in 1589, and which he calls 'an old poem of mine own,' was written during his academic course. He repaired to London about 1580; there he no doubt passed most of the remainder of his life, figuring as one of the 'authors by profession,' who formed so numerous a body during the reign of Elizabeth. He was on terms of intimacy with most of his contemporary brother-dramatists, and shared but too freely in the wild Bohemianism which characterized most of their lives. 'Among the town wits of those days,' says Mr. Dyce, 'habits of debauchery were but too prevalent. Not a few of them hung loose upon society, now struggling with poverty, and "driven to extreme shifts," and now, when successful plays or poems had put money in their purses, revelling in the pleasures of taverns and ordinaries, some of them terminating a career of folly by a miserable and untimely death. Peele, there is every reason to believe, mingled as eagerly as any of his contemporaries in the dissipations of London.' Peele must have been one of the most thriftless and dissipated of this mad crew; and if we may believe the tract entitled *Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele*, he frequently resorted to the lowest and most rascally shifts to relieve his wretched poverty, and supply him with the means of dissipation. Mr. Dyce professes to believe that these stories are most of them fictitious, although he does not doubt the authenticity of some of them. But, making every allowance, we are afraid that he must be regarded as having been almost entirely destitute of honour, and even of common honesty. He appears for a time to have held the post of city poet, and devised several of the pageants which graced the inauguration of a new Lord Mayor. The date of Peele's death is not known. 'This person,' says Anthony á Wood, 'was living, in his middle age, in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth; but when or where he died I cannot tell.' He certainly died previous to 1598; for, in a book published in that year, we are told that his death was the result of disease caught by licentious indulgence. Perhaps, with the exception of Greene, Peele's life and death were more miserable, and his character certainly more contemptible, than those of any of the brilliant Bohemians with whom he mingled. Of Peele's dramatic works, Dyce thinks that not half has survived the ravages of time. The following are his dramas still extant:—*The Arraignment of Paris: a Pastoral* (printed 1584); *The Famous Chronicle History of King Edward the First* (1593), one of our most ancient 'Chronicle Histories,' and deserving attention, Mr. Collier thinks, more on this account than because it possesses much merit as a theatrical production; *The Battle of Alcazar* (1594), with much probability, ascribed to Peele; *Old Wives' Tale* (1595); this is chiefly remarkable as containing the same story as that upon which Milton founded his mask of *Comus*. Warton has attempted to show that Milton derived the narrative and idea of his poem from Peele; but, as Mr. Collier says, it yet remains to be seen whether they do not each make use of the same original narrative. *David and Bethsabe* was first printed in 1599, but how much earlier it was written there is no means of ascertaining. Besides these dramas, Peele wrote several poems and pageants. Collier's estimate of Peele as a dramatist appears to us to be just. 'When Thomas Nash, in 1587, gave

Peele the praise of being *primus verborum artifier*, he adopted a phrase which seems happily to describe the character of Peele's poetry: his genius was not bold and original, and he was wanting in the higher qualities of invention; but he had an elegance of fancy, a gracefulness of expression, and a melody of versification which, in the earlier part of his career, was scarcely approached.' The play, *David and Bethsabe*, which we have selected as a specimen, is universally admitted to be his best. It is founded on a well-known incident in the life of King David, and is chiefly characterized by the smoothness of its language, occasional pathos and vigour of expression, and richness of imagery. There is not much of a plot, little art is displayed in the conduct of the story, and none of the characters can be said to be distinctly marked; still, on the whole, it is pleasant and readable.]

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABE, WITH THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALON:

AS IT HATH BEEN DIVERS TIMES PLAYED ON THE STAGE.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE PEELE.

London: Printed by Adam Islip, 1599.

PROLOGUE.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew
Archangels stilled[1] from the breath of Jove,[2]
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heavens rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubims and angels laid their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarm to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, break the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing.
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice-haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

[1] *stilled*—distilled. [2] *Jove*—Jehovah.

Dramatis Personæ.

David.
Amnon, *Son of David by Ahinoam.*
Chileab, *Son of David by Abigail.*
Absalon, *Son of David by Maacah.*
Adonia, *Son of David by Haggith.*
Salomon, *Son of David by Bethsabe.*
Joab, *Captain of the host* } *Nephews of David, and Sons of his sister Zeruiah.*
Abisai, [*to David,* }
Amasa, { *Nephew of David, and Son of his sister Abigail; Captain of the host to Absalon.*
Jonadab, { *Nephew of David, and Son of his brother Shimeah; friend to Amnon.*
Urias, { *Husband of Bethsabe, and a Warrior in David's army.*
Nathan, *a Prophet.*
Sadoc, *High priest.*
Ahimaas, *his Son.*
Abiathar, *a Priest.*
Jonathan, *his Son.*
Achitophel, *Chief Counsellor to Absalon.*
Cusay.
Ithay.
Semei.
Jethray.
Hanon, *King of Ammon.*
Machaas, *King of Gath.*
Messenger, Soldiers, Shepherds, and Attendants.

Thamar, *Daughter of David by Maacah.*
Bethsabe, *Wife of Urias.*
Woman of Thecoa.
Concubines to *David.*
Maid to *Bethsabe.*

Chorus.

The Prologue-speaker, before going out, draws a curtain and discovers BETHSABE, *with her Maid, bathing over a spring. She sings, and* DAVID *sits above viewing her.*

THE SONG.

HOT sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning;
Make not my glad cause cause of [my] mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Beth. Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan.
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keep every fountain fresh and arbour sweet.
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath:
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wanton with us through the leaves.
Dav. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensèd[1] with a sudden fire?
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain, that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd[2] flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brims let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make,
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse.
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
Bear manna every morn instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.—
Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter CUSAY, *above.*

Cu. What service doth my lord the king command?
Dav. See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdued to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumèd myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven!
Cu. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabbah siege with Joab?

[1] *incensed*—inflamed.
[2] *discoloured*—variously coloured.

Dav. Go know, and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.
Cu. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Dav. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower,
In water mix'd with purest almond-flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids.
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

Enter CUSAY, *below, to* BETHSABE, *she starting as something affright.*[1]

Cu. Fair Bethsabe, the king of Israel
From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe,
And thy sweet graces have found grace with him.
Come, then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.
Beth. Ah! what is Bethsabe to please the king?
Or what is David, that he should desire,
For fickle beauty's sake, his servant's wife?
Cu. David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wise and just,
Elected to the heart of Israel's God;
Then do not thou expostulate with him
For any action that contents his soul.
Beth. My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,
Should not his gracious jealousy incense[2]
Whose thoughts are chaste: I hate incontinence.
Cu. Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his honour,
Whose truth maintains the crown of Israel,
Making him stay that bade me bring thee straight.
Beth. The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.
Cu. Then come, and do thy duty to his grace,
And do what seemeth favour in his sight.
[*Exit, below, with* BETHSABE.
Dav. Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy[3] her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,[4]
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind their nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.—
Open the doors, and entertain my love;
Open, I say, and, as you open, sing—
'Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling!'

Enter, above, CUSAY *with* BETHSABE.

Welcome, fair Bethsabe, King David's darling.
Thy bones' fair covering, erst[5] discovered fair,[6]
And all mine eyes with all thy beauties pierced;
As heaven's bright eye burns most when most he climbs
The crookèd zodiac with his fiery sphere,
And shineth furthest from this earthly globe;
So, since thy beauty scorch'd my conquer'd soul,
I call'd thee nearer for my nearer cure.

[1] *i.e.* 'somewhat affrighted.'
[2] *incense*—kindle. Bethsabe no doubt here refers to her husband.
[3] *joy*—enjoy.
[4] *Joys.* Dyce thinks the sense seems to require 'charms.'
[5] *erst*—first or formerly.
[6] *and all mine eyes.* Mr. Dyce thinks a line has probably dropt out here.

Beth. Too near, my lord, was your unarmèd heart,
When furthest off my hapless beauty pierced;
And would this dreary day had turn'd to night,
Or that some pitchy cloud had cloak'd the sun,
Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
His name disparag'd and my chastity!
Dav. My love, if want of love have left thy soul
A sharper sense of honour than thy king
(For love leads princes sometimes from their seats),
As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
So come and taste thy ease with easing me.
Beth. One medicine cannot heal our different harms,
But rather make both rankle at the bone;
Then let the king be cunning in his cure,
Lest flattering both, both perish in his hand.
Dav. Leave it to me, my dearest Bethsabe,
Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures.—
And, Cusay, haste thou to my servant Joab,
Commanding him to send Urias home
With all the speed can possibly be us'd.
Cu. Cusay will fly about the king's desire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, URIAS, *and others, with drum and ensign.*

Joab. Courage, ye mighty men of Israel,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosoms of proud Ammon's sons,
That hath disguis'd your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards and half their garments off,
In spite of Israel and his daughters' sons!
Ye fight the holy battles of Jehovah,
King David's God, and ours, and Jacob's God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders you footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:
He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorn;
While 'twixt your bodies and their blunted swords
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds.
Abis. Before this city Rabbah we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that Moses mix'd with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Devouring Pharaoh's friends and Egypt's fruits.
Ur. First, mighty captains, Joab and Abisai,
Let us assault and scale this kingly tower,
Where all their conduits and their fountains are;
Then we may easily take the city too.
Joab. Well hath Urias counsell'd our attempts;
And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
Let Hanon now, the king of Ammon's son,
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

Enter HANON, MACHAAS, *and others, upon the walls.*

Ha. What would the shepherd's-dogs of Israel
Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,
The valiant Ammonites and haughty Syrians?
'Tis not your late successive victories
Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge[1] our losses on your hateful lives.
Joab. Hanon, thy father Nahas gave relief
To holy David in his hapless exile,
Livèd his fixèd date, and died in peace;
But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it under foot, and scorn'd our king;
Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.
Mach. Hence, thou that bear'st poor Israel's shepherd's-hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
And keep within the compass of his fold;
For, if ye seek to feed on Ammon's fruits,
And stray into the Syrians' fruitful meads,
The mastiffs of our land shall worry ye,
And pull the weesels[1] from your greedy throats.
Abis. Who can endure these pagans' blasphemies?
Ur. My soul repines at this disparagement.
Joab. Assault, ye valiant men of David's host,
And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

Assault, and they win the tower; and then JOAB *speaks above.*

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre[2] the sons of Ammon and of Syria.

Enter CUSAY, *below.*

Cu. Where is Lord Joab, leader of the host?
Joab. Here is Lord Joab, leader of the host.
Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold.[3]
Cu. In happy hour, then, is Cusay come.

CUSAY *goes up.*

Joab. What news, then, brings Lord Cusay from the king?
Cu. His Majesty commands thee out of hand
To send him home Urias from the wars,
For matter of some service he should do.
Ur. 'Tis for no choler hath surprised the king,
I hope, Lord Cusay, 'gainst his servant's truth?
Cu. No; rather to prefer Urias' truth.
Joab. Here, take him with thee, then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city Rabbah with success,
And scalèd where the royal palace is,
The conduit-heads and all their sweetest springs:
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his own exploit,
Lest I surprise it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.
Cu. We will, Lord Joab; and great Israel's God
Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!
Joab. Farewell, Urias; haste away the king.
Ur. As sure as Joab breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him and his own return.
[*Exeunt* CUSAY *and* URIAS.
Abis. Let us descend, and ope the palace gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.
Joab. Let us, Abisai:—and, ye sons of Judah,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter THAMAR.

Tha. Whither, alas, ah! whither shall I fly,
With folded arms and all-amazèd soul?
Cast as was Eva from that glorious soil
(Where all delights sat bating, wing'd with thoughts,
Ready to nestle in her naked breasts),
To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
To desert woods, and hills with lightning scorch'd,

[1] *venge*—revenge.

[1] *weesels*—weasands, *i.e.* windpipes.
[2] *Maugre*—in spite of. French *malgré.*
[3] *hold*—stronghold, or keep

With death, with shame, with hell, with horror sit;
There will I wander from my father's face;
There Absalon, my brother Absalon,
Sweet Absalon shall hear his sister mourn;
There will I lure with my windy sighs
Night-ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
And make them passage to my panting heart.
Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?
Rend hair and garments, as thy heart is rent
With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
And scatter them by these unhallow'd doors,
To figure Amnon's resting cruelty,
And tragic spoil of Thamar's chastity.

Enter ABSALON.

Abs. What causeth Thamar to exclaim so much?
Tha. The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.
Abs. Say; I thy brother will revenge that cause.
Hath Amnon forcèd thee? by David's hand,
And by the covenant God hath made with him,
Amnon shall bear his violence to hell;
Traitor to heaven, traitor to David's throne,
Traitor to Absalon and Israel.
This fact hath Jacob's ruler seen from heaven,
And through a cloud of smoke and tower of fire,
As he rides vaunting him upon the greens,
Shall tear his chariot-wheels with violent winds,
And throw his body in the bloody sea;
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
Myself, as swift as thunder or his spouse,
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
To work false Amnon an ungracious end.—
Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.
Tha. Nor God nor time will do that good for me. [*Exit.*

Enter DAVID *with his train.*

Dav. My Absalon, what mak'st thou here alone,
And bear'st such discontentment in thy brows?
Abs. Great cause hath Absalon to be displeas'd,
And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.
Dav. 'Gainst whom should Absalon be thus displeas'd?
Abs. 'Gainst wicked Amnon, thy ungracious son,
My brother and fair Thamar's by the king,
My step-brother by mother and by kind:[1]
He hath dishonour'd David's holiness,
And fix'd a blot of lightness on his throne.
Dav. Hath Amnon brought this evil on my house,
And suffer'd sin to smite his father's bones?
Smite, David, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart:
Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
To force false Amnon tremble at thy looks.
Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
I'll thrust the flattering tyrant from his throne,
And scourge his bondslaves from my hallow'd court
With rods of iron and thorns of sharpen'd steel.
Then, Absalon, revenge not thou this sin;
Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.
Abs. I am content: then grant, my lord the king,
Himself with all his other lords would come
Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of Hazor.
Dav. Nay, my fair son, myself with all my lords
Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go.
Abs. But let my lord the king himself take pains;
The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
Crownèd with roses and with painted flowers,
With all her nymphs, shall entertain my lord,
That, from the thicket of my verdant groves,
Will sprinkle honey-dews about his breast,
And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.
Dav. Let it content my sweet son Absalon,
That I may stay, and take my other lords.
Abs. But shall thy best-belovèd Amnon go?
Dav. What needeth it, that Amnon go with thee?
Abs. Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.
Dav. Amnon shall go, and all my other lords,
Because I will give grace to Absalon.

Enter CUSAY *and* URIAS, *with others.*

Cu. Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant Joab
Hath sent Urias from the Syrian wars.
Dav. Welcome, Urias, from the Syrian wars,
Welcome to David as his dearest lord.
Ur. Thanks be to Israel's God and David's grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.
Dav. No other greeting shall Urias find
As long as David sways th' elected seat
And consecrated throne of Israel.
Tell me, Urias, of my servant Joab;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed?
Ur. Thy servant Joab fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high success,
And 'gainst the wicked king of Ammon's sons,
Hath, by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieg'd the city Rabbah, and achiev'd[1]
The court of waters, where the conduits run,
And all the Ammonites' delightsome springs:
Therefore he wisheth David's mightiness
Should number out the host of Israel,
And come in person to the city Rabbah,
That so her conquest may be made the king's,
And Joab fight as his inferior.
Dav. This hath not God and Joab's prowess done
Without Urias' valour, I am sure,
Who, since his true conversion from a Hethite
To an adopted son of Israel,
Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
And whose bright sword was edg'd with Israel's wrath.
Go therefore home, Urias, take thy rest;
Visit thy wife and household with the joys
A victor and a favourite of the king's
Should exercise with honour after arms.
Ur. Thy servant's bones are yet not half so craz'd,
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,

[1] *Kind*—nature.

[1] *achiev'd*—won, or reached.

That for so little service he should faint,
And seek, as cowards, refuge of his home:
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stirr'd,
To stay the arms with which the Lord would smite
And fill their circle with his conquer'd foes,
For wanton bosom of a flattering wife.

Dav. Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
Then go, Urias, solace in her love;
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to loose.

Ur. The king is much too tender of my ease:
The ark, and Israel, and Judah dwell
In palaces and rich pavilions;
But Joab and his brother in the fields,
Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun:
And shall Urias (of more shame than they)
Banquet, and loiter in the work of heaven?
As sure as thy soul doth live, my lord,
Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
When holy labour calls me forth to fight.

Dav. Then be it with Urias' manly heart
As best his fame may shine in Israel.

Ur. Thus shall Urias' heart be best content,
Till thou dismiss me back to Joab's bands:
This ground before the king my master's doors
Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm
The proper pillow of a soldier's head;
[*Lies down.*
For never will I lodge within my house,
Till Joab triumph in my secret vows.

Dav. Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
That we may welcome home our hardy friend
With full carouses to his fortunes past,
And to the honours of his future arms;
Then will I send him back to Rabbah siege,
And follow with the strength of Israel.

Enter one with flagons of wine.

Arise, Urias; come and pledge the king.

Ur. If David think me worthy such a grace,
I will be bold and pledge my lord the king.
[*Rises.*

Dav. Absalon and Cusay both shall drink
To good Urias and his happiness.

Abs. We will, my lord, to please Urias' soul.

Dav. I will begin, Urias, to thyself,
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,
Which here I promise to impart to thee,
And bind that promise with a full carouse.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. What seemeth pleasant in my sovereign's eyes,
That shall Urias do till he be dead.

Dav. Fill him the cup. [Urias *drinks.*]—
Follow, ye lords that love
Your sovereign's health, and do as he hath done.

Abs. Ill may he thrive, or live in Israel,
That loves not David, or denies his charge.—
Urias, here is to Abisai's health,
Lord Joab's brother and thy loving friend.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. I pledge Lord Absalon and Abisai's health.
[*Drinks.*

Cu. Here now, Urias, to the health of Joab,
And to the pleasant journey we shall have
When we return to mighty Rabbah siege.
[*Drinks.*

Ur. Cusay, I pledge thee with all my heart.—
Give me some drink, ye servants of the king;
Give me my drink. [*Drinks.*

Dav. Well done, my good Urias! drink thy fill,
That in thy fulness David may rejoice.

Ur. I will, my Lord.

Abs. Now, Lord Urias, one carouse to me.

Ur. No, sir, I'll drink to the king;
Your father is a better man than you.

Dav. Do so, Urias; I will pledge thee straight

Ur. I will indeed, my lord and sovereign;
I'll once in my days be so bold.

Dav. Fill him his glass.

Ur. Fill me my glass.

Dav. Quickly, I say.

Ur. Quickly, I say.—Here, my lord, by your favour now I drink to you. [*Drinks.*

Dav. I pledge thee, good Urias, presently.
[*Drinks.*

Abs. Here, then, Urias, once again for me.
And to the health of David's children. [*Drinks.*

Ur. David's children!

Abs. Ay, David's children: wilt thou pledge me, man?

Ur. Pledge me, man?

Abs. Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.

Ur. What, do you talk? do you talk? I'll no more; I'll lie down here.

Dav. Rather, Urias, go thou home and sleep.

Ur. O, ho, sir! would you make me break my sentence? [*Lies down.*] Home, sir! no, indeed, sir: I'll sleep upon mine arm, like a soldier; sleep like a man as long as I live in Israel.

Dav. [*aside.*] If naught will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto Joab
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect.—
Help him in, sirs.
[*Exeunt* David *and* Absalon.

Cu. Come rise, Urias; get thee in and sleep.

Ur. I will not go home, sir; that's flat.

Cu. Then come and rest thee upon David's bed.

Ur. On afore, my lords, on afore. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell!
Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion;
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quickening savour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstanchèd thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.
If holy David so shook hands with sin,
What shall our baser spirits glory in?
This kingly giving lust her rein
Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
Urias in the forefront of the wars
Is murdered by the hateful heathens' sword,
And David joys his too dear Bethsabe.
Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn.
[*Exit.*

Enter Bethsabe *with her* Maid.

Beth. Mourn, Bethsabe, bewail thy foolishness,
Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul:
Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul;
And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
Sadness, with wreathèd arms, hangs her complaint.
No comfort from the ten-string'd instrument,
The tinkling cymbal, or the ivory lute;
Nor doth the sound of David's kingly harp
Make glad the broken heart of Bethsabe:
Jerusalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
And in the streets of Sion sits thy grief.
The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
The fruit that sprung from thee to David's house;
Nor may the pot of honey and of oil

Glad David or his handmaid's countenance.
Urias—wo is me to think hereon!
For who is it among the sons of men
That saith not to my soul, 'The king hath sinn'd;
David hath done amiss, and Bethsabe
Laid snares of death unto Urias' life?'
My sweet Urias, fall'n into the pit
Art thou, and gone even to the gates of hell
For Bethsabe, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
Oh, what is it to serve the lust of kings!
How lion-like they rage when we resist!
But, Bethsabe, in humbleness attend
The grace that God will to his handmaid send.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAVID *in his gown, walking sadly;* Servants *attending.*

Dav. [*aside.*] The babe is sick, and sad is David's heart,
To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
The dew, that on the hill of Hermon falls,
Rains not on Sion's tops and lofty towers;
The plains of Gath and Askaron rejoice,
And David's thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
The babe is sick, sweet babe, that Bethsabe
With woman's pain brought forth to Israel.

Enter NATHAN.

But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?
Na. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king.
There were two men both dwellers in one town:
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to him
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,[1]
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?
Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judg'd and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.
Na. Thou art the man; and thou hast judg'd thyself.
David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
I thee anointed king in Israel,
And sav'd thee from the tyranny of Saul;
Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;
His wives into thy bosom did I give,
And Judah and Jerusalem withal;
And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:
Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinnèd in my sight?
Urias thou hast killèd with the sword;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,
The sword shall never go from thee and thine;
For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee:
Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess:
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.
Dav. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have,
Sinnèd; Oh, sinnèd grievously! and, lo,
From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell!
[*Falls down.*
Na. [*raising him.*] David, stand up: thus saith the Lord by me:
David the king shall live, for he hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel
To triumph, and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, he set a wicked man to reign
Over his lovèd people and his tribes,—
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.[1]
[*Exit.*
Dav. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
But must it die that David loveth so?
Oh, that the Mighty One of Israel
Nill[2] change his doom, and says the babe must die!
Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion-gates;
Wither, ye cedar-trees of Lebanon;
Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowering tops,
Droop down, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:
The babe must die that was to David born,
His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.
[*Sits sadly.*

Enter CUSAY.

First Serv. What tidings bringeth Cusay to the king?
Cu. To thee, the servant of King David's court,
This bringeth Cusay, as the prophet spake;
The Lord hath surely stricken to the death
The child new-born by that Urias' wife,
That by the sons of Ammon erst was slain.
First Serv. Cusay, be still; the king is vexèd sore:
How shall he speed that brings this tidings first,
When, while the child was yet alive, we spake,
And David's heart would not be comforted?
Dav. Yea, David's heart will not be comforted!
What murmur ye, the servants of the king?
What tidings telleth Cusay to the king?
Say, Cusay, lives the child, or is he dead?
Cu. The child is dead, that of Urias' wife
David begat.
Dav. Urias' wife, say'st thou?
The child is dead, then ceaseth David's shame:
Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink;
Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
Bring down your shalms,[3] your cymbals, and your pipes;
Let David's harp and lute, his hand and voice,
Give laud to him that loveth Israel,
And sing his praise that shendeth[4] David's fame,
That put away his sin from out his sight,
And sent his shame into the streets of Gath.
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
And deck fair Bethsabe with ornaments,

[1] *But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store.* Some corruption or omission here.

[1] *scorn*—disgrace; reproach. [2] *Nill*—will not.
[3] A kind of pipe like a hautboy; properly *shawm*. German *schalmei*, hautboy; probably connected with French *chalumeau*, pipe, reed; Latin, *calamus*, a reed.
[4] *shendeth*—defendeth here, though *shend* properly—injure, reproach. Anglo-Saxon, *scandu*, scandal.

That she may bear to me another son,
That may be lovèd of the Lord of Hosts;
For where he is, of force must David go,
But never may he come where David is.

They bring in water, wine, and oil. Music and a banquet; and enter BETHSABE.

Fair Bethsabe, sit thou, and sigh no more:—
And sing and play, you servants of the king:
Now sleepeth David's sorrow with the dead,
And Bethsabe liveth to Israel.

They use all solemnities together, and sing, &c.

Now arms and warlike engines for assault
Prepare at once, ye men of Israel,
Ye men of Judah and Jerusalem,
That Rabbah may be taken by the king,
Lest it be callèd after Joab's name,
Nor David's glory shine in Sion streets.
To Rabbah marcheth David with his men,
To châstise Ammon and the wicked ones.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABSALON *with several others.*

Abs. Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
And let us meet our brothers at the feast.
Accursèd is the master of this feast,
Dishonour of the house of Israel,
His sister's slander, and his mother's shame:
Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
But may his wickedness find just reward!
Therefore doth Absalon conspire with you,
That Amnon die what time he sits to eat;
For in the holy temple have I sworn
Wreak[1] of his villany in Thamar's rape.
And here he comes: bespeak him gently all,
Whose death is deeply gravèd in my heart.

Enter AMNON, ADONIA, *and* JONADAB.

Am. Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
And Amnon to you all his brethren
Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
Were wont in Judah and Jerusalem;—
But, specially, Lord Absalon, to thee,
The honour of thy house and progeny:
Sit down and dine with me, King David's son,
Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye
Like golden wires of David's ivory lute.
Abs. Amnon, where be thy shearers and thy men,
That we may pour in plenty of thy wines,
And eat thy goats'-milk, and rejoice with thee?
Am. Here cometh Amnon's shearers and his men:—
Absalon, sit and rejoice with me.

Enter a company of Shepherds, *who dance and sing.*

Drink, Absalon, in praise of Israel;
Welcome to Amnon's fields from David's court.
Abs. [*stabbing* AMNON.] Die with thy draught; perish, and die accurs'd;
Dishonour to the honour of us all;
Die for the villany to Thamar done,
Unworthy thou to be King David's son!
[*Exit with others.*
Jonad. Oh, what hath Absalon for Thamar done,
Murder'd his brother, great King David's son!
Ad. Run, Jonadab, away, and make it known
What cruelty this Absalon hath shown.
Amnon, thy brother Adonia shall
Bury thy body 'mong the dead men's bones;
And we will make complaint to Israel
Of Amnon's death, and pride of Absalon.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, CUSAY, *and others, with drum and ensign against* RABBAH.

Dav. This is the town of the uncircumcis'd,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabbah, where wicked Hanon sitteth king.
Despoil this king, this Hanon, of his crown;
Unpeople Rabbah and the streets thereof;
For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of King David's line.
Joab, Abisai, and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great Jerusalem.

Enter HANON *and others on the walls.*

Joab. And see where Hanon shows him on the walls;
Why, then, do we forbear to give assault,
That Israel may, as it is promisèd,
Subdue the daughters of the Gentiles' tribes?
All this must be perform'd by David's hand.
Dav. Hark to me, Hanon, and remember well:
As sure as He doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men, by the pool of Gibeon,
Went forth against the strength of Isboseth,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play;
So sure art thou and thy men of war
To feel the sword of Israel this day,
Because thou hast defièd Jacob's God,
And suffer'd Rabbah with the Philistine
To rail upon the tribe of Benjamin.
Ha. Hark, man: as sure as Saul thy master fell,
And gor'd his sides upon the mountain-tops,
And Jonathan, Abinadab, and Melchisua,
Water'd the dales and deeps of Askaron
With bloody streams, that from Gilboa ran
In channels through the wilderness of Ziph,
What time the sword of the uncircumcis'd
Was drunken with the blood of Israel;
So sure shall David perish with his men
Under the walls of Rabbah, Hanon's town.
Joab. Hanon, the God of Israel hath said,
David the king shall wear that crown of thine,
That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoil of Hanon's town,
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,
And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
And put them under harrows made of iron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
With iron swords divide and tear in twain.
Hanon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defièd Israel.—
To arms, to arms, that Rabbah feel revenge,
And Hanon's town become King David's spoil!

Alarum, excursions, assault; exeunt. Then the trumpets sound, and re-enter DAVID *with* HANON'S *crown*, JOAB, *etc.*

Dav. Now clattering arms and wrathful storms of war
Have thunder'd over Rabbah's razèd towers;
The wreakful[1] ire of great Jehovah's arm,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And cloth'd the cherubims in fiery coats
To fight against the wicked Hanon's town.
Pay thanks, ye men of Judah, to the King,
The God of Sion and Jerusalem,
That hath exalted Israel to this,
And crownèd David with this diadem.

[1] *Wreak*—vengeance.

[1] *wreakful*—vengeful.

Joab. Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun,[1] attir'd in glistering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth King David show,
Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth:
So looketh David, king of Israel.
Abis. Joab, why doth not David mount his throne,
Whom Heaven hath beautified with Hanon's crown?
Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise,
To Jacob's God for David's victory.
[*Trumpets, &c.*

Enter JONADAB.

Jonad. Why doth the king of Israel rejoice?
Why sitteth David crown'd with Rabbah's rule?
Behold, there hath great heaviness befall'n
In Amnon's fields by Absalon's misdeed;
And Amnon's shearers and their feast of mirth,
Absalon hath o'erturnèd with his sword;
Nor liveth any of King David's sons
To bring this bitter tidings to the king.
Dav. Ay me, how soon are David's triumphs dash'd!
How suddenly declineth David's pride!
As doth the daylight settle in the west,
So dim is David's glory and his gite.[2]
Die, David; for to thee is left no seed
That may revive thy name in Israel.
Jonad. In Israel is left of David's seed.
Comfort your lord, you servants of the king.—
Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
And only Amnon Absalon hath slain.

Enter ADONIA *with other* SONS *of* DAVID.

Dav. Welcome, my sons; dearer to me you are
Than is this golden crown or Hanon's spoil.
Oh, tell me, then, tell me, my sons, I say,
How cometh it to pass that Absalon
Hath slain his brother Amnon with the sword?
Ad. Thy sons, O king, went up to Amnon's fields,
To feast with him and eat his bread and oil;
And Absalon upon his mule doth come,
And to his men he saith, 'When Amnon's heart
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,
Because he forcèd Thamar shamefully,
And hated her, and threw her forth his doors.'
And this did he; and they with him conspire,
And kill thy son in wreak of Thamar's wrong.
Dav. How long shall Judah and Jerusalem
Complain, and water Sion with their tears?
How long shall Israel lament in vain,
And not a man among the mighty ones
Will hear the sorrows of King David's heart!
Amnon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
As to mine ears the music of my lute,
Or songs that David tuneth to his harp;
And Absalon hath ta'en from me away
The gladness of my sad distressèd soul.
[*Exeunt* JOAB *and some others.*

Enter Woman of Thecoa.

Wo. of T. [*kneeling.*] God save King David, king of Israel,
And bless the gates of Sion for his sake!
Dav. Woman, why mournest thou? rise from the earth;
Tell me what sorrow hath befall'n thy soul.
Wo. of T. [*rising.*] Thy servant's soul, O king, is troubled sore,
And grievous is the anguish of her heart;
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.
Dav. Tell me, and say, thou woman of Thecoa,
What aileth thee, or what is come to pass.
Wo. of T. Thy servant is a widow in Thecoa.
Two sons thy handmaid had; and they, my lord,
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,
And so the one did smite and slay the other.
And, lo! behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death;
'For we will follow and destroy the heir.'
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leave nor name nor issue on the earth
To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.
Dav. Woman, return; go home unto thy house:
I will take order that thy son be safe.
If any man say otherwise than well,
Bring him to me, and I shall châstise him;
For, as the Lord doth live, shall not a hair
Shed from thy son or fall upon the earth.
Woman, to God alone belongs revenge:
Shall, then, the kindred slay him for his sin?
Wo. of T. Well hath King David to his handmaid spoke:
But wherefore, then, hast thou determinèd
So hard a part against the righteous tribes,
To follow and pursue the banishèd,
Whenas[1] to God alone belongs revenge?
Assuredly thou saist against thyself:
Therefore call home again the banishèd,
Call home the banishèd, that he may live,
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.
Dav. Thou woman of Thecoa, answer me,
Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee
Is not the hand of Joab in this work?
Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?
Wo. of T. It is, my lord; his hand is in this work:
Assure thee, Joab, captain of thy host,
Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;
And thou art as an angel from on high,
To understand the meaning of my heart:
Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Re-enter JOAB.

Dav. Say, Joab, didst thou send this woman in
To put this parable for Absalon?
Joab. Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak;
And she hath said, and thou hast understood.
Dav. I have, and am content to do the thing.
Go fetch my son, that he may live with me.
Joab. [*kneeling.*] Now God be blessèd for King David's life!
Thy servant Joab hath found grace with thee,
In that thou sparest Absalon thy child. [*Rises.*
A beautiful and fair young man is he;
In all his body is no blemish seen;
His hair is like the wire of David's harp,

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[1] *As when the sun*, &c. Hawkins, who (Preface to *The Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 11) justly praises this simile, had forgotten the following lines of Spenser:—

'At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fayre;
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy ayre.'
The Faerie Queene, B. 1, c. 5, st. 2.
—DYCE.

[2] *gite*—a gown; used here metaphorically for splendour, brightness.

[1] *Whenas*—when.

That twines about his bright and ivory neck;
In Israel is not such a goodly man:
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

JOAB *brings in* ABSALON.

Dav. Hast thou slain [Amnon] in the fields of Hazor?
Ah, Absalon, my son! ah, my son, Absalon!
But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
Live, and return from Gesur to thy house;
Return from Gesur to Jerusalem:
What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
Amnon is dead, and Absalon survives.
Abs. Father, I have offended Israel,
I have offended David and his house;
For Thamar's wrong hath Absalon misdone:
But David's heart is free from sharp revenge,
And Joab hath got grace for Absalon.
Dav. Depart with me, you men of Israel,
You that have follow'd Rabbah with the sword,
And ransack Amnon's richest treasuries.—
Live, Absalon, my son, live once in peace:
Peace [be] with thee, and with Jerusalem!
[*Exeunt all except* ABSALON.
Abs. David is gone, and Absalon remains,
Flowering in pleasant springtime of his youth:
Why liveth Absalon, and is not honour'd
Of tribes and elders and the mightiest ones,
That round about his temples he may wear
Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
That every one that hath a cause to plead
Might come to Absalon and call for right?
Then in the gates of Sion would I sit,
And publish laws in great Jerusalem;
And not a man should live in all the land
But Absalon would do him reason's due:
Therefore I shall address me, as I may,
To love the men and tribes of Israel. [*Exit.*

Enter DAVID, ITHAY, SADOC, AHIMAAS, JONATHIAN, *and others;* DAVID *barefoot, with some loose covering over his head; and all mourning.*

Dav. Proud lust, the bloodiest traitor to our souls,
Whose greedy throat nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
Can glut or satisfy with any store,
Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
Piercing with venom of thy poison'd eyes
The strength and marrow of my tainted bones.
To punish Pharaoh and his cursèd host,
The waters shrunk at great Adonai's voice,
And sandy bottom of the sea appear'd,
Offering his service at his servant's feet;
And, to inflict a plague on David's sin,
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
Ah, Absalon, the wrath of Heaven inflames
Thy scorchèd bosom with ambitious heat!
And Satan sets thee on a lofty[1] tower,
Showing thy thoughts the pride of Israel,
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones!—
Weep with me, then, ye sons of Israel;
Lie down with David, and with David mourn
Before the Holy One that sees our hearts;

[*Lies down, and all the rest after him.*

Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
And fill the face of every flower with dew;
Weep, Israel, for David's soul dissolves,
Lading the fountains of his drownèd eyes,
And pours her substance on the senseless earth!
Sa. Weep, Israel; oh, weep for David's soul,
Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
For tragic witness of your hearty woes!
Ahi. Oh, would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,
And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,
To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for David's woes!
Jonath. Then should this mount of Olives seem a plain
Drown'd with a sea, that with our sighs should roar,
And, in the murmur of his mounting waves,
Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for David's woes.
Ith. Earth cannot weep enough for David's woes:
Then weep, you heavens, and, all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for David's woes!
Sa. Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do;
But be assur'd that Jacob's righteous God,
That promis'd never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just and pure in his vows.
Dav. Sadoc, high priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace:
But that my son should wrong his tender'd[1] soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him,
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.
Ith. Think of it, David, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king:
Cherish their valours and their zealous loves
With pleasant looks and sweet encouragements.
Dav. Methinks the voice of Ithay fills mine ears.
Ith. Let not the voice of Ithay loathe thine ears,
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears.
Dav. But wherefore go'st thou to the wars with us?
Thou art a stranger here in Israel,
And son to Achis, mighty king of Gath;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay.
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself and all thy soldiers safe:
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou hast show'd.
Ith. As sure as Israel's God gives David life,
What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will Ithay share in life and death.
Dav. Then, gentle Ithay, be thou still with us,
A joy to David, and a grace to Israel.—
Go, Sadoc, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great Jerusalem again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will He lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts and behold the form
Of his fair ark and holy tabernacle:
But if He say, 'My wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in David now,'
Here lie I armèd with an humble heart

[1] *lofty*—'lustie' is another reading.

[1] *tender'd*—loved.

T' embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my Lord shall kill me with.
Then, Sadoc, take Ahimaas thy son,
With Jonathan son to Abiathar;
And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.
Sa. Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.

[*Exeunt* SADOC, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.

Ith. Now, that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his Majesty,
That, with unkind and graceless Absalon,
Achitophel, your ancient counsellor,
Directs the state of this rebellion.
Dav. Then doth it aim with danger at my crown.—
Oh Thou, that hold'st his raging bloody bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth's centre with his watery scarf,
Limit the counsel of Achitophel,
No bounds extending to my soul's distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness!

Enter CUSAY *with his coat turned and head covered.*

Cu. Happiness and honour to my lord the king!
Dav. What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?
Cu. Oh, let my gracious sovereign cease these griefs,
Unless he wish his servant Cusay's death,
Whose life depends upon my lord's relief!
Then let my presence with my sighs perfume
The pleasant closet of my sovereign's soul.
Dav. No, Cusay, no; thy presence unto me
Will be a burden, since I tender[1] thee,
And cannot brook thy sighs for David's sake:
But if thou turn to fair Jerusalem,
And say to Absalon, as thou hast been
A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
Achitophel's counsel may be brought to naught.
Then having Sadoc and Abiathar,
All three may learn the secrets of my son,
Sending the message by Ahimaas,
And friendly Jonathan, who both are there.
Cu. Then rise, referring the success to Heaven.
Dav. Cusay, I rise; though with unwieldy bones
I carry arms against my Absalon. [*Exeunt.*

ABSALON, AMASA, ACHITOPHEL, *with the* Concubines *of* DAVID, *and others, are discovered in great state;* ABSALON *crowned.*

Abs. Now, you that were my father's concubines,
Liquor to his inchaste and lustful fire,
Have seen his honour shaken in his house,
Which I possess in sight of all the world;
I bring ye forth for foils to my renown,
And to eclipse the glory of your king,
Whose life is with his honour fast enclos'd
Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,
Whose dissolution shall pour down in showers
The substance of his life and swelling pride:
Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,
And heaven shall burn in love with Absalon,
Whose beauty will suffice to chase all mists,
And clothe the sun's sphere with a triple fire,
Sooner than his clear eyes should suffer stain,
Or be offended with a lowering day.

[1] *tender*—love.

First Conc. Thy father's honour, graceless Absalon,
And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven.
Whose power is ever arm'd against the proud,
And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head
For doing this disgrace to David's throne.
Second Conc. To David's throne, to David's holy throne,
Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
Ready to prey upon his enemies:
Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
Wert thou much swifter than Azahell[1] was.
That could outpace the nimble-footed roe,
To 'scape the fury of their thumping[2] beaks,
Or dreadful scope of their commanding wings.
Ach. Let not my lord the king of Israel
Be angry with a silly woman's threats;
But, with the pleasure he hath erst enjoy'd,
Turn them into their cabinets again,
Till David's conquest be their overthrow.
Abs. Into your bowers, ye daughters of disdain,
Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
For grief that David's kingdom is decay'd.
First Conc. No, Absalon, his kingdom is enchain'd
Fast to the finger of great Jacob's God,
Which will not loose it for a rebel's love.

[*Exeunt Concubines.*

Ama. If I might give advice unto the king,
These concubines should buy their taunts with blood.
Abs. Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword
Empty the veins of David's armèd men,
And let these foolish women 'scape our hands
To recompense the shame they have sustain'd.
First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd through Hebron, king of Israel;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With complete state and glory of a crown:
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
And to the air whose rupture[3] rings my fame,
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
That is, to work him grace in Israel,
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy,
Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?
His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd:
I am the man he made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Long may the beauteous king of Israel live,
To whom the people do by thousands swarm!
Abs. What meaneth Cusay so to greet his foe?
Is this the love thou show'st to David's soul,
To whose assistance thou hast vow'd thy life?
Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?
Cu. Because the Lord and Israel chooseth thee;
And as before I serv'd thy father's turn
With counsel acceptable in his sight,
So likewise will I now obey his son.

[1] *Azahell.* 'And there were three sons of Zeruiah there, Joab, and Abishai, and Asahel: and Asahel was as light of foot as a wild roe.'—2 SAM. II. 18.
[2] *thumping*—heavy, large, great.
[3] *rupture*—cleaving, breaking.

Abs. Then welcome, Cusay, to King Absalon.—
And now, my lords and loving counsellors,
I think it time to exercise our arms
Against forsaken David and his host.
Give counsel first, my good Achitophel,
What times and orders we may best observe
For prosperous manage[1] of these high exploits.
Ach. Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men:
And, while the night hides with her sable mists
The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
I will assault thy discontented sire;
And, while with weakness of their weary arms,
Surcharg'd with toil, to shun thy sudden power
The people fly in huge disorder'd troops
To save their lives, and leave the king alone,
Then will I smite him with his latest[2] wound,
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.
Abs. Well hath Achitophel given his advice.
Yet let us hear what Cusay counsels us,
Whose great experience is well worth the ear.
Cu. Though wise Achitophel be much more meet
To purchase hearing with my lord the king,
For all his former counsels, than myself,
Yet, not offending Absalon or him,
This time it is not good nor worth pursuit;
For, well thou know'st, thy father's men are strong,
Chafing as she-bears robbèd of their whelps:
Besides, the king himself a valiant man,
Train'd up in feats and stratagems of war;
And will not, for prevention of the worst,
Lodge with the common soldiers in the field;
But now, I know, his wonted policies
Have taught him lurk within some secret cave,
Guarded with all his stoutest soldiers;
Which, if the forefront of his battle faint,
Will yet give out that Absalon doth fly,
And so thy soldiers be discouragèd:
David himself withal, whose angry heart
Is as a lion's letted[3] of his walk,
Will fight himself, and all his men to one,
Before a few shall vanquish him by fear.
My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound
To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
That they may march in numbers like sea-sands,
That nestle close in [one] another's neck:
So shall we come upon him in our strength,
Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,
And leave him not a man to march withal.
Besides, if any city succour him,
The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,
And we will pull it down the river's stream,
That not a stone be left to keep us out.
Abs. What says my lord to Cusay's counsel now?
Ama. I fancy Cusay's counsel better far
Than that is given us from Achitophel;
And so, I think, doth every soldier here.
All. Cusay's counsel is better than Achitophel's.
Abs. Then march we after Cusay's counsel all:
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,
And muster all the men will serve the king,
That Absalon may glut his longing soul
With sole fruition of his father's crown.
Ach. [*aside.*] Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,
That scorns the counsel of Achitophel.
[*Exeunt all except* CUSAY.

[1] *manage*—management.
[2] *latest*—last, or fatal.
[3] *letted*—hindered.

Cu. Thus hath the power of Jacob's jealous God
Fulfill'd his servant David's drifts by me,
And brought Achitophel's advice to scorn.

Enter SADOC, ABIATHAR, AHIMAAS, *and* JONATHAN.

Sa. God save Lord Cusay, and direct his zeal
To purchase David's conquest 'gainst his son!
Abi. What secrets hast thou glean'd from Absalon?
Cu. These, sacred priests that bear the ark of God:—
Achitophel advis'd him in the night
To let him chooso twelve thousand fighting men,
And he would come on David at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advis'd to get a greater host,
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send Ahimaas and Jonathan
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will[1] him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword.
Sa. Then go, Ahimaas and Jonathan,
And straight convey this message to the king.
Ahi. Father, we will, if Absalon's chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMEI.

Sem. The man of Israel that hath rul'd as king,
Or rather as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne
That God unworthily hath blessed him with,
Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
And be depos'd from his detested chair.
Oh that my bosom could by nature bear
A sea of poison, to be pour'd upon
His cursèd head, that sacred balm hath grac'd
And consecrated king of Israel!
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
Infected with the sighs of damnèd souls,
Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
That, as I open'd my revenging lips
To curse the shepherd for his tyranny,
My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
Like to the combat-blows that break the clouds
When Jove's stout champions fight with fire.
See where he cometh that my soul abhors!
I have prepar'd my pocket full of stones
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

Enter DAVID, JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *and others.*

Come forth, thou murderer and wicked man:
The Lord hath brought upon thy cursèd head
The guiltless blood of Saul and all his sons,
Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurp'd,
And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
The Lord hath given the kingdom to thy son,
And he shall wreak the traitorous wrongs of Saul:
Even as thy sin hath still importun'd Heaven,
So shall thy murders and adultery
Be punish'd in the sight of Israel,
As thou deserv'st, with blood, with death, and hell.
Hence, murderer, hence!
[*Throws stones and earth at* DAVID.

[1] *will*—desire.

Abis. Why doth this dead dog curse my lord the king?
Let me alone to take away his head.
Dav. Why meddleth thus the son of Zeruia
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei useth me with this reproach
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove
The sins of David, printed in his brows
With blood, that blusheth for his conscience' guilt;
Who dares, then, ask him why he curseth me?
Sem. If, then, thy conscience tell thee thou hast sinn'd,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face,
And by thyself here make away thy soul,
That I may stand and glory in thy shame.
Dav. I am not desperate, Semei, like thyself,
But trust unto the covenant of my God,
Founded on mercy, with repentance built,
And finish'd with the glory of my soul.
Sem. A murderer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
Hate and destruction sit upon thy brows
To watch the issue of thy damnèd ghost,
Which, with thy latest gasp, they'll take and tear,
Hurling in every pain of hell a piece.
Hence, murderer, thou shame to Israel!
Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heaven and earth! [*Throws again at* DAVID.
Joab. What! is it piety in David's thoughts
So to abhor[1] from laws of policy
In this extremity of his distress,
To give his subjects cause of carelessness?
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave.
Dav. Why should the sons of Zeruia seek to check[2]
His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspir'd?
Behold my son, which issued from my flesh,
With equal fury seeks to take my life:
How much more, then, the son of Jemini,
Chiefly since he doth naught but God's command?
It may be He will look on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
The heart of David in his bitterness.
Sem. What! dost thou fret my soul with sufferance?[3]
Oh that the souls of Isboseth and Abner,
Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate!
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still:
Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt!
[*Throws again at* DAVID.

Enter AHIMAAS *and* JONATHAN.

Ahi. Long life to David; to his enemies death!
Dav. Welcome, Ahimaas and Jonathan.
What news sends Cusay to thy lord the king?
Ahi. Cusay would wish my lord the king
To pass the river Jordan presently,
Lest he and all his people perish here;
For wise Achitophel hath counsell'd Absalon
To take advantage of your weary arms,
And come this night upon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
And Cusay's policy with praise preferred;
Which was to number every Israelite,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.
Jonath. Abiathar, besides, entreats the king
To send his men of war against his son,
And hazard not his person in the field.
Dav. Thanks to Abiathar, and to you both,
And to my Cusay, whom the Lord requite;
But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand,
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turn'd the counsel of Achitophel
After the prayers of his servant's lips.
Now will we pass the river all this night,
And in the morning sound the voice of war,
The voice of bloody and unkindly[1] war.
Joab. Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
And who shall have the special charge herein.
Dav. Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
The first third part of all my valiant men;
The second shall Abisai's valour lead;
The third fair Ithay, which I most should grace
For comfort he hath done to David's woes;
And I myself will follow in the midst.
Ith. That let not David; for, though we should fly,
Ten thousand of us were not half so much
Esteem'd with David's enemies as himself:
Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.
Dav. What seems them best, then, that will David do.
But now, my lords and captains, hear his voice
That never yet pierc'd piteous heaven in vain;
Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;—
For my sake spare the young man Absalon.
Joab, thyself did'st once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him:
If, then, thy love be to thy kinsman sound,
And thou wilt prove a perfect Israelite,
Friend[2] him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,—
Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
Delight to play, and love to make it curl,
Wherein the nightingales would build their nests,
And make sweet bowers in every golden tress,
To sing their lover every night asleep.
Oh, spoil not, Joab, Jove's[3] fair ornaments,
Which He hath sent to solace David's soul!
The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin.
To sin, our feet are wash'd with milk of roes,[4]
And dried again with coals of lightning.
O Lord, Thou see'st the proudest sin's poor slave,
And with his bridle[5] pull'st him to the grave!
For my sake, then, spare lovely Absalon.
Ith. We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ACHITOPHEL *with a halter.*

Ach. Now hath Achitophel order'd his house,
And taken leave of every pleasure there;
Hereon depend Achitophel's delights,
And in this circle must his life be clos'd.

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[1] *abhor*—shrink.
[2] *The sons of Zeruia* are Abisai and Joab.
[3] *sufferance*—suffering, endurance.

[1] *unkindly*—unnatural, against kindred.
[2] *Friend*—befriend.
[3] *Jove's*—Jehovah's.
[4] *Milk of roes.*—Walker, who (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 18) quotes this as if the reading of the old copy was '*milk of* roses,' justly calls it 'a strange passage.'—DYCE.
[5] *And with his bridle*, &c.—'This line,' says Mr. Collier, 'as printed by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, exhibits almost the solitary verbal blemish of his edition. It there stands,

"And with his bridle pull'st him to the grave;"

as if David, addressing the Lord, said, "Thou pull'st man to the grave with the bridle of sin;" whereas the meaning is, that "sin with his bridle pulls man to the grave." The passage would read better could we alter *and* in the last line to "who."'

The wise Achitophel, whose counsel prov'd
Ever as sound for fortunate success
As if men ask'd the oracle of God,
Is now us'd like the fool of Israel.
Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
And let her fly into the shade of death;
And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
Making huge floods upon the land I leave,
To ravish them and all their fairest fruits.
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace
Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,
As mourning garments for their master's death.
Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
Into the bowels of thy cursèd womb:
Once in a surfeit thou didst spue him forth;
Now for fell hunger suck him in again,
And be his body poison to thy veins.
And now, thou hellish instrument of heaven,
Once execute th' arrest of Jove's just doom,
And stop his breath that curseth Israel! [*Exit.*

Enter ABSALON, *with* AMASA *and the rest of his train.*

Abs. Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
Now, Jove, let forth the golden firmament,
And look on him, with all thy fiery eyes,
Which thou hast made to give their glories light.
To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
Whose influence may govern Israel
With state exceeding all her other kings.
Fight, lords and captains, that your sovereign's face
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,[1]
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
As whilom[2] He was good to Moses' men.
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
Shall go before you, like a second sun,
Wherein the essence of his Godhead is;
That day and night you may be brought to peace,
And never swerve from that delightsome path
That leads your souls to perfect happiness.
This shall he do for joy when I am king.
Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
Into your bosoms with sweet victory. [*Exeunt.*

The battle; and then ABSALON *hangs by the hair.*[3]

Abs. What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
Hath laid his cruel hands upon my hair,
And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
Hath Absalon no soldier near his hand
That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
Fit for the axe and ready for the fire!
Since Thou withholdest all ordinary help
To loose my body from this bond of death,
Oh let my beauty fill these senseless plants
With sense and power to loose me from this plague,
And work some wonder to prevent his death
Whose life Thou mad'st a special miracle!

Enter JOAB *with a soldier.*

Sol. My lord, I saw the young Prince Absalon
Hang by the hair upon a shady oak,
And could by no means get himself unloosed.
Joab. Why slew'st thou not the wicked Absalon,
That rebel to his father and to Heaven,
That so I might have given thee for thy pains
Ten silver shekels and a golden waist?[1]
Sol. Not for a thousand shekels would I slay
The son of David, whom his father charged
Nor thou, Abisai, nor the son of Gath[2]
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
The charge was given in hearing of us all;
And had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
Wouldst have accused me as a man of death.
Joab. I must not now stand trifling here with thee.
Abs. Help, Joab, help, oh help thy Absalon!
Let not thy angry thoughts be laid in blood,
In blood of him that sometimes nourish'd thee,
And softened thy sweet heart with friendly love:
Oh give me once again my father's sight,
My dearest father and my princely sovereign!
That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
My last submission sound[3] and full of ruth.[4]
Joab. Rebel to nature, hate to heaven and earth!
Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
Of his dear father and my sovereign lord?
Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant.
Now, Absalon, how doth the Lord regard
The beauty whereupon thy hope was built,
And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,
That God affects not any painted shape
Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
Is stuff'd with naught but pride and stubbornness?
But preach I to thee, while I should revenge
Thy cursèd sin that staineth Israel,
And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?
Take that as part of thy deservèd plague,
Which worthily no torment can inflict.
[*Stabs him.*
Abs. O Joab, Joab, cruel, ruthless Joab!
Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sovereign's heart,
Whose heavenly temper hates his children's blood,
And will be sick, I know, for Absalon.
Oh, my dear father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
Thy dearest son, gored with a mortal dart!
Yet, Joab, pity me; pity my father, Joab;
Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life,
And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.
Joab. If he were so remorseful[5] of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?

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[1] *Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees*, &c.—'And it shall be, when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry-trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle: for God is gone forth before thee,' &c.—1 CHRON. XIV. 15.

[2] *whilom*—formerly, once.

[3] *Absalon hangs by the hair.*—The following entry occurs in Henslowe's *Diary*, under Oct. 1602:—

'Pd for poleyes and workmanshipp for to hange Absalome, xiiij*d*.'

p. 241, ed. Shake. Soc. Does Henslowe allude to the present play, or to some other drama in which Absalon was 'hung?'—DYCE.

[1] *waist*—girdle.

[2] *the son of Gath*—Ithay.

[3] *sound*—perfect.

[4] *ruth*—sorrow.

[5] *remorseful*—compassionate.

All Joab means to pleasure thee withal
Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
Hold, Absalon, Joab's pity is in this;
In this, proud Absalon, is Joab's love.
[*Stabs him again; and then exit with* Soldier.
Abs. Such love, such pity Israel's God send thee,
And for his love to David pity me!
Ah! my dear father, see thy bowels bleed;
See death assault thy dearest Absalon;
See, pity, pardon, pray for Absalon!

Enter five or six Soldiers.

First Sol. See where the rebel in his glory hangs.—
Where is the virtue of thy beauty, Absalon?
Will any of us here now fear thy looks,
Or be in love with that thy golden hair,
Wherein was wrapt rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy father's breath?
Our captain, Joab, hath begun to us,
And here's an end to thee and all thy sins.
[*They stab* Absalon, *who dies.*
Come let us take the beauteous rebel down,
And in some ditch, amids this darksome wood,
Bury his bulk beneath a heap of stones,
Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

Re-enter in triumph, with drum and ensign, Joab, Abisai, *and* Soldiers.

Joab. Well done, tall soldiers![1] take the traitor down,
And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones;
This shady thicket of dark Ephraim
Shall ever lower on his cursèd grave;
Night-ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell,
And sit exclaiming on his damnèd soul;
There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
That it may loathe the sense of every man!
So shall his end breed horror to his name,
And to his traitorous fact[2] eternal shame.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Oh dreadful precedent of his just doom,
Whose holy heart is never touch'd with ruth
Of fickle beauty or of glorious shape;
But with the virtue of an upright soul,
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
Though in his person loathsome and deformed!
Now, since this story lends us other store,
To make a third discourse of David's life,
Adding thereto his most renownèd death,
And all their deaths that at his death he judg'd,
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
We will supply with treble willingness. [*Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Joab, Ahimaas, Cusay; Amasa, *with all the other followers of* Absalon.

Joab. Soldiers of Israel, and ye sons of Judah,
That have contended in these irksome broils,
And ript old Israel's bowels with your swords,
The godless general of your stubborn arms
Is brought by Israel's Helper to the grave,—
A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes!
Now, then, to save your honours from the dust,
And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
Let Joab's ensign shroud your manly heads,
Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
To guard the life of David from his foes.
Error hath mask'd your much-too-forward minds,
And you have sinn'd against the chosen state,
Against his life for whom your lives are bless'd,
And follow'd an usurper to the field;
In whose just death your deaths are threatenèd;
But Joab pities your disordered souls,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
To all that will be friendly reconcil'd
To Israel's weal, to David, and to Heaven.
Amasa, thou art leader of the host
That under Absalon have raised their arms;
Then be a captain wise and politic,
Careful and loving for thy soldiers' lives,
And lead them to this honourable league.
Ama. I will; at least, I'll do my best:
And for the gracious offer thou hast made
I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.—
Then, you deceiv'd poor souls of Israel,
Since now ye see the errors you incurr'd,
With thanks and due submission be appeas'd;
And as ye see your captain's precedent,
Here cast we, then, our swords at Joab's feet,
Submitting with all zeal and reverence
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.
[*Kneels with others.*
Joab. Stand up, and take ye all your swords again: [*All stand up.*
David and Joab shall be bless'd herein.
Ahi. Now let me go inform my lord the king
How God hath freed him from his enemies.
Joab. Another time, Ahimaas, not now.—
But, Cusay, go thyself, and tell the king
The happy message of our good success.
Cu. I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace. [*Exit.*
Ahi. What if thy servant should go too, my lord?
Joab. What news hast thou to bring since he is gone?
Ahi. Yet do Ahimaas so much content,
That he may run about so sweet a charge.
Joab. Run, if thou wilt; and peace be with thy steps. [*Exit* Ahimaas.
Now follow, that you may salute the king
With humble hearts and reconcilèd souls.
Ama. We follow, Joab, to our gracious king;
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths
[*Exeunt.*

Enter David, Bethsabe, Solomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab, *with their train.*

Beth. What means my lord, the lamp of Israel,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspect,
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,[1]
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms:
Then why should passions of much meaner power
Bear head against the heart of Israel?
Dav. Fair Bethsabe, thou might'st increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skil,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys.
But, Bethsabe, the daughter of the Highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of Israel,
She that in chains of pearl and unicorn[2]

[1] *tall*—sturdy, bold, brave. [2] *fact*—deed.

[1] *conceit*—conception, thought.
[2] *unicorn*—Qy. 'ivory?'

Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that Adam held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair,—
She, she, my dearest Bethsabe,
Fair Peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair Jerusalem,
The fields of Israel, and the heart of David,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Link'd to the life and soul of Absalon.
Beth. Then is the pleasure of my sovereign's heart
So wrapt within the bosom of that son,
That Salomon, whom Israel's God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no salve to comfort David's soul?
Dav. Salomon, my love, is David's lord;[1]
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son)
Must David needs be pleasèd at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne.
But Absalon, the beauty of my bones,
Fair Absalon, the counterfeit[2] of love,
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death King David's son.
Nath. Yet, as my lord hath said, let Salomon reign,
Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While Absalon, incens'd with graceless pride,
Usurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let Salomon be made thy staff of age,
Fair Israel's rest, and honour of thy race.
Dav. Tell me, my Salomon, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts gravèd in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown
With practice of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of Israel?
Sal. My royal father, if the heavenly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own;
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice
Should not each hour beat upon mine ears
As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
That gaspeth scorchèd with the summer's sun,
I should be guilty of unpardon'd sin,
Fearing the plague of heaven and shame of earth:
But since I vow myself to learn the skill
And holy secrets of his mighty hand
Whose cunning tunes the music of my soul,
It would content me, father, first to learn
How the Eternal fram'd the firmament;
Which bodies lend their influence by fire,
And which are fill'd with hoary winter's ice;
What sign is rainy, and what star is fair;
Why by the rules of true proportion
The year is still divided into months,
The months to days, the days to certain hours;
What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
Or for what time shall this round building stand;
What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.
Dav. Wade not too far, my boy, in waves so deep:
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past;
But things to come exceed our human reach,
And are not painted yet in angels' eyes:
For those, submit thy sense, and say, 'Thou power,
That now art framing of the future world,
Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
By frail conjectures of inferior signs,
By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
By bowels of a sacrificèd beast,
Or by the figures of some hidden art;
But by a true and natural presage,
Laying the ground and perfect architect[1]
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
From Adam to the end of Adam's seed:
O Heaven, protect my weakness with thy strength!
So look on me that I may view thy face,
And see these secrets written in thy brows.
O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon!
That now mine eyes, eclipsèd to the earth,
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven;
Transform me from this flesh, that I may live,
Before my death, regenerate with thee.
O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite![2]
That for the time a more than human skill
May feed the organons[3] of all my sense;
That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
The perfect echo of thy heavenly voice.'
Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.
Sal. A secret fury[4] ravisheth my soul,
Lifting my mind above her human bounds;
And, as the eagle, rousèd from her stand
With violent hunger, towering in the air,
Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldenèd
With eyes intentive[5] to bedare[6] the sun,
And styeth[7] close unto his stately sphere;
So Salomon, mounted on the burning wings
Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food
And cheers his senses with celestial air,
Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
And holds his eyes fix'd on Jehovah's brows.
Good father, teach me further what to do.
Nath. See, David, how his haughty spirit mounts,
Even now of height to wield a diadem:
Then make him promise that he may succeed,
And rest old Israel's bones from broils of war.
Dav. Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from Jesse's root,
I promise thee and lovely Bethsabe,
My Salomon shall govern after me.
Beth. He that hath touch'd thee with this righteous thought
Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.
Dav. If he be come alone, he bringeth news.
Mess. Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles Sadoc's son.
Dav. He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter Ahimaas.

Ahi. Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom Israel's God hath bless'd with victory.

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[1] *Salomon, my love, is David's lord*—corrupted.—Dyce.
[2] *counterfeit*—portrait, likeness, image.

[1] *architect*—Dyce suggests 'archetype' as the correct reading.
[2] *sprite*—spirit.
[3] *organons*—organs, or instruments.
[4] *fury*—enthusiasm, or rapture.
[5] *intentive*—attentive, gazing.
[6] *bedare*—defy, dare.
[7] *styeth*—soareth, ascendeth.

Dav. Tell me, Ahimaas, lives my Absalon?
Ahi. I saw a troop of soldiers gatherèd,
But know not what the tumult might import.
Dav. Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of David with a happy truth.

Enter CUSAY.

Cu. Happiness and honour live with David's soul,
Whom God hath bless'd with conquest of his foes.
Dav. But, Cusay, lives the young man Absalon?
Cu. The stubborn enemies to David's peace,
And all that cast their darts against his crown,
Fare ever like the young man Absalon!
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim,
Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
And hanging there, by Joab and his men,
Sustain'd the stroke of well-deservèd death.
Dav. Hath Absalon sustain'd the stroke of death?
Die, David, for the death of Absalon,
And make these cursèd news the bloody darts
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
Hence, David, walk the solitary woods,
And in some cedar's shade the thunder slew,
And fire from heaven hath made his branches black,
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon:
Against the body of that blasted plant
In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs;
And through the hollow sapless sounding trunk
Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
There let the winds sit sighing till they burst;
Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
Threaten the forests with her hellish face.
And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
Rend up the wretched engine[1] by the roots
That held my dearest Absalon to death.
Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.
[*Goes to his pavilion and sits close a while.*
Beth. Die, Bethsabe, to see thy David mourn,
To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell.
Oh, help, my David, help thy Bethsabe,
Whose heart is piercèd with thy breathy swords,[2]
And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs!
[*Lies down.*
Now sit thy sorrows sucking of my blood:
Oh that it might be poison to their powers,
And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,
So David's love might ease him, though she die!
Nath. These violent passions come not from above;
David and Bethsabe offend the Highest,
To mourn in this immeasurable sort.
Dav. [*looking forth.*] O Absalon, Absalon! O my son, my son!
Would God that I had died for Absalon!
But he is dead; ah! dead; Absalon is dead:
And David lives to die for Absalon.
[*Sits close again.*

Enter JOAB, ABISAI, ITHAY, *and their train.*

Joab. Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?
Why is this company so tragic-hu'd?
Why is the king now absent from his men,
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?
[*Unfolds the pavilion.*
David, awake! if sleep have shut thine eyes,
Sleep of affection, that thou canst not see
The honour offer'd to the victor's head:
Joab brings conquest piercèd on his spear,
And joy from all the tribes of Israel.
Dav. Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,
Whose marble breast intombs my bowels quick,[1]
Did I not charge thee, nay, entreat thy hand,
Even for my sake, to spare my Absalon?
And hast thou now, in spite of David's health,
And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
Given him the sword and spilt his purple soul?
Joab. What, irks it David, that he victor breathes,
That Juda and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?
What! art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And He that set thee there so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers by the brightest rain
Which grow up quickly and as quickly fade?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preservèd[2] with the hand,
And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd
With coats of iron and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defencèd spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off
That led the guiltless swarming[3] to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
Or, by the Lord that sways the heaven I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry,
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
And call another battle[4] to the field,
Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess
She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
Take thou this course and live; refuse and die.
Abis. Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink;
Some other shall advance the name of Joab.
[*Offers to go out with* JOAB.
Beth. [*rising.*] Oh, stay, my lords, stay! David mourns no more,

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[1] *engine*—agent or means.
[2] *breathy swords*—'We suggest whether it should not be "breathed words;" but if the text is suffered to remain, we can only say, that "thy breathy swords," for "the swords of thy breath," is more barbaric than anything which we have met with in Peele.'—Rev. J. MITFORD,—*Gent. Mag.* for February 1833, p. 103. Dyce nevertheless believes it to be the genuine reading.

[1] *quick*—alive.
[2] *preservèd*—held, taken, grasped. The passage of Scripture to which our author here alludes is as follows:
'And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.
'Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.
'But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as thorns thrust away, because they cannot be taken with hands [The Vulgate '*quæ non tolluntur manibus*']:
'But the man that shall touch them must be fenced with iron and the staff of a spear,' &c.
2 SAM. xxiii. 4 sqq.
[3] *swarming*—swarm, crowd.
[4] *battle*—army.

But riseth to give honour to your acts.
Dav. [*rising, and coming from his pavilion.*] Then
happy art thou, David's fairest son,
That, freèd from the yoke of earthly toils,
And séquester'd[1] from sense of human sins,
Thy soul shall joy[2] the sacred cabinet,
Of those divine ideas that present
Thy changèd spirit with a heaven of bliss.
Then thou art gone; ah, thou art gone, my son!
To heaven, I hope, my Absalon is gone:
Thy soul there plac'd in honour of the saints,
Or angels clad with immortality,
Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
Thy eyes, now no more eyes but shining stars,
Shall deck the flaming heavens with novel lamps;
There shalt thou taste the drink of seraphins,
And cheer thy feelings with archangels' food;
Thy day of rest, thy holy Sabbath-day,
Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,
Thou shalt behold thy sovereign face to face,
With wonder, knit in triple unity—
Unity infinite and innumerable.——
Courage, brave captains! Joab's tale hath stirr'd,
And made the suit of Israel preferr'd.
Joab. Bravely resolv'd, and spoken like a king:
Now may old Israel and his daughters sing.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] *sequester'd*—separated, withdrawn.
[2] *joy*—enjoy.

ROBERT GREENE.

[Robert Greene, the contemporary and friend of Peele, and one of the most profligate and unfortunate of the Elizabethan dramatists, was born in Norwich, probably about 1560; Dyce, however, dating his birth ten years earlier. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1578, and that of M.A. in 1583. He was also connected in some way with Oxford,—he himself vaunting that he was a Master of Arts of both Universities. The interval between 1578 and 1583 he spent in travelling through Spain, Italy, and other parts of the continent. The following extract from his work, *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592), will give the reader an idea of the life he led while there, and after he returned home:—

'For, being at the University of Cambridge, I lit amongst wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth; who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villany as is abominable to declare. Thus, by their counsel, I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends; and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels, that I grew thereby prone to all mischief: so that, being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks in the habit of malcontent, and seemed so discontent, that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but, after I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University and away to London, where, after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends, I became an author of plays, and a penner of line-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, known so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villany as others had in honesty.'

It is doubtful whether our author was the 'Robert Greene' mentioned as being one of the Queen's chaplains in 1576, although there is good reason for believing that he did enter the Church, and was presented to the vicarage of Lollesbury in Essex in 1584, resigning it, however, next year, probably because he found the clerical profession and a country life incompatible with his unholy tastes. That Greene was married is certain,—Dyce thinks in 1586,—and it is as certain, that although on his own authority his wife was a most amiable and loving woman, he ere long forsook her to indulge without restraint his passion for debauchery and every species of self-indulgence. After leaving his wife, he lived with a woman, the sister of an infamous character, well known then under the name of 'Cutting Ball,' and by her he had a son who died the year after his father. After leading one of the maddest lives on record, he died a miserable death on the 3d of September 1592, his last illness being caused by a surfeit of Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. On his deathbed he was deserted by all his former boon companions except his mistress, and was indebted to the wife of a poor shoemaker for the last bed on which he laid his miserable body—his dying injunction to his compassionate and admiring hostess being to crown his vain head after

death with a garland of bays. This request, it seems, the poor woman attended to. On his deathbed he wrote his *Repentance*, in which he expresses the greatest contrition for his misspent life, and beseeches all his old companions to take warning by his sad fate and repent ere it be too late. Appended to his *Groat's Worth of Wit*, which is to a great extent autobiographical, and which he finished on his deathbed, is a sad and tender letter to his wife, expressing great sorrow for his treatment of her, and imploring her forgiveness. He also left a note to her, beseeching her, 'by the love of our youth and my soul's rest,' to reimburse the shoemaker, whose wife had befriended him in his last and friendless days. Although Greene's character may have been made blacker than it really was by the enmity of Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, still there is no room for doubt that a sadder life and death could not possibly be imagined.

Greene wrote many prose stories, and pamphlets of various kinds, many of which are interesting, and all were highly popular and extensively read; but it is only with his dramatic works we are concerned here. Five dramas are still extant which were undoubtedly written by Greene: *The History of Orlando Furioso, one of the Twelve Peers of France*, not printed till 1594, but probably one of his earliest plays; *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, first published in 1594, but written much earlier; *The Scottish History of James the Fourth, slain at Flodden* (1598); *The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon* (1599); and, along with Lodge, *A Looking-Glass for London and England* (1594). Another play, superior to any of the above, is by some authorities attributed to Greene, but the testimony as to its authorship is very slender; it is entitled *George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield* (1599). As a dramatist, Greene occupies about the same rank as Peele, and was one of the first to introduce blank verse on the stage. His versification is not so smooth as that of Peele; but as it is more broken, it is less tedious. His dramas possess no very striking merit, although there is an occasional vigour of language, richness of fancy, originality of thought, and a distinctness and consistency in the portrayal of character. They are, however, much disfigured by bombast, affectation, and pedantry, his lowest boors and most ignorant dairy-maids being made to interlard their talk with classical allusions that would be pedantic even in an Oxford Don. The drama we have selected as a specimen is by many considered his best, and in it he has followed the well-known prose tract, entitled *The Famous History of Friar Bacon*. The character of Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield, is, however, original; the humour of Miles is often genuine and pleasing.]

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY:

AS IT WAS PLAYED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

MADE BY ROBERT GREENE, MASTER OF ARTS.

London: Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1594.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING HENRY THE THIRD.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
KING OF CASTILE.
LACY, *Earl of Lincoln.*
WARREN, *Earl of Sussex.*
ERMSBY, *a Gentleman.*
RALPH SIMNELL, *the King's Fool.*
FRIAR BACON.
MILES, *Friar Bacon's Poor Scholar.*
FRIAR BUNGAY.
JAQUES VANDERMAST.
BURDEN, MASON, CLEMENT, *Doctors of Oxford.*
LAMBERT, SERLSBY, *Gentlemen.*

Two Scholars, their Sons.
Keeper.
THOMAS, RICHARD, *Clowns.*
Constable.
A Post.
Lords, Clowns, &c.

ELINOR, *Daughter to the King of Castile.*
MARGARET, *the Keeper's Daughter.*
JOAN, *a Country Wench.*
Hostess of the Bell at Henley.

A DEVIL.
Spirit in the shape of HERCULES.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *malcontented, with* LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY, *and* RALPH SIMNELL.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky
When heaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a fog?
Alate[1] we ran the deer, and through the lawnds,[2]
Stripp'd[3] with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers[4] like the wind:
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt this hundred years before;
Nor have
I seen my lord more frolic[5] in the chase,
And now chang'd to a melancholy dump.[6]

War. After the Prince got to the Keeper's lodge,
And had been jocund[7] in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink
That seem'd so stately in her stammel red,[8]
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,
But straight he fell into his passions.

Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master,
Shall he thus all amort[1] live malcontent?

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be, what then?

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab[2] that he will never meddle with fools nor children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lovely in her country-weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield,—
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.

Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such; and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

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[1] *Alate*—lately.
[2] *lawnds*—lawns.
[3] *Stripp'd*—outstripped.
[4] A *teaser* was a kind of hound.
[5] *frolic*—frolicsome, joyful.
[6] *dump* was formerly applied to a melancholy strain of music, and was also used as equivalent to sorrow.
[7] *jocund*—jocose, merry.
[8] *stammel*—a kind of woollen cloth. According to Nares, *stammel* was a coarse kind of red, inferior to fine scarlet; but Halliwell says it was a kind of fine worsted; and Dyce a sort of woollen cloth: here, it appears to be applied to a garment.

[1] *all amort*, and sometimes *alamort*; probably Fr. *à la mort*, to the death, lifeless, dejected—but sometimes used as if equivalent to 'all as if dead.'
[2] *scab*—according to Halliwell—ape; used as a term of contempt.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and thinkest thou he hath not more learning than thou to choose a bonny wench? Yes, warrant I thee, by his whole grammar.

Erms. A good reason, Ralph.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,[1]
Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cleeves.[2]
Tush, Lacy, she is beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,[3]
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.

P. Edw. Ah! Ned, but hadst thou watch'd her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Erms. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus through the house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery:
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checkèd with lines of azure, made her blush[4]
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
Ermsby,
If thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
How beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?

P. Edw. Ay, Ralph.

Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in my head; thou shalt have her already.

P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an learn[5] me that.

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Oxford to Friar Bacon. Oh, he is a brave scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave necromancer, that he can make women of devils, and he can juggle cats into costermongers.

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to him: and because thy father Harry shall not miss thee, he shall turn me into thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince it out; and he shall make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or else a fine wrought smock.

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang thee by her side, and you must not say a word. Now, sir, when she comes into a great press[1] of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd;[2] then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy!

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night when you go to bed, then being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect plot;
For why[3] our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

War. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the Prince;
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game:
Therefore I have devis'd a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',
And then the country flocks to Harleston Fair:
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids
That come to see and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country swains,
Feign thou'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote[4] him, and court her to control the clown;
Say that the courtier tirèd all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings[5] to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting of the maid.
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush:
Oh, then she loves; but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news.

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him: and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry, that his son and my master Ned, is become Love's morris-dance.[6]

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[1] *margarites*—pearls, from Greek.
[2] *cleeves* or *clives* was the old plural of cliff.
[3] *taint*—tint.
[4] *made her blush, &c.*—Dyce thinks this means 'made (would have made) that woman blush whom art,' &c.
[5] *an learn*—if thou wilt learn.

[1] *press*—crowd.
[2] *plackerd* or *placket*, sometimes means petticoat, and sometimes pocket, and is frequently used in an indecent sense; it probably comes from Fr. *plaquer*, to clap on.
[3] *For why*—because.
[4] *Cote*—to pass the side of another, to outstrip; here probably 'keep by his side;' Fr. *cote*, side; *coytoer*, to keep alongside of.
[5] *fairing*—a present bought at a *fair*; still used in Scotland.
[6] A *morris-dance* was a *Moorish* dance, in which bells, rattles, &c., were introduced.

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art, and thou by secret gifts
May'st make me lord of merry Fressingfield.
Lacy. God send your honour your heart's desire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR BACON *and* MILES *with books under his arm;* BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT.

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.[1]
Bacon. Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?[2]
Miles. Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum![3]
Bacon. Now masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learnèd skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brazen-nose?
Say, what's your mind, that I may make reply.
Burd. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect
That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromatic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.
Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?
Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains nothing to us.
Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.
Bacon. And what of this?
Miles. What of this, master! Why he doth speak mystically; for he knows if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Water's strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.
Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill,
But joying that our academy yields
A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;
For if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Eternize Friar Bacon for his art.
Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.
Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you,[4] doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him, or his fiends
Bow to the force of his pentageron.
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.

I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff),
And that by art shall read philosophy:
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,
They should not touch a grass of English ground;
The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.
Burd. Is this possible?
Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.
Burd. What be those?
Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and good companions as any be in hell.
Mason. No doubt but magic may do much in this;
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.
Burd. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,[1]
And tells of more than magic can perform;
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy;
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.
Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus;
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
But tell me, 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee?
Burd. I will: ask what thou can.
Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack,[2] to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy.
Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley-upon-the-Thames?
Burd. I was; what then?
Bacon. What book studied you thereon all night?
Burd. I! none at all; I read not there a line.
Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.
Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth he not touch you?
Burd. I pass[3] not of his frivolous speeches.
Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.
Bacon. Masters, for that learn'd Burden's skill is deep,
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,[4]
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft;
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

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[1] 'Here I am, most learned and most reverend teacher.'
[2] 'Hast thou brought us my books on necromancy?'
[3] 'Behold how good and pleasant it is to keep books in one place!'
[4] *Resolve you*—be assured.

[1] *roves a bow, &c.* '*To rove a bow beyond his reach* is equivalent to the proverbial phrase of shooting with a long bow: the bow is too long for the stretch of his arms.'—Editor of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. *Rove* meant to shoot an arrow at an elevation for a distant mark—not point-blank.
[2] *pick-pack*, the older form of *pick-a-back*, *i.e.* carried like a pack over the shoulder.
[3] *pass*—care for, or regard.
[4] *cabalism*—secret power. *Cabala* among the Jews was a method of interpreting the hidden meaning of Scripture.

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

Bacon. Masters,
Stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book.
[*Conjures.*
Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon![1]

Enter HOSTESS *with a shoulder of mutton on a spit, and a* Devil.

Miles. Oh, master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit: you have marred the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

Hostess. Oh, where am I, or what's become of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, Mistress of the Bell.

Bacon. How cam'st thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guess,[2]
A motion moved me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance I thought nor fearèd naught,
Nor know I where nor whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?

Hostess. Oh yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.—
What! Master Burden; 'twas but yesternight
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards.

Burd. I know not what we did. A pox of all conjuring friars!

Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?

Bacon. It is. But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post?[3]

Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden,
What! are you mated[4] by this frolic friar?—
Look how he droops; his guilty conscience
Drives him to 'bash,[5] and makes his hostess blush.

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you miss'd,
You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper 'gin. Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.—
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.

Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?

Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too.
[*Exeunt* Hostess *and* Devil.

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon. What's that?

Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And as the college callèd Brazen-nose
Is under him, and he the master there,
So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms;
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.

Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper*;[1] amen.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET *and* JOAN; THOMAS, RICHARD, *and other* Clowns; *and* LACY *disguised in country apparel.*

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father 'whoreson.' If this weather hold, we shall have hay good[2] cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no price.

Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope[3] for dearth of hay:
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers prize it as they please.
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blythe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacy. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.

Mar. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before.—
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.

Joan. Margaret,
A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
[*All this while* LACY *whispers* MARGARET *in the ear.*
But, Thomas, what's the news? what! in a dump?
Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's shop;
Out with your purse, we must have fairings now.

Thom. Faith, Joan, and shall: I'll bestow a fairing on you; and then we will to the tavern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

Mar. Whence are you, sir?—of Suffolk? for your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison,
'Tirèd in green: he sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me? You forget yourself.

Lacy. Women are often weak in memory.

Mar. Oh, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man:
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Joan. What! Margaret, blush not: maids must have their loves.

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[1] 'By all the infernal deities, Belcephon!'
[2] *guess* was often used for *guests* by our early writers.
[3] *post*—speed; *post-haste* we now say.
[4] *mated*—confounded; same as *mate* in checkmate.
[5] *'bash*—abash; *i.e.* to feel abashed or affronted.

[1] 'both now and ever.'
[2] *good*—very.
[3] *cope*—a bargain or purchase; from same root as *chop, cheap, chap.*

Thom. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if she were angry.

Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth goodman Cob? My father bought a horse of him.—I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a[1] were good to be a gentleman's jade; for of all things the foul hilding[2] could not abide a dung-cart.

Mar. [*aside.*] How different is this farmer from the rest,
That erst[3] as yet have pleas'd my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quicken'd with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds;
Proportion'd as was Paris, when in grey[4]
He courted Œnou in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love:
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.—
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?—
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint[5] girls as you. [field,

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fressing-
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.

Lacy. Gramercies,[6] Peggy; look for me ere long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING HENRY THE THIRD, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, *and* VANDERMAST.

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surges[7] like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings,
To England's shore, whose promontory-cleeves[8]
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep,
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

K. of Cast. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus:
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

[1] *'a*—he.

[2] *hilding*—a base, menial wretch, a term of contempt often used by old writers; possibly from *hinderling*, a provincial word signifying degenerate, or from Anglo-Saxon, *hyldan*, to bend.

[3] *erst* generally means formerly, but is here equivalent to ere, or hitherto.

[4] *grey* 'was the phrase for a homely shepherd's garb,' equivalent to the Scotch homespun "hodden grey."' —Rev. J. MITFORD.

[5] *quaint*, which, according to some, comes from old Fr. *coint*, pretty, affable, Lat. *comptus*, trimmed, here means, trim, neat.

[6] *Gramercies*, from Fr. *grande merci*, means, many thanks, much obliged.

[7] This, perhaps, should be *surge is.*

[8] *promontory-cleeves*—See note 2, p. 79, 1st col.

Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,[1]
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursèd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolution,
Doue at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links,
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake.

Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. Hen. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer:
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton House,
We hear the prince is ridden, with his lords,
To Oxford, in the academy there
To hear dispute amongst the learned men.
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields.
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk
To hold dispute with English orators:
This doctor, surnam'd Jacques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bologna,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules:
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.

K. Hen. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our academy brings.—
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me:
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar,
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower:
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst[2] then we set to Oxford with our troops,
Let's in and banquet in our English court.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter RALPH SIMNELL *in* PRINCE EDWARD'S *apparel; and* PRINCE EDWARD, WARREN, *and* ERMSBY, *disguised.*

Ralph. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

P. Edw. If it please your honour, we are all ready at an inch.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on: I'll have another fetch.[3]

Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Ralph. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord: now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed with a canopy; and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

War. Your honour hath said well: but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

Erms. Warren, well motion'd; we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town.—

[1] *counterfeit*—portrait.

[2] *Whilst*, &c.—Until we set out.

[3] *fetch*—stratagem or contrivance.

Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a prince.

Ralph. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting[1] knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Have you not good swords and bucklers?

Erms. Stay, who comes here?

War. Some scholar; and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is.

Enter FRIAR BACON *and* MILES.

Bacon. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee a good scholar? Doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles. No, sir? yet, what is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo*, 'I am your man:' I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

Miles. Ego, that is 'I;' marry, *nomen substantivo.*[2]

Bacon. How prove you that?

Miles. Why, sir, let him prove himself an a[3] will, I can be heard, felt, and understood.

Bacon. O gross dunce! [*Beats him.*

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute between these two.—Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

Miles. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What! dost thou mock me?

Miles. Not I, sir; but what would you at Brazen-nose?

Erms. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

Miles. Whose men be you?

Erms. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel?[4]

Miles. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master-fool and a covey of cox-combs. One wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Erms. Nor I mine. Swones,[5] Ned, I think I am bewitched.

Miles. A company of scabs![6] the proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can.—[*Aside.*] See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.

P. Edw. I strive in vain; but if my sword be shut
And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.
[*Strikes* MILES *a box on the ear.*

Miles. Oh, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What! means the English prince to wrong my man?

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your swords grew fast,
That Friar Bacon was not far from hence?
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself:
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied[1] to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar:
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat[2] fair Margaret to allow thy loves;
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

War. Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all.

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. Edw. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.—
But, learnèd Bacon, since thou know'st the cause
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college-state.[3]

War. Good friar, help the prince in this.

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

Erms. What! doctor, in a dump! tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove.

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothèd each to other fast.
But come with me; we'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will show
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon; I will quite thy pain.

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into the town:
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn;
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

P. Edw. Warren, leave me:—and, Ermsby, take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

War. We will, my lord.

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots in Oxford.

[*Exeunt* WARREN, ERMSBY, RALPH SIMNELL, *and* MILES.

FRIAR BACON *and* PRINCE EDWARD *go into the study.*

Bacon. Now, frolic[4] Edward, welcome to my cell;
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me: now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

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[1] *cutting*—swaggering. [2] 'Noun substantive.'
[3] *an a*—if he. [4] *reparrel*—apparel.
[5] *swones* or *zwounds*, and *Gog's wounds*, both mean the same thing, viz. God's wounds, a common form of oath in Greene's time.
[6] See note 2, p. 78, 2d col.

[1] *Fast-fancied*—held fast by fancy.
[2] *treat*—entreat.
[3] *thy college-state*—probably means *the state of thy college.*
[4] *frolic*—gay, merry; Ger. *fröhlich*—gay, joyful.

Enter MARGARET *and* FRIAR BUNGAY.

What sees my lord?
P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome as the paramour[1] of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.
Bacon. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye.
Mar. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true[2]
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?
Bun. Peggy, 'tis true, 'tis Lacy for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both do fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves;
For he in green, that help you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.
Mar. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust:
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite[3] him with courtesy.
Bun. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?
Mar. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch[4] to shadow Helen's rape:[5]
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he's England's paramour.
Bun. Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing face
Surnamèd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?
Mar. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl
Had that *in esse* that so many sought.
Bun. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.
P. Edw. I think the friar courts the bonny wench:
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
Bacon. Now look, my lord.

Enter LACY *disguised as before.*

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
Bacon. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
Bun. Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.
[*Retires with* MARGARET.
Lacy. Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.
Honour bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her life disgrac'd.

[1] *paramour of Mars*—*i. e.* Venus.
[2] 'What passes between Bungay and Margaret, and afterwards with Lacy, must have been represented on a sort of inner stage, or perhaps at the back of the stage, while Edward and Bacon were in front, looking at them in the "glass perspective."'—Dodsley's *Old Plays* (ed. 1825).
[3] *quite*—requite. [4] *avouch*—answer.
[5] *rape*—another reading is 'cape.'

Mar. Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.— [*Comes forward.*
How cheer you, sir? a penny for your thought.
You're early up, pray God it be the near.[1]
What! come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
Lacy. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passions.
Mar. A trusty man, that court it for your friend:
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
Lacy. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
Mar. You are very hasty, for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring.
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely[2] ripe is rotten too-too soon.
Bun. Deus hic;[3] room for a merry friar!
What! youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?
'Tis well; but tell me, hear you any news?
Mar. No, friar; what news?
Bun. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country-town?
Lacy. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.
Bun. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln is late fled
From Windsor court, disguisèd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,
Paid in the exchequer twenty thousand crowns.
Lacy. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad:
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! why, it cannot be.
Mar. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he:
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gaoler once.
P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon!
Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest?
Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why[4] these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!
Lacy. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl:
I not deny, but, 'tirèd thus in rags,
I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love.
Mar. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
Mar. I little think that earls will stoop so low.

[1] *You're early up, pray God it be the near*—*near, i.e.* nearer. Dyce thinks this an allusion to the proverb, 'Early up and never the nearer.'
[2] *timely*—early. [3] 'God be here.'
[4] *For why*—because.

Lacy. Say shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?
Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself:
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
Lacy. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so.
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them.
Bacon. Oh, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!
P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors gree so well
Made me [to] think the shadows substances.
Bacon. 'Twere a long poniard, my lord, to reach between
Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more.
Bun. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.
I'll take my portace[1] forth and wed you here:
Then go to bed and seal up your desires.
Lacy. Friar, content.—Peggy, how like you this?
Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
Bacon. What sees my lord now?
P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand,
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both: then am I quite undone.
Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd;
Help, Bacon; stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.

[*Bungay is mute, crying* 'Hud, hud.'

Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
Reft of thy senses, Bungay? show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passion holdeth thee.
Lacy. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs:
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
Mar. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay so amaz'd?
Bacon. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honour please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.
Lacy. Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.
Mar. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, *who carries off* BUNGAY *on his back.*

Oh, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.

[*Exit with* LACY.

[1] *portace*, also *portasse*, *portesse*, *porthose*, etc.—*portable* prayer-book or breviary.

P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And 'quite these wrongs on Lacy ere't be long.
Bacon. So be it, my lord: but let us to our dinner;
For ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT.

Mason. Now that we are gather'd in the Regent house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, troopèd with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain monarch, and the Saxon[1] duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests[2] resolv'd for Oxford town.
Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors.
Clem. To welcome all the western potentates.
But more; the king by letters hath foretold
That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.
Mason. Then must we all make suit unto the friar,
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch[3] this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there 's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learnèd Vandermast.
Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do:
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.
Clem. Indeed, Mas[4] doctor, he [dis]pleasur'd you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit,
From Henley, posting unto Brazen-nose.
Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.
Clem. Stay, what rumour is this? The town is up in a mutiny: what hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, *with* RALPH SIMNELL, WARREN, ERMSBY, *all three disguised as before, and* MILES.

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanour.
Burd. What's the matter, fellow?
Cons. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers,[5] that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl and almost killed the vintner.
Miles. Salve,[6] Doctor Burden!
This lubberly lurden,[7]

[1] *Saxon.* 'Scocon' is the common reading.
[2] *jests* or *gests.* 'In the time of the royal progresses, the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests*, from the old Fr. word *giste*, diversorium.'—NARES. It may possibly, however, mean here merely *doings*, from Lat. *gero*, *gestum*, to do.
[3] *vouch*—to maintain, undertake; literally, to call upon, to defend.
[4] *Mas*—probably an abbreviation for Master.
[5] *ruffler*—a disturber, a lawless violent person.
[6] 'Hail.'
[7] *lurden* or *lourden*—a heavy, lumpish, lazy fellow; Fr. *lourd*, heavy, dull.

Ill-shap'd and ill-fac'd,
Disdain'd and disgrac'd,
What he tells unto *vobis*[1]
Mentitur de nobis.

Burd. Who is the master and chief of this crew?

Miles. Ecce asinum mundi
Figura rotundi,[2]
Neat, sheat, and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.

Burd. What are you?

Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company: these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.

War. And why so, sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.

War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?

Erms. Whose face, shining with many a sugar'd smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you
What is veriment and true;
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel;
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis,*[3]
And *filius regis:*[4]
Then 'ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white[5] son.

Ralph. Doctors, whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease, will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a fair wind to the Bankside[6] in Southwark.—How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles,[7] and with the cork make you a pinnace of five hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioneers to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer walks.

Miles. And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia,*
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis,*[8]
Your very great *navis,*[9]
Like Barclay's ship,[1]
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools,
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,[2]
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?[3]

Clem. Why, hare-brain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?—
Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo:[4] let the roisters[5] lie
Close clapt in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord?

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt[6] and a crash,
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves.

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attirèd like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only lovèd fool;
I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
One of the privy chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But courtiers may make greater 'scapes than these.
Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

War. I will, master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir.

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *with his poniard in his hand,* LACY, *and* MARGARET.

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all thy wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace[7] forth,

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[1] *vobis*, &c.—'you concerning us is false.'
[2] 'Behold the ass (with) the figure of the round world.'
[3] 'flock.'
[4] 'son of the king.'
[5] *white son.* *White* was formerly used as a term of endearment.
[6] *the Bankside* was a part of the burgh of Southwark, where were once four public theatres—the Globe, the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope; it was also a noted haunt of frail women.
[7] *pantofles*—slippers; Fr. *pantoufle.*
[8] 'Whichever of these you choose or prefer.'
[9] 'ship.'

[1] *Barclay's ship.* The common reading is 'Bartlet's *ship.*' It is probably either a printer's error, or Miles is meant to err from ignorance. Miles alludes to *The shyp of Folys of the Worlde, translated out of Laten, Frenche, and Doche, into Englysshe Tonge, by Alexander Barclay Preste.* London, 1509.
[2] 'What say you to that.'
[3] *Domine Dawcock.* An expression borrowed from Skelton, whose style is here imitated.—DYCE.
[4] *Bocardo* was the name of the old north gate of Oxford, formerly used as a prison. Dyce thinks it was so called from some allusion to the Aristotelian syllogism in *Bocardo.*
[5] *roisters*—wild, lawless, roystering fellows; rioters.
[6] *flurt.* To *flurt* or *flirt* is to snap the fingers derisively, to mock.
[7] *portace*—See note 1, p. 85, 1st col.

And joining hand in hand had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb,
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? is not all this true?

Lacy. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply.
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephæstion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchainèd fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I diu'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.

Mar. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy stept awry;
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs,
But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends.

P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves:
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas[1] in the purple streams:
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.

Mar. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, tired[2] in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,
Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords,
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.

P. Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this point of schools,—
Ablata causa, tollitur effectus:[3]
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince;
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Margaret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy:
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.

P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacy. I have deserv'd it, Edward; act it well.

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?

P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.

Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt[1] him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Mar. Rid[2] me, and keep a friend worth many loves.

Lacy. Nay, Edward, keep a love worth many friends.

Mar. An' if thy mind be such as fame hath blaz'd,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage:
Banish thou fancy, and embrace revenge,
And in one tomb knit both our carcases,
Whose hearts were linkèd in one perfect love.

P. Edw. [*aside.*] Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales,
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues?
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:
So in subduing fancy's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest spoil.——
Lacy, rise up. Fair Peggy, here's my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And rich'd me with the Albion diadem.

Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacy?

P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts

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[1] *lavoltas*—a *lavolta* was a dance for two persons, who whirled quickly round, face to face, each leaping alternately; Ital. *volta;* from Latin, *volvo, volutum,* to roll.
[2] *tired.* Perhaps this should be 'tirèd.'
[3] 'The cause being removed, the effect will fail.'

[1] *vaunt*—display, show.
[2] *Rid*—get rid of.

As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self,
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.
P. Edw.—Gramercy, Peggy.—Now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:
I pray God I like her as I lovèd thee.
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learn'd Vandermast.
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.
Mar. As it please Lord Lacy: but love's foolish looks
Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours.
Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.—
But please your honour go unto the lodge,
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret wine:
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace.
P. Edw. 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING HENRY, *the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, VANDERMAST, *and* BUNGAY.

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side:
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,
The battling[1] pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learnèd in searching principles of art.—
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?
Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town,
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But for the doctors, how that they be learnèd,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.
Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains.
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Van. Wherein dar'st thou dispute with me?
Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.
Bun. Let it be this: Whether the spirits of pyromancy[2] or geomancy be most predominant in magic?
Van. I say, of pyromancy.
Bun. And I, of geomancy.
Van. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie,[3] and Pythagoras,
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity
Of elemental essence, *terra*[4] is but thought
To be a *punctum*[5] squarèd to the rest;
And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height;
Judging the concave circle of the sun
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these dæmones that haunt that place
Be every way superior to the rest.
Bun. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
And those strange necromantic spells,
That work such shows and wondering in the world,
Are acted by those geomantic spirits
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*[1]
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd,
Being more gross and massy in their power.
Van. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him,
Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent.
They which offended less hung in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii
Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power.
But grant that geomancy hath most force;
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
Prove by some instance what thy art can do.
Bun. I will.
Emp. Now, English Harry, here begins the game;
We shall see sport between these learnèd men.
Van. What wilt thou do?
Bun. Show thee the tree, leav'd with refinèd gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules.

Here BUNGAY *conjures, and the tree appears with the dragon shooting fire.*

Van. Well done!
K. Hen. What say you, royal lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?
Van. Each scholar in the necromantic spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd.
But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
So will I raise him up as when he liv'd,
And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from the root.—
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,*[2] Hercules!

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin.*

Her. Quis me vult?[3]
Van. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

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[1] *battling*—battening, fattening, increasing.
[2] *pyromancy* is composed of two Greek words, meaning divination by fire; and geomancy, from Gr. *gē*, the earth, means divination by figures on the earth.
[3] *Melchie*, probably meant for *Malchus* (Syro-Phœnician *Melech*, king), the original name of Porphyrius, a philosopher of the third cent. A.D.
[4] 'the earth.'
[5] 'point.'

[1] 'sons of earth.'
[2] 'Come forth, come forth.'
[3] 'Who wants me?'

Her. Fiat.[1] [*Begins to break the branches.*

Van. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
The fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling down the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learnèd.

Bun. I cannot.

Van. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.—
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells
To find a man to match him in his art.
I have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutrech,[2] and Orleans:
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter BACON.

Bacon. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
What! hath the German acted more than thou?

Van. What art thou that question'st thus?

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Van. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.

K. Hen. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.

Emp. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,[3]
Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst gain.

Van. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon. No,
Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van. Rais'd Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon. Set Hercules to work.

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Her. I dare not. Seest thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations,
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! have you met with your match?

Van. Never before was't known to Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.

Bacon. I came not, monarchs, for to hold dispute
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose:
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspence,
I'll send him to his academy hence.—
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,
That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

[*Exit* HERCULES *with* VANDERMAST *and the tree.*

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?

Bacon. To Hapsburg: there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art:
I will be English Henry to thyself.
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. [*Exit.*

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.[1]

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks
If they could scape the teasers or the toil.
But hearing of these lordly potentates
Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief to the Almain monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,
Or one
That overmatcheth Venus in her shape!
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.

K. of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes:—
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspence, as my adopted son.

K. Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,
And glory in these honours done to Ned,
Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

Miles. Salvete, omnes reges,[2]
That govern your *greges*[3]
In Saxony and Spain,
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
And then look for your broth.

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K. Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.

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[1] 'Let it be done.'
[2] *Lutrech.* Probably *Utrecht* is meant.
[3] *foil*—defeat, failure.

[1] *amorets*—looks of love.
[2] 'Hail, all kings.'
[3] 'flocks.'

Miles. [*aside.*] My master hath made me sewer [1] of these great lords; and, God knows, I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills [2] where the salt stand, before or behind? [*Exit.*

K. of Cast. These scholars know more skill in axioms,
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth; and, after him,* BACON.

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?—
By your leave, *nobile decus*,[3]
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,[4]
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings, admire [5] not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign:
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.[6]

Emp. Presumptuous friar! what! scoff 'st thou at a king?
What! dost thou taunt us with thy peasant's fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?—
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long.

K. Hen. By Henry's honour, and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus.

Bacon. Content thee, Frederick, for I show'd thee cates,
To let thee see how scholars use to feed;
How little meat refines our English wits.—
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry, sir, I will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree. [*Exit.*

Bacon. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honours greater than thyself;
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,[7]
Fetch'd by carvels [8] from Ægypt's richest streights,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king;
Wines richer than th' Ægyptian courtesan [9]
Quaff 'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feast;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persia, down her Volga [1] by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, *mirabioles* [2] of Spain,
Conserves and suckets [3] from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp
That fir'd Rome with sparks of gluttony,[4]
Shall beautify the board for Frederick:
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *with the* Keeper.

Lam. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison
And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels as the moon
Darkeneth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies:
I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five hundred marks a year.

Ser. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy [5] all thy living lies in me;
Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.

Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdu'd your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the question.
It joys me that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you: [6]
But sith such squires will stoop to Keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her choice.

Lam. Content, Keeper; send her unto us.
[*Exit* Keeper.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passèd over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?

Ser. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
The grave ends and begins a married state.

Enter MARGARET.

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, temper'd with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves:
But this believe me,—Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all:
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.

Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,

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[1] *sewer* was an official who set on and removed the dishes at a feast; perhaps from *sew*, sue, to follow; old Fr. *sewer*, squire.

[2] *skills*—signifies. The seats at table above the salt-cellar were assigned to the more distinguished guests; the seats below it, to those of inferior rank.

[3] 'noble ornament or dignity.'

[4] *pecus* means a herd or single head of cattle or sheep, also a beast or brute, literally or figuratively.

[5] *admire*—wonder.

[6] *cates* or *acates*—provisions, delicacies; old Fr. *acater*; Fr. *acheter*, to buy, provide.

[7] *drugs*—from the same root as dry, means originally and literally, dried herbs, &c., not necessarily for medicine.

[8] *carvel* or caravel. 'A kind of light round ship, with a square poop, rigg'd and fitted out like a galley, holding about six score or seven score tun.'—Kersey in NARES. Fr. *caravelle*, Span. *carabela*, from Lat. *carabus*, Gr. *karabos*, a small wicker vessel covered with hides.

[9] *Ægyptian courtesan*—Cleopatra no doubt is meant.

[1] *Persia, down her Volga*, &c.—'This,' observes my friend, Mr. W. N. Lettsom, 'is much as if France were to send claret and burgundy down her Thames.'—DYCE.

[2] Probably *mirabolans*, or dried plums, are meant.

[3] *suckets*—dried sweetmeats for sucking.

[4] *Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp*
That fir'd Rome with sparks of gluttony.—
Dyce thinks this a mutilated passage. The Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Mag.* for March 1833, p. 217) alters '*lamp*' to 'balm.' 'Balm,' he says, 'or the exudation of the Balsamum, was the *only export* of Judæa to Rome; and the balm was peculiar to Judæa.'

[5] *By copy*, &c. This evidently means that the keeper held his lands by copyhold from his landlord Serlsby.

[6] This passage is obscure, probably it is corrupted.

A Keeper's daughter is too base in gree[1]
To match with men accounted of such worth:
But might I not displease, I would reply.
Lam. Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent.
Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion:
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while[2] I have debated with myself,
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.
Ser. Let it be me; and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environ'd with the silver streams,
Whose battling[3] pastures fatten all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool
As Lemnster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnish'd heads,
With strouting[4] dugs that paggle[5] to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy if thou wed with me.
Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroidered silk,
Lawns and rich networks for thy head attire:
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.
Mar. Content you, gentles, you have proffer'd fair,
And more than fits a country maid's degree:
But give me leave to counsel me a time,
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.
Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire:
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.
Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves:[6]
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field.
Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouch'd.—
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve.
[*Exit.*
Lam. I'll follow.—Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. [*Exit.*
Mar. How fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expir'd,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post *with a letter and a bag of gold.*

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?
Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is right:
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield;
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?
Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord,—
No marvel if his eye were lodg'd so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens,—
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold. [*Gives letter and bag.*
Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.
Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapt in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well? how fares my lovely lord?
Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.
Mar. [*reads.*] *The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ,*[1] *fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely*[2] *loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief and my folly who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties: eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy;*[3] *therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.*

Farewell. *Not thine, nor his own,*
Edward Lacy.

Fond Ate,[4] doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wrapp'st proud fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birthday with such stars
As lighten'd mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all,
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind.
Post. It grieves me damsel; but the earl is forc'd
To love the lady by the king's command.
Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have moved the love of Peggy from her lord.
Post. What answer shall I return to my lord?
Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I lov'd,—
Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought!—
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pounds he sent;
For Margaret's resolution craves nō dower:
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.

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[1] *gree*—degree. [2] *while*—*i.e.* while I debate.
[3] *battling.* See note 1, p. 88.
[4] *strouting*—same as strutting, *i.e.* swollen or puffed out.
[5] *paggle*—probably run out or drop the milk.
[6] *braves*—boasts or challenges.

[1] *hæmeræ*—better known as the *ephemeræ* or day-flies.
[2] *timely*—early.
[3] *queasy*—squeamish or fastidious.
[4] *Ate*—a Greek goddess, whose character resembled that of Nemesis.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.
Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortunes may be hers.
[*Exeunt.*

FRIAR BACON *is discovered in his cell, lying on a bed, with a white stick in one hand, a book in the other, and a lamp lighted beside him; and the* Brazen Head, *and* MILES *with weapons by him.*

Bacon. Miles, where are you?
Miles. Here, sir.
Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?
Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.
Bacon. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have divèd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneelèd at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formed Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,
That by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest;
If Argus liv'd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal;
The honour and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and— [*Falls asleep.*
Miles. So! I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days. Now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus, bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*;[1] but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare*,[2] for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*. Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill[3] in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.
The Brazen Head. Time is.
Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen Head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, 'Time is?' Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about 'Time is?' Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon: well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! [*A great noise.*] Up, Miles! list how they rumble.
The Brazen Head. Time was.
Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you have spent your seven years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, 'Time was.' Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man; but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while[1] your arse ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian,[2] and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. [*A great noise.*] What! a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles.
The Brazen Head. Time is past.

[*A lightning flashes forth, and a hand appears, that breaks down the* Head *with a hammer.*

Miles. Master, master, up! hell's broken loose; your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is come.
Bacon. Miles, I come. [*Rises and comes forward.*] Oh, passing warily watch'd!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?
Miles. When spake the head! Did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.
Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?
Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.
Bacon. As how?
Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said 'Time is,' as if Fabius Commentator should have pronounced a sentence; he said, 'Time was;' and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, 'Time is past.'
Bacon. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
Bacon,
The turrets of thy hope are ruin'd down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave
That watch'd, and would not when the head did
What said the head first? [will.—
Miles. Even, sir, 'Time is.'
Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,
The Brazen Head had utter'd aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass:
But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.

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[1] *nos autem*, &c.—literally, 'forsooth to glorify us,' *nos* being a pun on *nose;* in another play, Greene speaks of *nose glorificam*, a glorious nose.
[2] *nos autem populare*, 'a popular or common nose, forsooth.'
[3] *brown-bill*—a sort of halbert, with a hooked point, formerly borne by foot soldiers and watchmen.

[1] *while*—until.
[2] *peripatetian*—a walker about; in allusion to the Peripatetic philosophers.

Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells,
Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match;
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast.
But now the braves[1] of Bacon have an end,
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end,
His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end:
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatal to some end.
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight!
Vagrant, go roam and range about the world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee.

Miles. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, The more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be with you, sir: I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell:
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his head.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, KING HENRY, ELINOR, PRINCE EDWARD, LACY, *and* RALPH SIMNELL.

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prince of Albion's
How fare the Lady Elinor and you? [wealth,
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus 'scape those piercing amorets[2]
That Daphne glanced at his deity?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,
Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree.

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,[3]
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I came not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate,
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.[4]

K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed:
Let's haste the day to honour up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph: how then?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy, that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me.—Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? no: but when egg-pies grow on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag-piper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazèd at his talk,
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.

K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord, 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned have told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.—
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouchèd often with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn:
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to myself in love.

Ralph. You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho.[1]—Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.

K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him.—
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;
For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?

K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter to FRIAR BACON *in his cell*, FRIAR BUNGAY.

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoil'd,
My glory gone, my seven years' study lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep;
But what and wherein, little can I guess.

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[1] *braves*—vaunts. [2] *amorets*—loving looks.
[3] *counterfeit*—portrait.
[4] *As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.*—Dyce thinks this line corrupted.

[1] *out of all ho*—out of all bounds or measure; probably from the notion of calling in or restraining a sporting dog or hawk, with a call or *ho*, or from calling after a person to stop him.—NARES.

Bun. My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.
[*Knocking within.*
Bacon. Who's that knocks?
Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak with you.
Bacon. Bid them come in.

Enter two Scholars.

Now, my youths, what would you have?
First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk men and neighbouring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as friends.
Bacon. To what end is all this?
Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.
Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names.
First Schol. Mine Lambert.
Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.
Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy.

Enter LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *with rapiers and daggers.*[1]

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:
Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mistress' favour, prize[2] thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook:
Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.
Ser. Thou seest I single thee the field,[3]
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword:
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out.
An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine:
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.
Bacon. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
First Schol. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
Second Schol. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.
Bun. How goes it, sirs?
First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veney,[4] man! fair Margaret craves so much.

Ser. Then this for her.
First Schol. Ah, well thrust!
Second Schol. But mark the ward.
[LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *stab each other.*
Lam. Oh, I am slain! [*Dies.*
Ser. And I,—Lord have mercy on me! [*Dies.*
First Schol. My father slain!—Serlsby, ward that.
Second Schol. And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll quite thee well.
[*The Two* Scholars *stab each other, and die.*
Bun. O strange stratagem!
Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead!—
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end the fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficiat[1] of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*Breaks the glass.*
Bun. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?
Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night,
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and alb and strange pentageron;
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the fivefold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd
For using devils to countervail his God.—
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:
Sins have their salves, repentance can do much:
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.—
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That He would save what Bacon vainly lost.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET *in nun's apparel, the* Keeper, *and their* Friend.

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
Oh, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forego his lovely Margaret.
Mar. Ah! father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seem odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovèd once,—Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doted more on him than on my God,—
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heaven;
That beauty used for love is vanity:
The world contains naught but alluring baits,

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[1] The fathers of the two scholars are seen in the same way as Edward beheld Lacy, Bungay, and Margaret in the glass—viz. at the back of the stage.—DODSLEY (ed. 1825).
[2] *prize*—risk in combat.
[3] *Thou seest*, &c.—Dyce reads this line, *Thou seest I single* [*meet*] *thee* [*in*] *the field.*
[4] *veney*—a *venue* or bout, from Fr. *venue*, a coming on.

[1] *efficiat*—efficient.

Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the pricks of death I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of allwoe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adieu to dainty robes! this base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Love, O love! and, with fond love, farewell
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovèd once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter LACY, WARREN, *and* ERMSBY, *booted and spurred.*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'Tis the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton[1] to him; a nun, my lord.

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! Oh, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham:
She leaves the world because she left your love.
Oh, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! what! a malcontent?
A nun? what holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of my former 'miss,[2]
How fond[3] the prime of wanton years were spent
In love (oh, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of Him.

Lacy. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What! shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands.
Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows.

Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?

Lacy. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?

Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?

Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?

Mar. Margaret
Hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.

War. We cannot stay, my lord; an if she be so strict,
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.

Erms. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours,—
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy: which contents you best,
To be a nun, or else Lord Lacy's wife?

Lacy. A good notion.—Peggy, your answer must be short.

Mar. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whate'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.

Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say's thou, Keeper? art thou glad of this?

Keep. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.

Erm. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?

War. To see the nature of women; that be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.

Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.

Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles[1] of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine?

Mar. We'll find one for my lord.

Lacy Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Devil.

Devil. How restless are the ghosts of hellish sprites,
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from ninefold-trenchèd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath raised me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes: Oh, he is mine.

Enter MILES *in a gown and a corner-cap.*

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal: thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunt me.—Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him.—What, Master Plutus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I.

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to

[1] *mutton*—a term at the time often applied to a prostitute.

[2] *'miss—amiss, i.e.* fault.

[3] *fond, i.e. fondly*—foolishly, vainly; old Eng. *fonne*, Scotch *fon*, to be foolish.

[1] *umbles—i.e.* the inward parts of a deer, a hunting term; of these was *umble pie* made.

the statute.—I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or guard.[1]—But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see: have you not good tippling-houses there? May not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair[2] of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for you. But, I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand: what wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there; I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt.

Miles. There's nothing lets[3] me from going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back.

Miles. Now surely here's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself.—But I pray you, good-man friend, let me move a question to you.

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Dev. An amble.

Miles. 'Tis well; but take heed it be not a trot: but no matter, I'll prevent it.

[*Puts on spurs.*

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs; for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a false gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs.

Dev. Get up upon my back.

[MILES *mounts on the* Devil's *back.*

Miles. O Lord, here's even a goodly marvel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!

[*Exeunt, the devil roaring.*

Enter the EMPEROR *with a pointless sword; next the* KING OF CASTILE *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY *carrying the globe;* PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;* ERMSBY *with a crown and sceptre;* PRINCESS ELINOR *with* MARGARET *Countess of Lincoln on her left hand;* KING HENRY, BACON, *and* Lords *attending.*

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favours, on his martial sword
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honours unto Elinor.

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivèd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Elinor, may quite his favourites.
But all this while what say you to the dames
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

[1] *welt or guard.* *Welts* are borders or edging, *guards* trimmings or facings.

[2] *pair*—pack.

[3] *lets*—hinders.

Mar. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state;
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)
I vow obedience, and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. Elin. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl,
Attends on Elinor,—gramercies, lord, for her,—
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solémnisèd,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.—
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that his royal marriage
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

K. Hen. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land?
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

Bacon. I find[1] by deep prescience of mine art,
Which once I temper'd in my secret cell,
That here where Brute[2] did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud,
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,
And overshadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field,
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight;
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wandering Brute to see,
And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower:
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail[3] her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consórt with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.—
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and first Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness,—
Let's march: the tables all are spread,
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance:[4]
Thus glories England over all the west.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.[5]

[1] *I find,* &c.—an obvious compliment to Queen Elizabeth, but not half so fulsome and extravagant as many at the conclusion of plays acted previous to her death. —DODSLEY (ed. 1825).

[2] Brutus, grandson of Æneas, the fabulous founder of New Troy or London.

[3] *vail*—lower; Fr. *avaler*, to descend, let down, *aval*, down; Lat. *ad*, to, *vallis*, a valley.

[4] *jouissance*, Fr.—enjoyment.

[5] *Omne tulit.* &c.—Green's favourite motto, from Horace's *Ars Poet.*, 343. 'He who mixes the useful with the agreeable carries the applause of all.'

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[The materials for a biography of Christopher Marlowe are even scantier than in the case of the three dramatists whom we have previously noticed. The facts of his life can be told in a very few words. He was the són of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, and was born at Canterbury in February 1563–4. Probably through the influence of Sir Roger Manwood, a Kentish gentleman, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Marlowe was admitted to the King's School at Canterbury; after remaining at which for a number of years, he proceeded to Cambridge, matriculating as Pensioner of Benet College, March 17, 1580-1. Here he took his degree of B.A. in 1583, and that of M.A. in 1587, previous to which he had probably written his tragedy of *Tamberlaine the Great*. It must have been shortly after, if not some time previous to 1587, that Marlowe went to London, where, according to an early biographer, his first connection with the drama was as an actor. This vocation, however, he had ere long to resign, as, according to a curious ballad entitled *The Atheist's Tragedie*, written shortly after Marlowe's death, and of which he is the hero,

'He brake his leg in one lewd scene,
When in his early age.'

From this time till his early and sad death in 1593, he gained his livelihood entirely by his pen, writing dramas, poems, and translations. In the words of the ballad above-mentioned—

'A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a play;
Now strutting in a silken suit,
Then begging by the way.'

There can be no doubt that he gave himself up unrestrainedly to the riotous living indulged in by so many of his contemporaries, spending his time and his money in the company of such wild spirits as Peele, Greene, and Nash. In the burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas, Deptford, is the following entry:—'Christopher Marlow, slaine by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June, 1593.' The manner of his death is told by William Vaughan, in *The Golden Grove* (A.D. 1600). 'It so happened, that at Deptford, a little village about three miles from London, as he (Marlowe) meant to stab with his poignard one named Ingram (Archer) that had invited him thither to a feast, and was then playing at tables; he (Archer) quickly perceiving it, so avoided the thrust, that withal drawing out his dagger for his own defence, he stabbed this Marlowe into the eye in such sort, that his brains coming out at the dagger's point, he shortly after died.' Another authority says that it was Marlowe's own dagger which Archer turned against him; and from Meres's *Wit's Treasury* we learn that Archer was 'a bawdy serving man, a rival of his lewd love.' Marlowe appears to have paid little heed to the warning of his former companion Greene, whose wretched death occurred only a year before. Appended to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, is an address, 'To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their wits in making plays.' As throwing some light on Marlowe's life and character, we shall quote here the part which refers to him:—

'If wofull experience may moone you, gentlemen, to beware, or vnheard-of wretchednes intreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look backe with sorrow on your time past,

and endeuour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first beginne), thou famous gracer of tragedians [*i.e.* Marlowe], that Green, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, "There is no God," should now giue glorie vnto his greatnesse; for penetrating is his power, his hand lyes heauy vpon me, He hath spoken vnto me with a voyce of thunder, and I haue felt He is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest giue no glory to the giuer? Is it pestilent Machiuilian policie that thou hast studied? O peevish follie! what are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankinde? for if *sic volo, sic iubeo*, holde in those that are able to commaund, and if it be lawfull *jas et nefas*, to doo any thing that is beneficiall, onely tyrants should possesse the earth, and they, striuing to exceed in tiranny, should ech to other be a slaughterman, till, the mightyest outliuing all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should end. The brocher[1] of this dyabolicall atheisme is dead, and in his life had neuer the felicitie he aymed at, but, as he beganne in craft, liued in feare, and ended in dispaire. *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia!* This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cayne; this betrayer of Him that gaue his life for him inherited the portion of Judas; this apostate perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Looke vnto mee, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striuing against knowne truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Deferre not (with mee) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.'

Here it will be seen that Greene charges Marlowe with atheism. The same charge is repeated by Beau in his *Theatre of God's Judgments* (1597), who also asserts that he wrote a book against the Trinity, 'affirming the Holy Bible to be but vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policy.' Similar charges were brought against him by contemporary and immediately succeeding writers, and their truth has generally been believed in to a greater or less extent by most of his biographers. What weight is to be given to these assertions it is impossible now to say; but altogether the evidence leads us to believe that Marlowe was an avowed disbeliever in the divine authorship of the Bible, and the supernatural origin of Christianity, and that he rather liked to parade his disbelief in an offensive and coarse manner; but whether he professed to have any rational ground for this scepticism, or whether it was merely the result of bitterness, conceit, and licentiousness, we cannot make out. He, as was the case with most of his companions, certainly led the life of one who neither believed in God, nor respected himself nor his fellow-men; but whose only creed was 'eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.'

Marlowe appears to have been a favourite with his companions, among whom he was familiarly known as 'Kit Marlowe,' and even by his contemporaries his surpassing genius seems to have been recognised. Peele, in the prologue to the *Honour of the Garter*, apostrophizes him thus:—

> 'Unhappy in thine end,
> Marley, the Muses' darling for thy verse,
> Fit to write passions for the souls below,
> If any wretched souls in passion speak.'

Marlowe's dramas, like those of most of his contemporaries, are very unequal in merit, they are wanting in coherence, and in orderliness and definiteness of plan, and are occasionally marked by bombast and silliness. As a whole, however, they are characterized by such extraordinary vigour, power, and passion, so great boldness and exuberant richness of imagination, and by such well-marked, consistent, and striking portraiture of character, as to entitle him in these respects to be placed above all his contemporaries, and among the very few who were second to Shakespeare. Had Marlowe lived longer, and given his high powers fair play—which he never did—he would undoubtedly, in the words of Dyce, 'have made a much nearer approach in tragedy to Shakespeare than has yet been made by any of his countrymen.' We have selected from Marlowe's dramas his *Edward the*

[1] 'Probably Francis Kennet, A.M., of Winmendham in Norfolk, who was bred at Benet College, and in 1589 was burnt for holding detestable opinions concerning Christ.'—MALONE.

Second, written, according to Warton, in the year 1590, and first printed in 1598. As a whole it is considered the most perfectly constructed of his plays; 'there is no overdoing of character, no turgidity of language.' 'The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty,' says Charles Lamb, 'in Edward, furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard II.; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene ancient or modern with which I am acquainted.' The tragedy of *Faustus*, probably written about 1587 or 1588, is altogether so remarkable, and contains passages of such super-abundant power, that any selection from Marlowe, or any collection of specimens of the Elizabethan drama, would be altogether defective without it. We have therefore selected the greater part of it for publication, from the earliest known edition, that of 1604, amending it in a few places from that of 1616; even this early edition, however, had been touched up and added to by the playwrights of the time, as 'in consequence of having been repeatedly performed, it had somewhat palled upon the audience.' The words of Hazlitt are specially applicable to *Faustus:* 'There is a lust of power, a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination, unhallowed by anything but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace with bickering flames, or throwing out black smoke and mists, that hide the dawn of genius, or, like a poisonous mineral, corrode the heart. Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but it is a gigantic one. This character may be considered as a personification of the pride of will and eagerness of curiosity, sublimed beyond the reach of fear and remorse.' In the details of the story, Marlowe followed closely the prose romance entitled *History of Doctor Faustus*, published some time before. Besides those already mentioned, the other dramas attributed to Marlowe are *The Jew of Malta*, written about 1589, but not published till 1633; *The Massacre at Paris*, written not long before the author's death, and first published about 1596. Marlowe appears also to have commenced a tragedy entitled *Dido*, which was finished for the stage by Nash, after his death. These are all the dramas that can be certainly attributed to Marlowe, although it is not improbable that others of his composition have either been lost or have been attributed to others. Marlowe also translated *Hero and Leander*, Ovid's *Elegies*, and the first book of Lucan.]

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENTABLE DEATH OF EDWARD THE SECOND, KING OF ENGLAND:

WITH THE TRAGICAL FALL OF PROUD MORTIMER: AND ALSO THE LIFE AND DEATH OF PEIRS GAVESTON, THE GREAT EARL OF CORNWALL, AND MIGHTY FAVOURITE OF KING EDWARD THE SECOND:[1]

AS IT WAS PUBLICLY ACTED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF PEMBROKE HIS SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY CHRI. MARLOW, GENT.

Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling near Holborn conduit, at the sign of the Gun. 1598.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING EDWARD THE SECOND.
PRINCE EDWARD, *his Son, afterwards King Edward the Third.*
KENT, *Brother to King Edward the Second.*
GAVESTON.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF COVENTRY.
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
WARWICK.
LANCASTER.
PEMBROKE.
ARUNDEL.
LEICESTER.
BERKELEY.
MORTIMER *the elder.*
MORTIMER *the younger, his Nephew.*
SPENSER *the elder.*
SPENSER *the younger, his Son.*
BALDOCK.
BEAUMONT.
TRUSSEL.
GURNEY.
MATREVIS.
LIGHTBORN.
SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.
LEVUNE.
RICE AP HOWEL.
Abbot.
Monks.
Herald.
Lords, Poor Men, JAMES, Mower, Champion, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

QUEEN ISABELLA, *wife to King Edward the Second.*
Niece to King Edward the Second, *Daughter to the Duke of Gloucester.*
Ladies.

The Scene lies in England and France.

Enter GAVESTON, *reading a letter.*

Gav. *My father is deceas'd. Come, Gavestone,*
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend.
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come! these, these thy amorous lines [France,
Might have enforc'd me to have swum from
And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul:
Not that I love the city or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear,—
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love star-light,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, that are but sparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,—
Tanti,[1]—I'll fawn[2] first on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.

Enter three Poor Men.

But how now! what are these?
Poor Men. Such as desire your worship's service.
Gav. What canst thou do?

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[1] The action of this play includes the whole of the reign of Edward II., commencing with the recall of Gaveston, which happened before the funeral of Edward I.

[1] *Tanti*—compare *Fuimus Troes*, 1603:
'No kingly menace or censorious frowne
Doe I regard. *Tanti* for all your power.'
Sig. F 3—DYCE.

[2] *fawn*—Dodsley reads 'fan.'

First P. Man. I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horse.—What art thou?
Sec. P. Man. A traveller.
Gav. Let me see: thou wouldst do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?
Third P. Man. A soldier, that hath serv'd against the Scot.
Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you:
I have no war; and therefore, sir, be gone.
Third P. Man. Farewell; and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital!
Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much
As if a goose should play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.—
[*Aside.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king:
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.
All. We thank your worship.
Gav. I have some business: leave me to myself.
All. We will wait here about the court.
Gav. Do. [*Exeunt* Poor Men.
These are not men for me;
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Music and poetry[1] is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay;[2]
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets[3] of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,
One like Actæon,[4] peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:
Such things as these best please his majesty.—
My lord, here comes the king and the nobles
From the parliament. I'll stand aside.
[*Retires.*

Enter KING EDWARD, KENT, LANCASTER, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* ATTENDANTS.

K. Edw. Lancaster!
Lan. My lord?
Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Will you not grant me this?—In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.
[*Aside.*
E. Mor. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.
Gav. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death.
[*Aside.*
Y. Mor. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.
Gav. Mort dieu! [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?
The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
Gav. Well done, Ned! [*Aside.*
Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster,—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester;
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm:
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.
Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Mowbray in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbray and he were reconcil'd:
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face.—
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. Oh, our heads!
K. Edw. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant.
War. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Y. Mor. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands, I hope, shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.—
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parley with our naked swords.
E. Mor. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
War. All Warwickshire will love[1] him for my sake.

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[1] *Music and poetry*, &c.—'How exactly the author, as the learned Dr. Hurd observes, has painted the humour of the times, which esteemed masks and shows as the highest indulgence that could be provided for a luxurious and happy monarch, we may see from the entertainment provided, not many years after, for the reception of King James at Althorp in Northamptonshire, where this very design of *Sylvan Nymphs*, *Satyrs*, and *Actæon*, was executed in a Masque by Ben Jonson. [Hurd's] *Moral and Political Dialogues*, vol. 1, p. 194.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays*.

[2] *antic hay—antic* here means grotesque, fantastic, and is still used as a noun, meaning grotesque capers; it is the same word as 'antique.' *Hay* was the name of a round country dance; 'Shall we go dance the hay?' occurs in *England's Helicon;* and mention is made of it in *Love's Labour Lost*, act v., sc. 1.

[3] *Crownet*—the diminutive of crown, *i.e.*, coronet.

[4] *Actæon*, according to the fable, was a hunter who was transformed by Artemis (Diana) into a stag, and torn to pieces by dogs, for peeping at the goddess and her nymphs bathing.

[1] *love*—Dyce reads 'leave.'

Lan. And northward Lancaster[1] hath many friends.—
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head
The glozing[2] head of thy base minion thrown.

[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. I cannot brook these haughty menaces;
Am I a king, and must be overrul'd?—
Brother, display my ensigns in the field:
I'll bandy[3] with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav. I can no longer keep me from my lord.

[*Comes forward.*

K. Edw. What! Gaveston! welcome! Kiss not my hand:
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why should'st thou kneel? Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston:
Not Hylas[4] was mourned for of Hercules
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.

Gav. And, since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.

K. Edw. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.—
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster:
I have my wish, in that I joy[5] thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. Edw. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words.—
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts:
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.
If for these dignities thou be envied,[6]
I'll give thee more; for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment.[7]
Fear'st thou thy person? thou shalt have a guard:
Wantest thou gold? go to my treasury:
Would'st thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my seal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What so thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gav. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love;
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphal car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

K. Edw. Whither goes my Lord of Coventry so fast?

Bish. of Cov. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gav. 'Tis true; and, but for reverence of these robes,
Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place.

Bish. of Cov. I did no more than I was bound to do:
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gav.[1] Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

K. Edw. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel[2] christen him anew.

Kent. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

Gav. Let him complain unto the see of hell:
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

K. Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods:
Be thou lord bishop, and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee; here, use him as thou wilt.

Gav. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish. of Cov. For this offence be thou accurs'd of God!

K. Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

Bish. of Cov. True, true.[3]

K. Edw. But, in the mean time, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?
A prison may best beseem his holiness.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter on one side the elder MORTIMER *and the younger* MORTIMER; *on the other*, WARWICK *and* LANCASTER.

War. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston!

Lan. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless[4] sepulchre or mine.

Y. Mor. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

E. Mor. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y. Mor. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?

Lan. That villain Gavestone is made an earl.

E. Mor. An earl!

War. Ay, and besides, Lord Chamberlain of the realm.
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

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1 *Lancaster*—Old eds. 'Gaueston.'
2 *glozing*—flattering.
3 *bandy*—*i.e.*, 'oppose with all my force; *totis viribus se opponere*, says Skinner, voce *bandy*.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays*.
4 *Hylas*, according to the fable, was the friend and perhaps the son of Hercules; he was so beautiful that the naiads stole him, and Hercules tried in vain to find him.
5 *joy*—enjoy.
6 *envied*—hated.
7 *regiment*—rule, government; Lat. *regimentum*, *regimen*, from *rego*, to rule.

1 *Gav.*, &c.—'He "lays violent hands" upon the bishop.' See p. 103, 1st col.—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays*.
2 *channel*—kennel or gutter.
3 *True, true.* Altered in Dodsley (ed. 1825) to 'Do, do.' Dyce suggests 'Prut, prut' (an exclamation of contempt).
4 *timeless*—untimely.

E. Mor. We may not nor we will not suffer this.
Y. Mor. Why post we not from hence to levy men?
Lan. 'My Lord of Cornwall' now at every word;
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing[1] of his bonnet one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him.
War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scorns, and smiles at those that pass.
E. Mor. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?
Lan. All stomach[2] him, but none dare speak a word.
Y. Mor. Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll[3] hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.
War. Here comes my Lord of Canterbury's grace.
Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and an* Attendant.

Archb. of Cant. First were his sacred garments rent and torn;
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next,
Himself imprison'd, and his goods asseiz'd:
This certify the Pope: away, take horse.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?
Archb. of Cant. What need I? God himself is up in arms
When violence is offer'd to the church.
Y. Mor. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
Archb. of Cant. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Y. Mor. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?
Q. Isab. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston:
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And, when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
'Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.'
E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd?
Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again:
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.
Archb. of Cant. But yet lift not your swords against the king.
Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.
War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

[1] *vailing*—lowering.
[2] *stomach* meant to brook or resent; here it means to be angry at.
[3] *We'll.* Dyce reads 'We'd' here.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay; for, rather than my lord
Shall be oppress'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic[1] with his minion.
Archb. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this but hear me speak:
We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.
Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.
Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.
War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?
Archb. of Cant. At the New Temple.
Y. Mor. Content.
Archb. of Cant. And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.
Lan. Come, then, let's away.
Y. Mor. Madam, farewell.
Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer; and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.
Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON *and* KENT.

Gav. Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth: there let them remain.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *the younger* MORTIMER, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and* Attendants.

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile;
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.
Archb. of Cant. Give me the paper.
Lan. Quick, quick, my lord! I long to write my name.
War. But I long more to see him banish'd hence.
Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declin'd from[2] that base peasant.

Enter KING EDWARD, GAVESTON, *and* KENT.

K. Edw. What! are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.
Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt![3]
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that, like Phaeton,
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!
Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.
K. Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties: let him know his peers.

[1] *frolic*—play or amuse himself.
[2] *declin'd from*—turned or estranged from.
[3] *Quam*, &c.—'how badly are they matched.'

K. Edw. Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.

E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.

Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home.
Were I a king—

Y. Mor. Thou villain! wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

K. Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[GAVESTON *and* KENT *are removed.*

K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king:
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.
Was ever king thus overruled as I?

Lan. Learn, then, to rule us better, and the realm.

Y. Mor. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain.

War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

K. Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Archb. of Cant. Why are you moved? be patient, my lord,
And see what we your counsellors have done.

Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills, or lose our lives.

K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud over-daring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet[1] upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.

Archb. of Cant. You know that I am legate to the Pope:
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him, and elect another king.

K. Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield:
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Archb. of Cant. Remember how the bishop was abus'd:
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

K. Edw. It boots[2] me not to threat; I must speak fair:
The legate of the Pope will be obey'd.— [*Aside.*
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High-Admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

Archb. of Cant. Nothing shall alter us; we are resolved.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. Mor. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?

K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston!
You that be noble-born should pity him.

War. You that are princely-born should shake him off:
For shame, subscribe, and let the lown[1] depart.

E. Mor. Urge him, my lord.

Archb. of Cant. Are you content to banish him the realm?

K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content:
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

[*Subscribes.*

Y. Mor. The king is love-sick for his minion.

K. Edw. 'Tis done: and now accursèd hand, fall off!

Lan. Give it me: I'll have it publish'd in the streets.

Y. Mor. I'll see him presently despatch'd away.

Archb. of Cant. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Pem. This will be good news to the common sort.

E. Mor. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt* Nobles.

K. Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,[2]
With these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazèd buildings, and enforce
Thy papal towers to kiss the lowly ground;
With slaughter'd priests may Tiber's channel swell,
And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

Enter GAVESTON.

Gav. My Lord, I hear it whisper'd everywhere,
That I am banish'd and must fly the land.

K. Edw. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston: Oh were it false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd.
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough;
And long thou shalt not stay; or, if thou dost,
I'll come to thee: my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

K. Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too-piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

K. Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine:
Oh might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable.

Gav. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.

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[1] *fleet*—float; Anglo-Saxon, *fleotan*, to float.
[2] *boots*—profits; Anglo-Saxon, *bot*, compensation, *betan*, to cement, from the same root as *better*.

[1] *lown*, *loon*—base low fellow, still used in Scotland.
[2] *grooms*—groom originally means a man; Anglo-Saxon, *guma*, a man; Dutch, *grom*, a youth.

K. Edw. Thou shalt not hence; I'll hide thee, Gaveston.
Gav. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
K. Edw. Kind words and mutual talk make our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part.
Stay, Gaveston; I cannot leave thee thus.
Gav. For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill.
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.
Gav. The peers will frown.
K. Edw. I pass[1] not for their anger. Come, let's go:
Oh, that we might as well return as go!

Enter EDMUND [EARL OF KENT *and*] QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Whither goes my lord?
K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet; get thee gone!
Q. Isab. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
Gav. On Mortimer; with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more—judge you the rest, my lord.
Q. Isab. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?
Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd:
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.
Q. Isab. Your highness knows, it lies not in my power.
K. Edw. Away, then! touch me not.—Come, Gaveston.
Q. Isab. Villain, 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.
Gav. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
K. Edw. Speak not unto her: let her droop and pine.
Q. Isab. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel!
K. Edw. And witness heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for, till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.
Q. Isab. Oh miserable and distressèd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe,[2] walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape! or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison!
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno, will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursèd Gaveston:
But that will more exasperate his wrath;
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston:
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston;
And so am I for ever miserable.

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the elder* MORTIMER, *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Lan. Look, where the sister of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated[1] her.
Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. Mor. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. Mor. Why, he is gone.
Y. Mor. Madam, how fares your grace?
Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not!
Y. Mor. Cry quittance, madam, then, and love not him.
Q. Isab. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths:
And yet I love in vain; he'll ne'er love me.
Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.
Q. Isab. Oh, never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd
To sue unto you all for his repeal:
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.
Lan. For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwreck'd body.
War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Y. Mor. But, madam, would you have us call him home?
Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer; for, till he be restor'd,
The angry king hath banish'd me the court;
And therefore, as thou lov'st and tender'st[2] me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Y. Mor. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?
E. Mor. Plead for him that will, I am resolv'd.
Lan. And so am I, my lord: dissuade the queen.
Q. Isab. Oh, Lancaster, let him dissuade the king!
For 'tis against my will he should return.
War. Then speak not for him; let the peasant go.
Q. Isab. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him.
Pem. No speaking will prevail; and therefore cease.
Y. Mor. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.
Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Y. Mor. It is impossible: but speak your mind.
Q. Isab. Then thus;—but none shall hear it but ourselves. [*Talks to* Y. MOR. *apart.*
Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

[1] *pass*—care.
[2] *charming Circe*—*charming* is here used in its literal sense, implying one who charms or bewitches.

[1] *ill-entreated*—ill-treated.
[2] *tender'st*—hast a tender regard for.

E. Mor. Not I, against my nephew.
Pem. Fear not; the queen's words cannot alter him.
War. No? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads!
Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial!
War. She smiles: now, for my life, his mind is chang'd!
Lan. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.
Y. Mor. Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honours make no question;
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;[1]
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.
Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.
Y. Mor. My Lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.[2]
Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.
Q. Isab. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.
War. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolv'd.
Y. Mor. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?
Pem. I would he were!
Y. Mor. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
E. Mor. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Y. Mor. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And whereas[3] he shall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
War. Mark you but that, my Lord of Lancaster.
Y. Mor. But, were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd
To greet his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of such a plague!
Pem. He saith true.
Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?
Y. Mor. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail[4] the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.
E. Mor. But how if he do not, nephew?
Y. Mor. Then may we with some colour rise in arms;
For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king;
So shall we have the people on our side,
Which, for his father's sake, lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility:
And, when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler[5] Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath.
My Lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition Lancaster will grant.
War. And so will Pembroke and I.
E. Mor. And I.
Y. Mor. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command.
Q. Isab. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new return'd. This news will glad him much:
Yet not so much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveston: would he lov'd me
But half so much! then were I treble-blest.

Re-enter KING EDWARD *mourning.*

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn:
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And, could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend.
Q. Isab. Hark, how he harps upon his minion!
K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclop's hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!
Lan. Diablo! what passions call you these?
Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
K. Edw. That you have parled[1] with your Mortimer?
Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.
K. Edw. Repeal'd! the news is too sweet to be true.
Q. Isab. But will you love me if you find it so?
K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Q. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Q. Isab. No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.
Oh, how a kiss revives poor Isabel!
K. Edw. Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me.
Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than the first!
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees salute your majesty.
K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king;
And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile:
Live thou with me as my companion.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.
K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.
K. Edw. In solemn triumphs and in public shows
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

[1] *avail*—profit.
[2] *respect*—consideration or reason.
[3] *whereas*—where.
[4] *vail*—lower.
[5] *buckler*—shield.

[1] *parled*—spoken or conferred, from Fr. *parler*

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like[1] thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,[2]
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserve no common place nor mean reward,
Be you the general of the levied troops
That now are ready to assail the Scots.

E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.

Q. Isab. Now is the king of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowmèd[3] peers.

K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.—
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveston, to Ireland!—Beaumont, fly
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.

Beau. It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feast it royally.
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd;
For wot you not that I have made him sure[4]
Unto our cousin,[5] the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord.

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

War. In this or aught your highness shall command us.

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick. Come, let's in and revel.

[*Exeunt all except the* MORTIMERS.

E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stay'st here.
Leave now to oppose thyself against the king:
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm;
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions;
Great Alexander lov'd Hephæstion,
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd:
And not kings only, but the wisest men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius,
Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the realm,
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay.
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets[1] it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions[2] at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk:
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd.

Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service:
But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger SPENSER[3] *and* BALDOCK.

Bald. Spenser,
Seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me: a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live.
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spenser's hope depends.

Bald. What! mean you, then, to be his follower?

Y. Spen. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

Bald. But he is banish'd; there's small hope of him.

Y. Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repeal'd and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And, as she read, she smil'd; which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Bald. 'Tis like enough; for, since he was exil'd,
She neither walks abroad nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Y. Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine, she will have Gaveston.

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs[4] to a nobleman,

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[1] *like*—please, which is its literal meaning.
[2] *Chirke*—'Or Werke.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays.*
[3] *renowmèd*—old form of renowned; Fr. *renommé*, from Lat. *nomen*, a name.
[4] *made him sure*—bound or affianced him.
[5] *cousin*—equivalent here to niece. (So in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the king calls his nephew Hamlet 'cousin.')—DYCE.

[1] *jets—jet*, to strut or walk proudly; to throw the body about in walking.—NARES. Fr. *jeter*, to throw.
[2] *cullions*—base, cowardly fellows; scoundrels. Fr. *coïon*, a dastard, poltroon.
[3] *Enter the younger Spenser*, &c.—Scene, a hall in the mansion of the Duke of Gloucester.
[4] *legs*—a bow made by throwing out the leg.

Or looking downward, with your eyelids close,
And saying, 'Truly, an't may please your honour,'
Can get you any favour with great men:
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.
Bald. Spenser, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord, whiles he liv'd, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigness;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villany.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.[1]
Y. Spen. But one of those that saith *quando-quidem*,[2]
And hath a special gift to form a verb.
Bald. Leave off this jesting; here my lady comes.

Enter KING EDWARD'S Niece.

Niece. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston:
What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me.
[*Reads.*
I will not long be from thee, though I die!—
This argues the entire love of my lord;—
[*Reads.*
When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart!—
But stay thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*
Now to the letter of my lord the king:
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston: why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?—
Who's there? Baldock!
See that my coach[3] be ready; I must hence.
Bald. It shall be done, madam.
Niece. And meet me at the park-pale[4] presently.
[*Exit* BALDOCK.
Spenser, stay you, and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of:
My Lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.
Y. Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.
Niece. If all things sort out,[5] as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spenser, shall be thought upon.
Y. Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.
Niece. Come, lead the way: I long till I am there.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,[6] QUEEN ISABELLA, KENT, LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and* Attendants.

K. Edw. The wind is good; I wonder why he
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the sea. [stays:
Q. Isa. Look, Lancaster, how passionate[1] he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!
Lan. My lord,—
K. Edw. How now! what news? is Gaveston arriv'd?
Y. Mor. Nothing but Gaveston? what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon:
The king of France sets foot in Normandy.
K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?
Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.
K. Edw. Pray thee, let me know it.
Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all;
The motto, *Æque tandem*.[2]
K. Edw. And what is yours, my Lord of Lancaster?
Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a flying-fish[3]
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursu'd, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it: this fish, my lord, I bear;
The motto this, *Undique*[4] *mors est*.
Kent. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?
Q. Isab. Sweet husband, be content; they all love you.
K. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar; shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses[5] that will pull you down;
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying-fish,
And threaten'st death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.
Y. Mor. If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do whenas[6] he shall be present?
Lan. That shall we see: look, where his lordship comes!

Enter GAVESTON.

K. Edw. My Gaveston!
Welcome to Tynmouth! welcome to thy friend!

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[1] *propterea quod*—'because that.'
[2] *quando-quidem*—'seeing,' or 'since that.'
[3] *coach.* '"The reign of Elizabeth is generally cited as the period when coaches were introduced into England, and under that term carriages of every kind have been considered as included; but long anterior to that reign vehicles with wheels, under the denomination of chairs, cars, chariots, caroches, and whirlicotes, were used in England."—Mr. Markland on Carriages in England. See *Archæologia*, vol. xx.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays*.
[4] *park-pale*—pale, fence, or boundary of the park.
[5] *sort out*—arrange themselves, happen, or take effect.
[6] *Enter King Edward*, &c.—Scene before Tynmouth Castle.—DYCE.

[1] *passionate*—sorrowful. Passion is still sometimes used for suffering.
[2] *Æque tandem*—'justly' or 'justice at last.'
[3] *flying-fish*—'The *Exocœtus*. See Plinii *Nat. Hist.* lib. ix. 19.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays*.
[4] *Undique*, &c.—'There is death on all sides.'
[5] *jesses*—from old Fr. *ges, jet;* from Lat. *jacto*, to throw. The short straps of leather round the legs of the hawk, in which were fixed the varvels or little rings of silver, and to these the leash or long strap which the falconer twisted round his hand.—NARES.
[6] *whenas*—when.

Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth[1] mine;
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolics not more to see the painted spring
Than I do to behold your majesty.

K. Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan. Salute him! yes.—Welcome, Lord Chamberlain!

Y. Mor. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

Pem. Welcome, Master Secretary!

Kent. Brother, do you hear them?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus?

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Q. Isab. Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Return it to their throats; I'll be thy warrant.

Gav. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home, and eat your tenants' beef;
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low
As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you. [*Draws his sword.*

K. Edw. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

Pem. Here! here!

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

Gav. The life of thee shall salve[2] this foul disgrace.

Y. Mor. Villain, thy life! unless I miss mine aim. [*Wounds* GAVESTON.

Q. Isab. Ah, furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Y. Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain. [*Exit* GAVESTON *with* Attendants.

K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live:
Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed:
Out of my presence; come not near the court!

Y. Mor. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston.

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

K. Edw. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.

K. Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus:
But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men:
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.

Exeunt KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, *and* KENT.

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[1] *preventeth*—goeth before, *i.e.* anticipateth.
[2] *salve*—heal or wipe out.

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd.

Y. Mor. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now;
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death.

Y. Mor. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Messenger.

Y. Mor. Letters! from whence?

Mes. From Scotland, my lord.

Lan. Why, how now, cousin; how fare all our friends?

Y. Mor. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man: be of good cheer.

Y. Mor. They rate his ransom at five thousand pounds.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Meantime my Lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Y. Mor. About it, then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you. [*Exit with* PEMBROKE.

Y. Mor. Cousin, an' if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content; I'll bear my part.—Holla! who's there?

Enter Guard.

Y. Mor. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way.

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Y. Mor. Whither else but to the king?

Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may; but we will speak to him.

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Y. Mor. May we not?

Enter KING EDWARD *and* KENT.

K. Edw. How now!
What noise is this? who have we there? is't you?

Y. Mor. Nay, stay, my lord; I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else—

Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him.

K. Edw. Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'Twould levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?
Y. Mor. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak my mind.
Lan. And so will I; and then, my lord, farewell.
Y. Mor. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretchèd, break.[1]
Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd:
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates;
The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,[2]
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale;
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,[3]
And, unresisted, drive away rich spoils.
Y. Mor. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.
Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?
Y. Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort[4] of flatterers?
Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.
Y. Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love;
Libels are cast again[5] thee in the street;
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.
Lan. The northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.
Y. Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
But once? and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish[6] robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.
Lan. And thereof came it that the fleering[7] Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig:[8]
Maids of England,[9] *sore may you mourn,*
For your lemans[10] *you have lost at Bannocksbourn,—*
With a heave and a ho!
What weeneth[11] *the king of England*
So soon to have won Scotland?—
With a rombelow!

[1] *break.* The correct rendering is 'hath,' but all the previous editors have altered it thus. Perhaps a line has dropped out.
[2] *kerns.* This was the term formerly applied to the lightly armed Irish foot-soldiers; they are generally represented as 'the dross and scum of the country.'
[3] *road*—inroad.
[4] *sort*—lot or set.
[5] *again*—against.
[6] *garish*—glaring, gaudy, splendid; old Eng. *gare*, to stare.
[7] *fleering*—sneering, scoffing. To *fleer* means to mock, deride, or taunt with insolence and contempt; it is also used as a noun.
[8] *jig*, which now means a quick dance, formerly, as in the text, meant also a ballad, particularly a merry one. See next note.
[9] *Maids of England*, &c. Taken (with very slight variations) from Fabyan's *Chron.* vol. ii. fol. 169, ed. 1559. 'This song,' says the *Chronicle*, 'was, after many days, sung in dances in the carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland.'
[10] *lemans*—lovers.
[11] *weeneth*—expecteth; Anglo-Saxon *wen*, hope.

Y. Mor. Wigmore[1] shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lan. And, when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.
If you be mov'd, revenge it as you can:
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.
[*Exit with* Y. Mortimer.
K. Edw. My swelling heart for very anger breaks:
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is great!
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives'-blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.
Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.
K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
Kent. Ay; and it grieves me that I favour'd him.
K. Edw. Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.
Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!
Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.
K. Edw. Away! [*Exit* Kent.
Poor Gaveston, thou hast no friend but me!
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here;
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?
Here comes she that is cause of all these jars.

Enter Queen Isabella, *with* Edward's Niece, *two* Ladies, Gaveston, Baldock, *and the younger* Spenser.

Q. Isab. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.
K. Edw. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favour 'em.
Q. Isab. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.
Niece. Sweet uncle, speak more kindly to the queen.
Gav. My lord, dissemble with her; speak her fair.
K. Edw. Pardon me, sweet; I forgot myself.
Q. Isab. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
K. Edw. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
Gav. Why do you not commit him to the Tower?
K. Edw. I dare not, for the people love him well.
Gav. Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.
K. Edw. Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these.
Niece. Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd:
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
K. Edw. Tell me, where wast thou born? what is thine arms?

[1] *Wigmore.* 'Mortimer junior was of Wigmore.'—Dodsley's *Old Plays.*

Bald. My name is Baldock, and my gentry[1]
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.
K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.
K. Edw. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
Gav. Ay, my lord;
His name is Spenser; he is well allied.
For my sake let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
K. Edw. Then, Spenser, wait upon me for his sake:
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.
Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me
Than to be favour'd of your majesty!
K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast:—
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceas'd.
Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me;[2]
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;
He that I list to favour shall be great.
Come, let's away; and, when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels and their 'complices!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT, LANCASTER, *the younger* MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel, and the realm's behoof,
Will be the first that shall adventure life.
Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.
War. He is your brother; therefore have we cause
To cast[3] the worst, and doubt of your revolt.
Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth:
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.
Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund: never was Plantagenet
False of his word; and therefore trust we thee.
Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?
Kent. I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.
Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,
And here in Tynmouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll follow thee.
Y. Mor. This tatter'd ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that Dead Sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,[4]
Will I advance upon this castle's walls.—
Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD *and the younger* SPENSER.

K. Edw. Oh, tell me, Spenser, where is Gaveston?
Y. Spen. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
K. Edw. No, here he comes: now let them spoil and kill.—

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S Niece, GAVESTON, *and* Nobles.

Fly, fly, my lords! the earls have got the hold;
Take shipping, and away to Scarborough:
Spenser and I will post away by land.
Gav. Oh, stay, my lord! they will not injure you.
K. Edw. I will not trust them. Gaveston, away!
Gav. Farewell, my lord.
K. Edw. Lady, farewell.
Niece. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell niece.
Q. Isab. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?
K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.
Q. Isab. Heavens can witness, I love none but you.
[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
Oh that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears, that drizzle from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That, when I had him, we might never part!

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and others. Alarums within.*

Lan. I wonder how he 'scap'd.
Y. Mor. Who's this? the queen!
Q. Isab. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted:
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?
Q. Isab. What would you with the king? Is't him you seek?
Lan. No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston:
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign!
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston;
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
Q. Isab. He's gone by water unto Scarborough:
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.
War. Forslow[1] no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.
Y. Mor. How comes it that the king and he is parted?
Q. Isab. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd: therefore be gone.
Y. Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy:
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails:
Come, come, aboard! 'tis but an hour's sailing.

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[1] *gentry*—gentility or nobility. He means that his only claim to be reckoned a gentleman was his having been educated at Oxford.
[2] *stomach me.* See note 2, p. 103, 1st col.
[3] *cast*—judge, reckon, conjecture.
[4] A fanciful derivation of Mortimer, from Fr. *mort*, dead, *mer*, the sea.

[1] *Forslow*—delay.

Y. Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here.

Q. Isab. No, Mortimer; I'll to my lord the king.

Y. Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Q. Isab. You know the king is so suspicious
As, if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you:
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.

[*Exeunt all except* QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston.
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer:
If he be strange, and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain
How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet, I hope, my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain. [*Exit.*

Enter GAVESTON,[1] *pursued.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;
And, though divorcèd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,
Breathing in hope (malgrado[2] all your beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Enter WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, *the younger* MORTIMER, Soldiers, JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

War. Upon him, soldiers! take away his weapons!

Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men,
That, like the Greekish strumpet,[2] train'd to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler[5] thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?—
Go, soldiers, take him hence; for, by my sword,
His head shall off.—Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn: it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person.—Hang him at a bough.

Gav. My lord,—

War. Soldiers, have him away.—
But, for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands.[3]

Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter ARUNDEL.

Lan. How now, my Lord of Arundel!

Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.

War. Arundel, say your message.

Arun. His majesty, hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why,[4] he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall;
And, if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now!

Gav. Renownèd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

War. No, it needeth not:
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him!

Gav. Why, my Lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at:
Yet grant King Edward this.

Y. Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant?—Soldiers, away with him!—
Thus we'll gratify the king;
We'll send his head by thee: let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.

Lan. Not so, my lord, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request,

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[1] Mr. Dyce quoted from Lingard the following particulars as to the close of Gaveston's career. The king and Gaveston having fled from Tynmouth to Scarborough, the king repaired to York, while Gaveston remained in Scarborough Castle, to which the Earls of Surrey and Pembroke laid siege. 'It was in vain that Edward sent them a mandate to retire. The unfortunate Gaveston finding the place untenable, surrendered with the king's consent to the Earl of Pembroke, on condition that if no accommodation were effected before the 1st of August, he should be reinstated in the possession of Scarborough. It had been agreed that the prisoner should be confined in his own castle of Wallingford: and the Earl and the Lord Henry Percy bound themselves for his safety to the king, under the forfeiture of their lands, limbs, and lives. From Scarborough Gaveston proceeded under their protection towards Wallingford; at Dedington, Pembroke left him in the custody of his servants, and departed to spend the night with his countess in the neighbourhood. The captive retired to rest without any suspicion of danger; but "the Black Dog [Warwick] had sworn that the favourite should feel his teeth;" and before dawn he received a peremptory order to dress himself and leave his chamber. At the gate, instead of his former guards, he found, to his astonishment, his enemy the Earl of Warwick, with a numerous force. He was immediately placed on a mule, and conducted to the castle of Warwick, where his arrival was announced by martial music and shouts of triumph. There the chiefs of the party sat in council over the fate of their prisoner. To a proposal to save his life, a voice replied, "You have caught the fox: if you let him go, you will have to hunt him again:" and it was ultimately resolved to disregard the capitulation, and to put him to death in conformity with one of the ordinances. When his doom was announced, Gaveston threw himself at the feet of the Earl of Lancaster, and implored, but in vain, the pity and protection of his "gentle lord." He was hurried to Blacklow-hill (now Gaversike), and beheaded in the presence of the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Surrey.'—LINGARD'S *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. 15, ed. 1849.

[2] *malgrado*—in spite of (Ital.); Fr. *malgré*; Eng. *maugre*; Lat. *male*, badly, *gradum*, agreeable.

[1] *Greekish strumpet*—Helen and the Trojan war.—DODSLEY.

[2] *buckler*—shield.

[3] Probably a line has dropped out here.

[4] *for why*—because.

And in[1] the honour of a king he swears,
He will but talk with him, and send him back.
War. When; can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents[2]
For Gaveston, will, if he seize him once,
Violate any promise to possess him.
Arun. Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
Y. Mor. 'Tis honourable in thee to offer this;
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true[3] man for a thief.
Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? that is over-base.
Y. Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
Question with thy companions and mates.
Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my Lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.
War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? Is it not enough
That we have taken him; but must we now
Leave him on 'Had I wist,'[4] and let him go?
Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your honours:
But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.
Arun. My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer?
Y. Mor. How say you, my Lord of Warwick?
War. Nay, do your pleasures: I know how 'twill prove.
Pem. Then give him me.
Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die!
War. Not yet, perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.
Y. Mor. My Lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you:
Return him on your honour.—Sound, away!

[*Exeunt all except* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, GAVESTON, JAMES, *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Pem. My lord, you shall go with me:
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little; but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, must not come so near to balk their lips.
Arun. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my Lord of Pembroke:
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.
Pem. So, my lord.—Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee;
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge: be gone.
Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither go'st thou now?

[*Exit with* JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Horse-boy. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GAVESTON[1] *mourning*, JAMES *and other* Attendants *of* PEMBROKE.

Gav. Oh, treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!
James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.
Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh, must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all my bliss? An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter WARWICK *and* Soldiers.

War. My Lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer: I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.
War. No, James; it is my country's cause I follow.—
Go, take the villain: soldiers, come away;
We'll make quick work.—Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.—
Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.
Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?
War. The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.—
Away!

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* Soldiers *with* GAVESTON.

James. Come, fellows: it booted not for us to strive:
We will in haste go certify our lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,[2] *the younger* SPENSER, BALDOCK, Noblemen *of the king's side, and* Soldiers *with drums and fifes.*

K. Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spenser, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer;
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable; and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce of Gaveston again:
The barons overbear me with their pride.
Y. Spen. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves,[3] this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,[4]
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles:

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[1] *in*—on.
[2] *exigents*—exigencies.
[3] *true*—honest.
[4] *Had I wist*—had I known,—the exclamation of those who repent of what they have rashly done.—DYCE. *Wist* comes from the same root as *wise* and *wit;* Anglo-Saxon, *witan*, Ger., *wissen*, to know.

[1] *Enter Gaveston*, &c.—the scene is evidently changed to another part of the country.
[2] Mr. Dyce thinks this scene must be in Yorkshire; as he truly remarks, Marlowe thought little about the location of his scenes.
[3] *braves*—bravadoes, threats.
[4] *magnanimity*—used here almost in its literal sense, greatness of mind, pride.

No doubt such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.
K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spenser, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest[s], and poll their tops.
Bald. This haught[1] resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter HUGH SPENSER, *an old man, father to the younger* SPENSER, *with his truncheon, and* Soldiers.

E. Spen. Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
K. Edw. Welcome, old man: com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell the prince of whence and what thou art.
E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills[2] and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spenser, the father of Hugh Spenser there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favour done, in him, unto us all.
K. Edw. Thy father, Spenser?
Y. Spen. True, an it like[3] your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.
K. Edw. Welcome, ten thousand times, old man, again!
Spenser, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spenser, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons;
And, Spenser, spare them not, lay it on.—
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!
Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *and* LEVUNE.

K. Edw. Madam, what news?
Q. Isab. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, king of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seizèd Normandy into his hands:
These be the letters, this the messenger.
K. Edw. Welcome, Levune. Tush, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.
But to my Gaveston: shall I never see,
Never behold thee now! Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear;
And fear not, lord and father,—heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy, this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth!
K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipp'd,
And this our son: Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company:
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.
Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king:
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.
[*Exit with* PRINCE EDWARD.

Enter ARUNDEL.[1]

K. Edw. What! Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?
Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.
K. Edw. Ah! traitors, have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surpris'd,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.
K. Edw. And, tell me, would the rebels deny me that?
Y. Spen. Proud recreants!
K. Edw. Yea, Spenser, traitors all!
Arun. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least; and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:
'My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him redeliver'd to your hands.'
K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?
Y. Spen. Some treason or some villany was cause.
Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his way;
For being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But, ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.
Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms!
K. Edw. Oh! shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die!
Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends:

[1] *haught*—proud, high, haughty; Fr., *haut.*
[2] *bills*—*i.e.* soldiers who carried bills. The bill was a kind of pike or halbert, which gave the most ghastly wounds.
[3] *an it like*—if it please.

[1] We have followed Dyce here and elsewhere in substituting 'Arundel' for 'Lord Matrevis,' which by mistake has crept into the old editions.

Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting-holes.[1]
K. Edw. [*kneeling.*] By earth, the common
mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!
[*Rises.*
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same;
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursèd traitorous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston!—
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spenser, sweet Spenser, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.
Y. Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the
barons
Desires access unto your majesty.
K. Edw. Admit him near.

Enter Herald *with his coat of arms.*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful
lord!
K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis,[2] that sent thee
hither;
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices:
A ranker rout[3] of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spenser, as a putrefying branch
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale[4] your princely head, your diadem;
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly advise your grace
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers;
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.
Y. Spen. Ah! traitors, will they still display
their pride?
K. Edw. Away! tarry[5] no answer, but be
gone!—
Rebels! will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?—
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

[*Embraces young* Spenser.

Spenser from me. Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston: hie thee, get thee
gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy
heels.— [*Exit* Herald.
My lord, perceive you how these rebels swell?—
Soldiers, good hearts! defend your sovereign's
right,
For, now, even now, we march to make them
stoop.
Away!

[*Exeunt. Alarums, excursions, a great fight,
and a retreat sounded within.*

Re-enter King Edward, *the elder* Spenser, *the
younger* Spenser, Baldock, *and* Noblemen
of the king's side.

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat? upon
them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.
Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord; right will
prevail.
E. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either
part
To breathe a while; our men, with sweat and
dust
All chok'd well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire[1] refresheth horse and man.
Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter the younger Mortimer, Lancaster,
Warwick, Pembroke, *and others.*

Y. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.
Lan. And there let him be,
Till he pay dearly for their company.
War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall
smite in vain.
K. Edw. What! rebels, do you shrink and
sound retreat?
Y. Mor. No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint
and fly.
Lan. They'd best betimes forsake thee and
their trains,[2]
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.
Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lan-
caster!
Pem. Away, base upstart! brav'st thou nobles
thus?
E. Spen. A noble attempt and honourable deed,
Is it not, trow[3] ye, to assemble aid
And levy arms against your lawful king?
K. Edw. For which, ere long, their heads shall
satisfy
T' appease the wrath of their offended king.
Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to
the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood
Than banish that pernicious company?
K. Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be
brav'd,
Make England's civil[4] towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.
War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!—
Alarum to the fight!
Saint George for England, and the barons' right!
K. Edw. Saint George[5] for England, and King
Edward's right!

[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally.*

Enter King Edward, *and his followers, with the*
Barons *and* Kent *captive.*

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now not by chance
of war,

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[1] *starting-holes*—loopholes.
[2] *wis*—know, think. See note 4, p. 113, col. 1.
[3] *rout*—rabble or crew. Another reading is *root*.
[4] *empale*—to fence or surround as with *pales* or stakes.
[5] *tarry*—wait for.

[1] *retire*—retreat.
[2] *trains*—*i.e.* stratagems or artifices. To train, literally means to draw or allure; from Lat. *traho*, to draw; low Lat. *trahino*, Fr. *trainer*.
[3] *trow*—think. Probably from same root as *true*, trust; in the Bible it is used in the sense of 'trust.'
[4] *civil*—municipal.
[5] *Saint George*—the patron saint of England. This used to be the cry of English soldiery when they charged the enemy.

But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd[1] is your pride: methinks you hang the heads;
But we'll advance them, traitors: now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,[2]
And for the murder of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite:
Ah, rebels, recreants, you made him away!
Kent. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
K. Edw. So, sir, you have spoke: away, avoid[3] our presence! [*Exit* KENT.
Accursèd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spar'd to come to speak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the prisoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed[4] him 'gainst law of arms?
For which thy head shall overlook the rest
As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest.
War. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
It is but temporal that thou canst inflict.
Lan. The worst is death; and better die to live,
Than live in infamy under such a king.
K. Edw. Away with them, my Lord of Winchester!
These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads!
Away!
War. Farewell, vain world!
Lan. Sweet Mortimer, farewell!
Y. Mor. England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief! behold how thou art maim'd!
K. Edw. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower;
There see him safe bestow'd; and, for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.
Be gone!
Y. Mor. What! Mortimer, can ragged stony walls
Immure thy virtue that aspires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
[*The captive* Barons *are led off.*
K. Edw. Sound, drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends.
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

[*Exeunt all except the younger* SPENSER, LEVUNE, *and* BALDOCK.

Y. Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land:
Therefore be gone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France,
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffer'd Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.[5]
Levune. That's it these barons and the subtle queen
Long levell'd[6] at.
Bald. Yéa, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks together:
What they intend, the hangman frustrates clean.

[1] *Vail'd*—lowered. [2] *braves*—bravadoes, boasts.
[3] *avoid*—quit.
[4] *headed*—beheaded.
[5] *regiment*—rule, government. [6] *levell'd*—aimed.

Levune. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.
Y. Spen. Then make for France amain: Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT.

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France: blow, gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this!
A brother? no, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongèd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king, to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape. Stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device!

Enter the younger MORTIMER *disguised.*

Y. Mor. Holla! who walketh there?
Is't you, my lord?
Kent. Mortimer, 'tis I.
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Y. Mor. It hath, my lord: the warders all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
Kent. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA[1] *and* PRINCE EDWARD.

Q. Isab. Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France!
The lords are cruel, and the king[2] unkind.
What shall we do?
P. Edw. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well; and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France!
I warránt you, I'll win his highness quickly;
'A[3] loves me better than a thousand Spensers.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together!
No, no, we jar too far.—Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel, when France rejects,
Whither, oh, whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Sir J. Madam, what cheer?
Q. Isab. Ah, good Sir John of Hainault,
Never so cheerless nor so far distrest!
Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's unkindness:
But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair. Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your son?—
How say you, my lord? will you go with your friends,
And shake off all our fortunes equally?
P. Edw. So pleaseth the queen my mother, me it likes.[4]
The king of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff;
And then have at the proudest Spenser's head!
Sir J. Well said, my lord!

[1] *Enter Queen Isabella*, &c.—the scene changes to France.
[2] *the king*—Charles v., her brother.—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays.*
[3] *'A*—he. [4] *likes*—pleases.

Q. Isab. Oh, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!—
Ah, sweet Sir John, even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais,[1]
Will we with thee to Hainault—so we will:
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.—
But who are these?

Enter KENT *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Kent. Madam, long may you live
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Q. Isab. Lord Edmund, and Lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Y. Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain:
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.
P. Edw. How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.
Q. Isab. Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse!—
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Y. Mor. Monsieur Le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news,—
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath show'd himself: but, madam, right makes room
Where weapons won't; and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in England,
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed[2] for our foes.
Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietness!
Y. Mor. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserv'd:[3]
The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
Sir J. My lords of England, sith[4] th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen, his sister, here,
Go you with her to Hainault: doubt ye not
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long to bid the English king a base[5]—
How say, young prince, what think you of the match?
P. Edw. I think King Edward will outrun us all.

Q. Isab. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid.
Kent. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray,
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Q. Isab. Yea, gentle brother:—and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John!
Y. Mor. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.—
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen and nobles in distress
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted.
Sir J. Madam, along; and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD, ARUNDEL, *the elder* SPENSER, *the younger* SPENSER, *and others.*[1]

K. Edw. Thus, after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontroll'd!—
My Lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?
Y. Spen. What news, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm.—My Lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun. From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.
K. Edw. I pray, let us see it. What have we there?—
Read it, Spenser.
[SPENSER *reads their names.*
Why, so: they bark'd apace a month ago;
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark or bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold so well
As[2] Isabella gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
'A[3] will be had ere long, I doubt it not.
K. Edw. If, dost thou say? Spenser, as true as death,
He is in England's ground: our port-masters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news with thee? from whence come these?
Mes. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France;—
To you, my Lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
[*Gives letters to younger* SPENSER.
K. Edw. Read.
Y. Spen. [reading.] *My duty to your honour premised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France, his lords, and effected that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone: whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund and*

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[1] Dyce, no doubt correctly, thinks the meaning to be that they would go with Sir John to Hainault, were it on the utmost verge of Europe, &c. The *Tanais* (Don) was formerly accounted the boundary between Europe and Asia.

[2] *appointed*—armed, accoutred, furnished with implements of war. We still speak of a soldier's 'appointments.'

[3] *deserv'd*—earned.

[4] *sith*—since; Anglo-Saxon, *sith*, late, after.

[5] *to bid the English king a base.* To *bid a base* is, to run fast, challenging another to pursue, in allusion to the game of *Prison-base* or *Prison-bars*, a rustic game that consisted chiefly in running. The following lines from Spencer seem to give some kind of picture of the sport:—

'So ran they all as they had been at *bace*,
They being chased that did others chase.'
—*Faerie Queene*, v. viii. 5.

[1] Scene in England again, apparently in the royal palace.

[2] *As*—that, in which sense it was often used by old authors.

[3] *'A*—he.

the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England, sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of import.

Your honour's in all service, Levune.

K. Edw. Ah, villains, hath that Mortimer escap'd?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome a[1] God's name, madam, and your son!
England shall welcome you and all your rout.[2]
Gallop apace,[3] bright Phœbus, through the sky;
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirèd day,
When we may meet these traitors in the field!
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills!
Come, friends, to Bristol, there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, KENT, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.[4]

Q. Isab. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive,[5]
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd! But what's the help?
Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channel[6] overflow with blood
Of thine own people: patron shouldst thou be;
But thou—

Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.—
Lords, sith[7] that we are, by sufferance of heaven,
Arriv'd and armèd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours; and withal
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord! and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Kent. I would he never had been flatter'd more! [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD, BALDOCK, *and the younger* SPENSER, *flying about the stage.*

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is overstrong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.

K. Edw. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our troops,
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Bald. Oh no, my lord! this princely resolution
Fits not the time: away! we are pursu'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT, *with a sword and target.*

Kent. This way he fled; but I am come too late.
Edward, alas, my heart relents for thee!
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vile wretch, and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursèd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
Oh fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage;
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire:
And yet she bears a face of love, forsooth!
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false; be not found single for suspect:[1]
Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, *the younger* MORTIMER, *and* SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT.

Q. Isab. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since, then, successfully we have prevail'd,
Thankèd be heaven's great Architect, and you!
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovèd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm; and, sith the Fates
Have made his father so infortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.

Kent. Madam, without offence if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

P. Edw. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Y. Mor. My Lord of Kent, what needs these questions?
'Tis not in her controlment nor in ours;
But as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposèd of.—
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund:
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

[*Aside to the* Queen.

Q. Isab. My lord, the Mayor of Bristol knows our mind.

Y. Mor. Yea, madam; and they 'scape not easily
That fled the field.

Q. Isab. Baldock is with the king:
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

Sir J. So are the Spensers, the father and the son.

Kent.[2] This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWEL, *and the* MAYOR OF BRISTOL, *with the elder* SPENSER *prisoner, and* Attendants.

Rice. God save Queen Isabel and her princely son!

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[1] *a*—in. [2] *rout*—rabble, crew.

[3] *Gallop apace.* This of course reminds us of the well-known passage in *Romeo and Juliet;* but it by no means follows that Shakespeare stole the phrase: the *drift* of the one passage is totally different from that of the other.

[4] The scene is, of course, in England—Dyce says, near Harwich.

[5] *glaive* here means halberd; it was also used to signify a kind of broad-sword.

[6] *channel*—kennel or gutter. [7] *sith*—since.

[1] *suspect*—suspicion.

[2] Dyce substitutes *Young Mortimer* for *Kent.*

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristol,
In sign of love and duty to this presence,
Present by me this traitor to the state,
Spenser, the father to that wantou Spenser,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revell'd in England's wealth and treasury.
Q. Isab. We thank you all.
Y. Mor. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spenser fled?
Rice. Spenser the son, created Earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock gone,
And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.
Y. Mor. Some whirlwind fetch them back, or sink them all!—
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
P. Edw. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
Kent. Unhappy Edward, chas'd from England's bounds!
Sir J. Madam, what resteth?[1] why stand you in a muse?
Q. Isab. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but, alas,
Care of my country call'd me to this war!
Y. Mor. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint:
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.—
Meanwhile have hence this rebel to the block.
E. Spen. Rebel is he that fights against the prince:
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Y. Mor. Take him away; he prates.
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with the elder* SPENSER.
You, Rice ap Howel,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.—
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice
How Baldock, Spenser, and their 'complices,
May in their fall be follow'd to their end.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Abbot,[2] Monks, KING EDWARD, *the younger* SPENSER, *and* BALDOCK.

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear:
As silent and as careful we will be
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase,
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.
K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit.
Oh, hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state!
Stately and proud in riches and in train,
Whilom[3] I was powerful and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery[4]
Have not in life or death made miserable?—
Come, Spenser,—come, Baldock,—come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
Father, this life contemplative is heaven:
Oh that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas, are chas'd!—and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue.—
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.
First Monk. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do wot[1] of your abode.
Y. Spen. Not one alive: but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below;
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
Bald. We were embark'd for Ireland; wretched we,
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven,
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates!
K. Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man?—Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle[2] care.
Oh might I never ope these eyes again,
Never again lift up this drooping head,
Oh never more lift up this dying heart!
Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good: here even we are betray'd.

Enter, with Welsh hooks,[3] RICE AP HOWEL, *a* Mower, *and* LEICESTER.

Mow. Upon my life, these be the men ye seek.
Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray, be short;
A fair commission warrants what we do.
Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by Mortimer:
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?—
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes unseen
T' escape their hands that seek to reave[4] his life!
Too true it is. *Quem*[5] *dies vidit veniens superbum:*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leicester, leave[6] to grow so passionate.—
Spenser and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest:
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
My lord, why droop you thus?
K. Edw. Oh day, the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! Oh my stars,
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends.
Rice. Away with them!
Y. Spen. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.
Abbot. My heart with pity earns[7] to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands!
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Spenser, ah! sweet Spenser, thus, then, must we part?

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[1] *resteth*—remaineth.
[2] *Enter the Abbot*, &c. Scene, within the Abbey of Neath.—DYCE.
[3] *Whilom*—once, formerly
[4] *empery*—sometimes means empire, kingdom; here it means sovereignty.

[1] *wot*—know; connected with *wit.*
[2] *mickle*—much; still used in Scotland; Anglo-Saxon, *micel.*
[3] *Welsh hooks.* What kind of weapons these were is not precisely known. Nares says they were swords made in a hooked form; another authority thinks they were a species of Lochaber axe.
[4] *reave*—rob; now *bereave;* Anglo-Saxon, *refian,* to rob.
[5] *Quem*, &c.—'He whom the morning beholds proud, the departing day sees lying low.'—SENECA.
[6] *leave*—cease.
[7] *earns*—yearns; Anglo-Saxon, *georn,* desirous; connected with *earnest.*

Y. Spen. We must, my lord; so will the angry heavens.
K. Edw. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer:
The gentle heavens have not to do in this.
Bald. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves:
Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.
K. Edw. In heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet:—
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?
Leices. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.[1]
K. Edw. Must! it is somewhat hard when kings must go.
Leices. Here is a letter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.
Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.
K. Edw. A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore;
For friends hath Edward none but these, and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword.
Rice. My lord, be going: care not for these;
For we shall see them shorter by the heads.
K. Edw. Well, that shall be shall be: part we must;
Sweet Spenser, gentle Baldock, part we must.—
Hence, feignèd weeds![2] unfeignèd are my woes.—
Father, farewell.—Leicester, thou stay'st for me;
And go I must.—Life, farewell, with my friends!
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD *and* LEICESTER.
Y. Spen. Oh, is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rend, sphere of heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,
Gone, gone, alas, never to make return!
Bald. Spenser, I see our souls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life.
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance:
Reduce we all our lessons unto this,—
To die, sweet Spenser, therefore live we all;
Spenser, all live to die, and rise to fall.
Rice. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England. Will your lordships away?
Mow. Your lordship I trust will remember me?
Rice. Remember thee, fellow! what else?
Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING EDWARD,[3] LEICESTER, *the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, *and* TRUSSEL.[4]

Leices. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
K. Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd;
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,[5]
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds:
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain
Full oft am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain[1] me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs,
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment[2] is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule; I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown; but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?
Bish. of Win. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.
K. Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassèd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But, if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!
Or, like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head!
So shall not England's vines be perishèd,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.
Leices. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer: will you yield your crown?
K. Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That, like a mountain, overwhelms my bliss;
In which extremes my mind here murder'd is!
But that the heavens appoint I must obey.—
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too:
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay a while: let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishèd right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime;
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wishèd crown.
Inhuman creatures, nurs'd with tiger's milk,

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[1] *Killingworth*—Kenilworth.
[2] 'Hence it appears that Edward has put on the disguise of a monk, and wears it during the scene.'—DODSLEY'S *Old Plays* (1825).
[3] Scene, Kenilworth Castle.
[4] We have followed Dyce in the name *Trussel*; Dodsley makes it *Trusty*.
[5] *The forest deer, being struck*, &c.:—
'But I suppose not that the earth doth yield
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then Candian Dittanie;
Which wounded Deer eating, immediately
Not only cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repel.'
—Sylvester's *Du Bartas*.—*The Third Day of the First Week*, p. 27, ed. 1641.—Quoted by DYCE.
[1] *plain*—complain.
[2] *regiment*—government.

Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow—
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life?
See, monsters, see! I'll wear my crown again.
[*Putting on the crown.*
What! fear you not the fury of your king?—
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly[1] led:
They pass[2] not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrèd with endless torments;
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have present news;
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
[*The* King *rageth.*

K. Edw. I'll not resign, but, whilst I live, be king.
Traitors, be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will:
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.

Bish. of Win. This answer we'll return; and so, farewell.

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For, if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back; I have no power to speak.

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign.

Bish. of Win. If he be not, let him choose.

K. Edw. Oh would I might! but heavens and earth conspire
To make me miserable. Here, receive my crown.
Receive it? no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime:
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What! are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes being turn'd to steel
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay; for, rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here!—Now, sweet God of heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizèd in heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself!

Enter BERKELEY.

Berk. My lord.

K. Edw. Call me not lord; away, out of my sight!
Ah, pardon me! grief makes me lunatic.
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety there is in a tiger's jaws
Than his embracements. Bear this to the queen
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:[3]
If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back, and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I: yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus. And thus, most humbly do we take our leave.

K. Edw. Farewell.
[*Exeunt the* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and* TRUSSEL *with the crown.*
I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be:
To wretched men death is felicity.

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?

K. Edw. Such news as I expect.—Come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leices. My lord, the council and the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw. [*Taking the paper.*] By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart.
[*Tears it.*
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my mind:
So may his limbs be torn as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove,[1] and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will: all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him!

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now remov'd.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I assur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.—
Leicester, farewell.

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA *and the younger* MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm:
In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being grip'd himself.
Think therefore, madam, that [it] imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him:
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater sway
Whenas[2] a king's name shall be under-writ.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

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[1] *fondly*—foolishly; *fond, i.e. fonned*, comes from old English *fonne*, Scotch *fon*, to be foolish.

[2] *pass*—care.

[3] The king apparently is supposed to give a handkerchief or some such thing here.

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[1] *Jove*—Jehovah, a not uncommon abbreviation of the word with old writers.

[2] *Whenas*—when.

Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *with the crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester.—
Sirrah, be gone. [*Exit* Messenger.

Bish. of Win. The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Q. Isab. Oh, happy news! send for the prince my son.

Bish. of Win. Further, or this letter was seal'd, Lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more, but so.
The Lord of Berkeley is so pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Q. Isab. Then let some other be his guardian.

Y. Mor. Let me alone; here is the privy-seal.—[1]
Who's there? Call hither Gurney and Matrevis.—
[*To* Attendants *within.*
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift,
Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us or for my son?

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently be despatch'd and die?

Q. Isab. I would he were, so 'twere not by my means.

Enter MATREVIS[2] *and* GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Enough.—Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the Lord of Berkeley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And, when 'tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. Mor. Gurney—

Gur. My lord?

Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Y. Mor. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts[3] to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly[4] to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chance to weep,
But amplify[5] his grief with bitter words.

Mat. Fear not, my lord; we'll do as you command.

Y. Mor. So, now away! post thitherwards amain.

Q. Isab. Whither goes this letter? to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labour all in vain
To ease his grief and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives ring.*

Mat. I will, madam. [*Exit with* GURNEY.

Y. Mor. Finely dissembled! do so still, sweet queen.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, *and* KENT *talking with him.*

Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.

Q. Isab. Something he whispers in his childish ears.

Y. Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd.

Q. Isab. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Y. Mor. How fares my honourable Lord of Kent?

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer.—How fares your grace?

Q. Isab. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.[1]

Kent. I hear of late he hath depos'd himself.

Q. Isab. The more my grief.

Y. Mor. And mine.

Kent. Ah, they do dissemble! [*Aside.*

Q. Isab. Sweet son, come hither; I must talk with thee.

Y. Mor. You, being his uncle and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Kent. Not I, my lord: who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean the queen.

P. Edw. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king; I am too young to reign.

Q. Isab. But be content, seeing 'tis his highness' pleasure.

P. Edw. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew.

Q. Isab. Brother, you know it is impossible.

P. Edw. Why, is he dead?

Q. Isab. No; God forbid!

Kent. I would those words proceeded from your heart!

Y. Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour him,
That wast a cause of his imprisonment?

Kent. The more cause have I now to make amends.

Y. Mor. [*aside to* Q. ISAB.]
I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.—
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

P. Edw. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Q. Isab. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.

P. Edw. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.

Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.

Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge; redeem him.

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[1] Dyce places the *exit* of the Bishop of Winchester here; neither his *entrance* nor *exit* is marked in the old editions.

[2] *Matrevis*—Sir John Maltravers.

[3] *casts*—contrives; we now speak of *casting about.*

[4] *curstly*—crossly, ill-naturedly, shrewishly.

[5] *amplify* is here used in its literal sense, to make large or larger, increase.

[1] *enlarg'd*—set at large.

Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.

Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wrongèd me.
Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,
And rescue agèd Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter MATREVIS, GURNEY, *and* Soldiers, *with* KING EDWARD.

Mat. My lord, be not pensive; we are your friends:
Men are ordain'd to live in misery;
Therefore, come; dalliance dangereth our lives.

K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexèd like the nightly bird,
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingèd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,
And give my heart to Isabel and him:
It is the chiefest mark they level at.

Gur. Not so, my liege: the queen hath given this charge,
To keep your grace in safety:
Your passions make your dolours[1] to increase.

K. Edw. This usage makes my misery increase.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance;
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart:
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And so must die, though pitièd by many.
Oh, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

Mat. Here's channel-water,[2] as our charge is given:
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

K. Edw. Traitors, away! What! will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddle-water?

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shave away your beard,
Lest you be known, and so be rescuèd.

Mat. Why strive you thus? your labour is in vain.

K. Edw. The wren may strive against the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.
[*They wash him with puddle-water, and shave his beard away.*

Immortal powers, that know the painful cares
That wait upon my poor distressèd soul,
Oh, level all your looks upon these daring men
That wrong their liege and sovereign, England's king!
Oh Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd!
For me, both thou and both the Spensers died;
And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I'll take.
The Spensers' ghosts, wherever they remain,
Wish well to mine; then, tush, for them I'll die.

Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no enmity.
Come, come, away! Now put the torches out:
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Gur. How now! who comes there?

Enter KENT.

Mat. Guard the king sure; it is the Earl of Kent.

K. Edw. Oh, gentle brother, help to rescue me.

Mat. Keep them asunder: thrust in the king.

Kent. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for his assault.

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors! yield the king!

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gur. Bind him, and so convey him to the court.

Kent. Where is the court but here? Here is the king;
And I will visit him; why stay you me?

Mat. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains:
Thither shall your honour go; and so, farewell.
[*Exeunt* MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *with* KING EDWARD.

Kent. Oh, miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!

First Sold. Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the court!

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER.

Y. Mor. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him:
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
[*Reads.*
Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die:
But reads it thus, and that's another sense;
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.[1]
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the messenger
That shall convey it, and perform the rest;
And, by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.—
Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light. What else, my lord? and far more resolute.

Y. Mor. And hast thou cast[2] how to accomplish it?

Light. Ay, ay; and none shall know which way he died.

Y. Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

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[1] *dolours*—griefs.
[2] *channel-water*—kennel-water, water from the sewer.

[1] 'It is said that King Edward, of Carnarvon, lying at Berkeley Castle prisoner, a cardinal wrote to his keeper, *Edwardum occidere noli, timere bonum est*, which being read with the point at *timere*, cost the king his life.'—Sir J. Harrington, quoted in Dodsley (ed. 1825).
[2] *cast*—contrived.

Light. Relent! ha! ha! I use much to relent.
Y. Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man:
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn[1] thrust through the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.
But yet I have a braver way than these.
Y. Mor. What's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.
Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis:
[*Gives letter.*
At every ten-mile end thou hast a horse:
Take this: away, and never see me more!
Light. No?
Y. Mor. No; unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.
Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*
Y. Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly congè[2] to the ground
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
Fear'd am I more than lov'd;—let me be fear'd,
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus'[3] eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching[4] to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire;
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful Puritan,
First I complain of embecility,
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*;[5]
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*,[6] as they term it;
And, to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum quàm cui possit fortuna nocere.[7]
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaseth me and Isabel the queen.
[*Trumpets within.*
The trumpets sound; I must go take my place.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA, *the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Champion, *and* Nobles.

Archb. of Cant. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God
King of England and Lord of Ireland!
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the Champion that will combat him.
Y. Mor. None comes: sound trumpets!
K. Edw. Third. Champion, here's to thee.
[*Gives purse.*

Q. Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers *with* KENT *prisoner.*

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?
First Sold. Edmund the Earl of Kent.
K. Edw. Third. What hath he done?
First Sold. 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Y. Mor. Did you attempt his rescue Edmund? Speak.
Kent. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.
Y. Mor. Strike off his head; he shall have martial law.
Kent. Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!
K. Edw. Third. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.
Y. Mor. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.
Kent. Stay, villains!
K. Edw. Third. Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.
Q. Isab. Son, be content: I dare not speak a word.
K. Edw. Third. Nor I: and yet, methinks, I should command:
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him.
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Y. Mor. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.
How often shall I bid you bear him hence?
Kent. Art thou king? must I die at thy command?
Y. Mor. At our command. Once more, away with him.
Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go:
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood:
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
[Soldiers *hale* KENT *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*
K. Edw. Third. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murder'd thus?
Q. Isab. Fear not, sweet boy; I'll guard thee from thy foes:
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.
K. Edw. Third. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
Q. Isab. He is a traitor; think not on him:
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels[1] of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth,
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king, brought up so tenderly.
Gur. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savour.
Mat. He hath a body able to endure

---

[1] *lawn*—a towel, or something made of *lawn?*
[2] *congè*—bow.
[3] *Aristarchus* of Alexandria, who flourished about 150 B.C., was the most celebrated critic of antiquity.
[4] *breeching*—whipping.
[5] 'A burden inconceivably heavy.'
[6] 'I have undertaken that office.'
[7] 'I am too great for fortune to injure.'—OVID, *Met.* vi. 195.

[1] *channels*—kennels.

More than we can inflict: and therefore now
Let us assail his mind another while.
Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
Mat. But stay; who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Light. My Lord Protector greets you.
[*Gives letter.*
Gur. What's here? I know not how to construe it.
Mat. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;[1]
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,[2]
That's his meaning.
Light. Know you this token? I must have the king. [*Gives token.*
Mat. Ay, stay a while; thou shalt have answer straight.—
This villain's sent to make away the king.
Gur. I thought as much.
Mat. And, when the murder's done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,—
Pereat iste![3] Let him have the king;
What else?—Here is the keys, this is the lake:
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
Light. I know what I must do. Get you away:
Yet be not far off; I shall need your help:
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.
Mat. Very well.
Gur. Need you anything besides?
Light. What else? a table and a feather-bed.
Gur. That's all?
Light. Ay, ay: so, when I call you, bring it in.
Mat. Fear not thou that.
Gur. Here's a light to go into the dungeon.
[*Exit with* MATREVIS.
Light. So now[4]
Must I about this gear:[5] ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king shall be.—
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!
K. Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
K. Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks:
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
K. Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. Oh, villains!
K. Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space, and, lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum;
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no I know not.
Oh, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Claremont.
Light. Oh, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.
K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour naught but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while; forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more stedfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
K. Edw. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left; receive thou this:
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour's murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?
Light. You're overwatch'd,[1] my lord: lie down and rest.
K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids clos'd.
Now, as I speak, they fall; and yet with fear
Open again. Oh, wherefore sit'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
K. Edw. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
[*Sleeps.*
Light. He sleeps.
K. Edw. [*waking.*] Oh, let me not die! yet stay, oh, stay a while!
Light. How now, my lord!
K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake:
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus;
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
Light. Run for the table.
K. Edw. Oh, spare me, or despatch me in a trice!
Light. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
[EDWARD *is murdered by holding him down on the bed with the table, and stamping on it.*[2]
Mat. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore let us take horse and away.
Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
Gur. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.
[*Stabs* LIGHTBORN, *who dies.*

[1] *for the nonce*—for the occasion. See note 5, p. 55, 1st col.
[2] 'Don't be afraid to slay Edward.'
[3] 'Kill this fellow.'
[4] *So now*, &c. Of course the scene is supposed to be changed to the dungeon in which Edward is confined.
[5] *gear*—business; Anglo-Saxon, *girian*, to prepare.

[1] *overwatch'd*—wearied with too much watching.
[2] The 'red-hot spit,' with which Edward is said to have been murdered, and which is mentioned above, seems not to have been produced on the stage.

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the younger MORTIMER *and* MATREVIS.

Y. Mor. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Mat. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!

Y. Mor. Matrevis, if thou now grow'st penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.

Mat. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.

Y. Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour. [*Exit.*

Y. Mor. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me:
All tremble at my name, and I fear none:
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. Isab. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murder'd him!

Y. Mor. What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Q. Isab. Ay, ay; but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succour of his peers.
Ay me, see where he comes, and they with him!
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, Lords, *and* Attendants.

First Lord. Fear not, my lord; know that you are a king.

K. Edw. Third. Villain!—

Y. Mor. Ho,[1] now, my lord!

K. Edw. Third. Think not that I am frighted with thy words:
My father's murder'd through thy treachery;
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursèd head shall lie,
To witness to the world that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd.

Q. Isab. Weep not, sweet son.

K. Edw. Third. Forbid not me to weep; he was my father;
And, had you lov'd him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently:
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer.

First Lord. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Y. Mor. Because I think scorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares say I murder'd him?

K. Edw. Third. Traitor, in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 'twas thou that murder'dst him.

Y. Mor. But hath your grace no other proof than this?

K. Edw. Third. Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer. [*Showing paper.*

Y. Mor. False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself. [*Aside to* QUEEN.

Q. Isab. I fear'd as much: murder cannot be hid.

Y. Mor. It is my hand; what gather you by this?

K. Edw. Third. That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Y. Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.

K. Edw. Third. Ah, Mortimer, thou know'st that he is slain!
And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up:
But bring his head back presently to me.

Q. Isab. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!

Y. Mor. Madam, entreat not: I will rather die
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.

K. Edw. Third. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer!

Y. Mor. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—
Farewell, fair queen: weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.

K. Edw. Third. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?

[*Exit the younger* MORTIMER *with* First Lord *and some of the* Attendants.

Q. Isab. As thou receivèdst thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Q. Isab. I spill his blood! no.

K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs.

Q. Isab. That rumour is untrue: for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel.

K. Edw. Third. I do not think her so unnatural.

Sec. Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

K. Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further trial may be made thereof.
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Q. Isab. Nay, to my death; for too long have I liv'd,
Whenas[1] my son thinks to abridge my days.

K. Edw. Third. Away with her! her words enforce these tears,
And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my belovèd lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

Sec. Lord. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.

Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me: stay; I am his mother.

Sec. Lord. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief!

[*Exit with* Second Lord *and some of the* Attendants.

Re-enter First Lord, *with the head of the younger* MORTIMER.

First Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

[1] *Ho*—stop, hold.

[1] *Whenas*—when.

K. Edw. Third. Go, fetch my father's hearse,
where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Accursèd head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatch'd this monstrous treachery!
Here comes the hearse: help me to mourn, my
lords.

Re-enter Attendants, *with the hearse and funeral robes.*

Sweet father, here unto thy murder'd ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.
[*Exeunt.*

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS:

AS IT HATH BEEN ACTED BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF NOTTINGHAM HIS SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

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Dramatis Personæ.

THE POPE.
CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
FAUSTUS.
VALDES, } *friends to Faustus.*
CORNELIUS, }
WAGNER, *servant to Faustus.*
Clown.
ROBIN.
RALPH.
Vintner.
Horse-courser.
A Knight.
An Old Man.
Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.

LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
Good Angel.
Evil Angel.
The Seven Deadly Sins.
Devils.
Spirits in the shapes of Alexander the Great, of his Paramour, and of Helen.

Chorus.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate[1] the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form[2] of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas[3] his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot[4] of scholarism[5] grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till swoln with cunning,[6] of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted more with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
And this the man that in his study sits.
[*Exit.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics,[1] 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
Bid Economy farewell; Galen come,
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus:*[2]

[1] *mate*—confound, defeat.
[2] *form*—likeness, representation.
[3] *Whereas*—where
[4] *plot*—field.
[5] *scholarism*—scholarship.
[6] *cunning*—*i.e.* knowledge; Anglo-Saxon, *cunnan*, to know.

[1] *Analytics*—science of analysis, logic.
[2] 'Where the philosopher ends, there the physician begins.'

Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
And be etèrniz'd for some wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas.
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thoũ still but Faustus, and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
Physic, farewell!
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus; view it well.

[*Reads*

Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium, &c.*
The reward of sin is death: that's hard.

[*Reads.*

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas; If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
Oh, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan![1]
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, try[2] thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Oh, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures;—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasury is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove[3] is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit[4] of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me[5] of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient[6] pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely[1] clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all our provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,[2]
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealèd arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd[3] the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning[4] as Agrippa[5] was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canònize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters[6] with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury:
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,[7]

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[1] *artizan*—artist, one skilled in arts.
[2] *try*—the later 4tos have 'tire.'
[3] *Jove*—Jehovah.
[4] *conceit*—thought, idea.
[5] *Resolve me*—free me from, solve for me.
[6] *orient*—shining, sparkling.

[1] *bravely*—finely, gaily; brave is originally the same as Scotch, *braw.*
[2] During the blockade of Antwerp by the Prince of Parma in 1585, the inhabitants of Antwerp made 'a great shippe,' which they filled with combustibles, over which they laid 'millstones, gravestones, and others of great weight;' this ship they contrived to bring under the bridge of boats made across the Scheldt by the enemy, where it blew up, causing great destruction and loss of life.
[3] *Gravell'd*—caused to stick in the sand, puzzled.
[4] *cunning*—knowing.
[5] *Agrippa*—Cornelius Agrippa.
[6] *Almain rutters*—German horsemen or troopers.
[7] *renown'd*—renowned; Fr. *renommè.*

And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth:
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. Oh, this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty[1] grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's[2] and Albertus'[3] works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning[4] by himself.

Vald. First, I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity[5] thereof;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was won't to make our schools ring with *sic probo!*[6]

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes his boy.

Enter Wagner.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wag. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon't: therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?*[7] and is not that *mobile?*[8] then wherefore should you ask me such a question? Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. Oh, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him!

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Faustus *to conjure.*

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,[1]
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erriug[2] stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

[*Here he beseeches the powers above and below to cause Mephistophilis to appear before him.*]

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[*Exit* Mephist.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!

Re-enter Mephistophilis *like a Franciscan friar.*

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak!

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;[3]
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.

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1 *lusty*—vigorous, bushy.
2 *Bacon*—Friar (Roger) Bacon.
3 *Albertus*—Albertus Magnus.
4 *cunning*—skill, power.
5 *quiddity*—originally essence; here subtilty, quirk.
6 'thus I prove.'
7 'a natural body.'
8 'moveable.'

1 *hest*—behest, command. 2 *erring*—wandering.
3 *per accidens*—'by accident.' It was not his 'conjuring speeches,' but what accompanied them that was the cause.

This word 'damnation' terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faust. What! is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go, bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's[1] deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve[2] me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. [*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to[3] Spain,
And both contributory to my crown:
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit.*

Enter WAGNER *and* Clown.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy! swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts[4] as I have: boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too; you may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave! see how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend: by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars,[1] and they shall tear thee in pieces.

Clown. Do you hear, sir? you may save that labour; they are too familiar with me already: swowns, they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah! hold, take these guilders.

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness I gave them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away.—Baliol and Belcher!

Enter two Devils; *and the* Clown *runs up and down crying.*

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits away! [*Exeunt* Devils.

Clown. What! are they gone? a vengeance on them! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil: I'll tell you how you shall know them; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat! No, no, sir; if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere.

Wag. Well, sirrah, come. [*Exeunt.*

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must
Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd:
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:
Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:
Why waver'st thou? Oh, something soundeth in mine ears,
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again.'

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[1] *Jove's*—Jehovah's.
[2] *resolve*—satisfy, inform.
[3] *continent to*—continuous or connected with.
[4] *pickadevaunts*—pointed beards, formerly fashionable.

[1] *familiars—i.e.* attendant spirits—generally evil.

Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance — what of them?

G. Ang. Oh, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and wealth. [*Exeunt* Angels.

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine,
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me.
What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:
Cast no more doubts. Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—
Is't not midnight?—come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile![1]

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now, tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.[2]

Faust. Have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then stab thine arm courageously
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper[3] blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will [*Writes*]. But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch the fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?
Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a chafer of coals.*

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.[1]

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately.

Meph. Oh, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*

Faust. Consummatum est;[2] this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo fuge:[3] whither should I fly?
If unto God, He'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—
I see it plain; here in this place is writ,
Homo fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Devils, *who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then depart.*

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul:
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made!

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following:—First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he pleases. I, John Faustus, of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the east, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.*

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't!

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,

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[1] 'Come, come, Mephistophilis!'

[2] 'It is a consolation to have had companions in their misery.'

[3] *proper*—own; Lat. *proprius*, one's own.

[1] The sixth chapter of *The History of Doctor Faustus* is headed: 'How Doctor Faustus set his blood in a saucer, on warme ashes, and writ as followeth.'

[2] 'It is finished.'

[3] 'Fly, O man!'

Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be:
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.
Faust. Come, I think hell's a fable.
Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.
Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?
Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.
Faust. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond[1] to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.
Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damn'd, and am now in hell.
Faust. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here:
What! walking, disputing, etc.
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I cannot live without a wife.
Meph. How! a wife!
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.
Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one; for I will have one.
Meph. Well, thou wilt have one! Sit there till I come: I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with a* Devil *dressed like a* Woman, *with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?
Faust. A plague on her!
Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba,[2] or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
The iterating[3] of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.
Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I have a book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I might raise up spirits when I please.
Meph. Here they are in this book.
Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions and dispositions.
Meph. Here they are too.
Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees, that grow upon the earth.
Meph. Here they be.
Faust. O thou art deceived.
Meph. Tut, I warrant thee.
Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.
Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.
Faust. How prov'st thou that?
Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.
Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.
E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.
Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.
E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent. [*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus, thou art damn'd!' then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he,[1] that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodics but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?
Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine[2] is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring[3] stars.
Faust. Tush,
These slender trifles Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Tell me who made the world?
Meph. I will not.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.
Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.
Faust. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?
Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.
Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.
Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*
Faust. Ay, go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell!
'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul.
Is't not too late?

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[1] *fond*—foolish. [2] *Saba*, *i.e.* the Queen of Sheba.
[3] *iterating*—reiterating, repeating.

[1] Amphion.
[2] *terminine*. Other editions have 'termine,' *i.e.* terminus or end.
[3] *erring*—wandering.

Re-enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.
G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.
E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.
G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* Angels.
Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,
Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul!

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for He is just:
There's none but I have interest in the same.
Faust. Oh, who art thou that look'st so terrible?
Luc. I am Lucifer,
And this is my companion-prince in hell.
Faust. Oh, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!
Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:
Thou shouldst not think of God: think of the devil,
And of his dam too.
Faust. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this,
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to Him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.
Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.
Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.
Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.
Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark this show: talk of the devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.
Faust. What art thou, the first?
Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea; I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed, I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.
Faust. What art thou, the second?
Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag: and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. Oh, my sweet gold!
Faust. What art thou, the third?
Wrath. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.
Faust. What art thou, the fourth?
Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. Oh that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand? Come down, with a vengeance!
Faust. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?
Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a-day and ten bevers,[1]—a small trifle to suffice nature. Oh, I come of a royal parentage! My grandfather was a Gammon[2] of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef. Oh, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?
Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.
Glut. Then the devil choke thee!
Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?
Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.
Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?
Lechery. Who I, sir? and the first letter of my name begins with L.
Faust. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the* Sins.
Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?
Faust. Oh, this feeds my soul!
Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.
Faust. Oh, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!
Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it throughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.
Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.
Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.
Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.
Come Mephistophilis.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,

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[1] *bevers*—a bever is a mid-day meal, taken between breakfast and dinner. It is here used generally, but strictly should be confined to drinking. Ital. *bever*, to drink.
[2] *Gammon*—a smoked or cured ham.

Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,[1]
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents:
There saw we learnèd Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;[2]
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,[3]
That threats the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:
But tell me now what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. Faustus, I have; and, because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man; we'll be bold with his good cheer.
And now, my Faustus, that thou mayest perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream
With winding banks that cut it in two parts;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponto Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Besides the gates, and high pyramidès,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon,[4] I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome:
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay: I know you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum*[5] is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass[6] then some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *charms him.*

Meph. So, Faustus; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

Sound a Sonnet.[1] *Enter the* POPE *and the* CARDINAL OF LORRAIN *to the banquet, with* Friars *attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorrain, will't please you draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an you spare!

Pope. How now! who's that which spake?—Friars, look about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now! who's that which snatched the meat from me?—Will no man look? My lord, this dish was sent me from the cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha't.

[*Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again!—My lord, I'll drink to your grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your grace.

[*Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to. [*The* POPE *crosses himself.*

Faust. What! are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again.*
Well, there's the second time. Aware the third; I give you fair warning.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box on the ear; and they all run away.*
Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell,—
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the Friars *to sing the Dirge.*

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! maledicat Dominus![2]

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti![3] Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* Friars, *and fling fireworks among them; and so exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view

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[1] *Trier*—Triers.

[2] During the middle ages Virgil was regarded as a great magician. Petrarch describes the exploit mentioned above in his *Itinerarium Syriacum.*

[3] St. Mark's Church in Venice.

[4] *Styx, Acheron,* and *Phlegethon,* all rivers of the infernal regions.

[5] *summum bonum*—'chief good.'

[6] *compass*—obtain.

[1] *Sonnet,* also *Sennet, Signet, Cynet,* &c.—A particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish.—NARES.

[2] 'May the Lord curse him!'

[3] 'And all the saints!'

Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returnèd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land:
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.
[*Exit.*

Enter ROBIN *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

Robin. Oh, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring-books, and, i' faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, before me.

Enter RALPH, *calling* ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? Thou canst not read!

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras[1] at any tabern[2] in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, *and a* Knight, *with* Attendants.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported: and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I' faith, he looks much like a conjurer. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority:
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man:
If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture,[1] and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I' faith, that's just nothing at all. [*Aside.*

Faust. But, if it like your grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [*Aside.*

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your grace, in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I' faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Knight. Nay, an you go to conjuring, I'll be gone. [*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* Spirits *in the shapes of* ALEXANDER *and his* Paramour.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while

[1] *ippocras*—generally *hippocras*, an aromatic medicated drink, composed usually of red wine, but sometimes white, with the addition of spices and sugar. Derived by some from Gr. *hypo*, and *kerannumi*, to mix; but by others from *Hippocrates*, as being originally composed by medical skill, or as being strained through a woollen bag called by apothecaries *Hippocrates' sleeve*. —NARES. Still used on the continent.

[2] *tabern*—tavern.

[1] *gesture*—bearing, carriage.

she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure, these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes.

[*Exeunt* Spirits.

Faust. Will't please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth.

[*Exit* Attendant.

Re-enter the Knight *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! why, I had thought thou hadst been a bachelor; but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. Oh, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [*Mephistophilis removes the horns.*]—Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, Master Doctor: yet, ere you go,
Expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* Emperor, Knight *and* Attendants.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years:
Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a Horse-courser.[1]

Horse-c. I have been all this day seeking one Master Fustian: mass, see where he is!—God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust. What, horse-courser! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir? I have brought you forty dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so: if thou likest him for fifty, take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more!—I pray you speak for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [Horse-courser *gives* Faustus *the money*]: my boy will deliver him to you. But I must tell you one thing before you have him; ride him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust. Oh, yes, he will drink of all waters; but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now am I made man for ever. [*Exit.*

Faust. What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts:
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep:
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.[1]

[*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter Horse-courser, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-c. Alas! alas! Doctor Fustian, quoth a!—mass, Doctor Lopus[2] was never such a doctor—has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water: now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of,[3] I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—Oh, yonder is his snipper-snapper.[4]—Do you hear? you hey-pass;[5] where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept this eight nights.

Horse-c. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save you, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Holloas in his ear.*] No; will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* Faustus *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. Oh, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. Oh Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more!

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-c. I have none about me: come to my ostry,[6] and I'll give them you.

Meph. Be gone quickly.

[Horse-courser *runs away.*

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[1] *Horse-courser*—probably *horse-scourser*, *i.e.* horse-dealer. From old Eng. *scorse*, to exchange.

[1] *conceit*—thought.

[2] *Doctor Lopus*—*i.e.* Doctor Lopez, domestic physician to Queen Elizabeth, who was put to death for having received a bribe from the court of Spain to destroy her.—Dyce.

[3] *known of*—acquainted with.

[4] *snipper-snapper*—one who *snip-snaps*, or speaks snappishly.

[5] *hey-pass*—juggler; this being a favourite conjuring phrase.

[6] *ostry*—hostelry, inn, lodging.

Faust. What! is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner! what's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.[1]—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the DUKE OF VANHOLT, *the* DUCHESS, *and* FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great-bellied women do long for some dainties or other: what is it, madam? tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor: and, for I see your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires; and, were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing!—Mephistophilis, be gone. [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with grapes.*

Here they be, madam: will't please you taste on them?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes.

Faust. If it like your grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba,[2] and farther countries in the east; and by means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath showed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding[3] for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.
[*Exit.*

Enter FAUSTUS *with two or three* Scholars, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholden unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you. [*Exeunt* Scholars.

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?
Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, 'Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come;'
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger.*

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!
I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same unto thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,[1]
Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [*Exit.*

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now?

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[1] *cunning*—skill. [2] *Saba*—Sabæa.
[3] *beholding*—beholden.

[1] *cheer*—look, countenance; old Fr. *chiere*, countenance.

I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?
Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.
Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Do it then, quickly, with unfeignèd heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.
Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,[1]
That durst dissuade me from my Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.
Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.
Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.
Meph. Faustus this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless[2] towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—
[*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest,
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Old Man.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal-seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift[3] me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.
[*Exeunt,—on one side* Devils, *on the other* Old Man.

[1] *age*—old man.
[2] *topless*—superior in height to any.
[3] *sift*—try or tempt.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!
First Schol. What ails Faustus?
Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still; but now I die eternally! Look, comes he not? comes he not?
Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?
Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.
First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him.—'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.
Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.
Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.
Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Evo may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself,—heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy,—and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?
Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.
Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! On God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!
All. Who, Faustus?
Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning![1]
All. God forbid!
Faust. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.
First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?
Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God, to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.
Sec. Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?
Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.
Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.
First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.
Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.
Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.
Faust. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till

[1] *cunning*—knowledge, skill.

morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi![1]
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd!
Oh, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on Him: Oh, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape: Oh, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!
The clock strikes the half-hour.
Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If Thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
Oh, no end is limited to damnèd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd,
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
Oh, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!
[*Thunder and lightning.*
Oh soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*Exeunt* Devils *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter Scholars.[1]

First Schol. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen;
Since first the world's creation did begin,
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
Pray heaven the doctor have escap'd the danger.

Sec. Schol. Oh help us, heaven! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death!

Third Schol. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn him thus;
For, 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damnèd fiends.

Sec. Schol. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admir'd
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the students clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.
[*Exit.*
Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.[2]

[1] 'O gently, gently run, steeds of night!'

[1] This scene is not in the early edition.

[2] 'The hour ends the day; the author ends his work.'

BEN JONSON.

[Benjamin, or as he himself and his friends were frequently in the habit of abbreviating his name, Ben Jonson, was born in Westminster in the early part of the year 1574. His grandfather belonged to Annandale in Scotland, and subsequently settled in Carlisle. His father was a clergyman, and died before Ben was born; his mother, shortly after her son's birth, marrying a bricklayer. Ben was sent by his stepfather to a private school near St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and subsequently to Westminster School, where he had the celebrated Camden for his teacher, whom he ever afterwards revered, and whom he thus addresses in one of his epigrams:—

'Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, and all I know.'

Malone says that Ben went straight from school to Cambridge University; but this statement appears to have little authority. If he was at college at all, it was only for a few weeks. He was forced, probably from the poverty of his parents, to enter upon his father's occupation, to which, however, he had such an antipathy that he ran off and enlisted as a soldier, and was sent to serve in Flanders. Here he behaved himself with great bravery; but probably did not stay longer than one campaign, either disliking the service or despairing of promotion. Shortly after his return home, prompted both by inclination and necessity, he adopted the profession of an actor, making his *debut* at a low theatre in Clerkenwell. In this profession he appears to have completely failed. A quarrel with another actor led to a duel, in which Ben killed his antagonist, he himself being severely wounded; he was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was shortly released without trial. While in prison he was visited by a Roman Catholic priest, who induced him to renounce the Protestant faith and become a Roman Catholic. He, however, returned to the bosom of the English Church in 1606. Shortly after his release from prison, probably not later than 1594, he married a woman who appears to have made Ben a good, patient, and faithful wife. Having renounced the stage as an actor, he now began to support himself as a writer of plays, his earliest known piece, *Every Man in his Humour*, appearing in 1596. The scene was laid in Italy, but in 1598 it was reproduced at the Globe Theatre with the scene changed to England; Shakespeare, whose friendship with Jonson commenced about this time, is said to have supported one of the characters in this play. In 1599 appeared his *Every Man out of his Humour*, the representation of which was honoured by the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who patronized the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' Afterwards appeared *Cynthia's Revels*, and, in 1600, *The Poetaster*, in which he satirized two of his brother dramatists, Marston and Dekker. The latter replied with some spirit in his *Satiromastix*. 'Since the comic muse had proved so ominous' to him, he resolved to try tragedy, and in 1603 appeared his *Sejanus*. Shortly after the accession of King James to the English throne appeared a comedy, *Eastward Hoe*, written conjunctly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, in which there were some passages reflecting on the Scottish nation. Chapman and Marston were sent to prison, and Jonson voluntarily accompanied them; but they were soon released without being tried, although there had been some talk of their getting their ears and noses slit. On Jonson's release, his mother, it is said, produced a paper of poison, which, she declared, had the mutilation and disgrace taken place, she intended to have given to her son in his drink; and, 'to show that she was no churl,' says her son, 'she designed to have drunk first herself.' Jonson's three great, undoubtedly his best comedies,

were his next most important works: *Volpone, or the Fox,* appearing in 1605, *Epicène, or the Silent Woman,* in 1609, and *The Alchemist* in 1610. Between 1605 and 1609 Jonson produced, sometimes for the court, sometimes for the civic bodies, a number of the representations known as *pageants* or *masques,* so popular in his time. In 1611 appeared his second classical tragedy *Catiline;* and in 1612 he went abroad, but how long he remained is not known. He was in London again in 1614, in which year appeared his *Bartholomew Fair,* and in 1616 his comedy of *The Devil is an Ass.* Either in this year or in 1619, Jonson was created poet-laureate, with a salary of 100 merks. In 1618 he made a journey to Scotland on foot, and appears to have been well received by the Scottish gentry. The last visit he paid was to the poet Drummond of Hawthornden, who took copious notes of the conversations he had with Jonson, which were afterwards given to the world. How far these notes can be depended on for faithfulness it is difficult to say: one would fain hope that Drummond was guilty of considerable exaggeration, as he presents Jonson in no very agreeable light, as full of bitterness and spite towards his brother authors. The following is Drummond's character of Ben:—

'Ben Jonson was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived: a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinketh nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy which hath overmastered his reason, a *general* disease in *many* poets: his inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation.'

'This character,' says one of Jonson's biographers, 'it must be confessed, is far from being a flattering one; and probably it was, unconsciously, overcharged, owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond. We believe it, however, to be substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free boisterous life in his early days, Jonson seems to have contracted a roughness of manner and habits of intemperance which never wholly left him. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures rendered him too often severe and saturnine in his temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly prized. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. When his better nature prevailed, and exorcised the demon of envy or spleen, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his high colloquial powers, rendered his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits and revellers. Sir Walter Raleigh founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and other poets exercised themselves with "wit combats," more bright and genial than their wine. One of the favourite haunts of these bright-minded men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside.' After his return to London in 1619, Jonson continued writing, producing a few inferior dramas, a great many masques, and one or two prose works, including an *English Grammar* and a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics.* His best days were however past, his pen had lost much of its vigour and cunning; but as his extravagant living kept him very poor, he was compelled to write hurriedly what would pay best. In 1625 he was attacked by palsy, which enfeebled both his body and mind. In 1630, nevertheless, he produced the comedy of *The New Inn,* which shows a lamentable falling off from his earlier productions, and which proved unsuccessful on the stage. King Charles, however, sent him a present of £100, and raised his salary as laureate to the same sum, adding a yearly tierce of canary wine. Even this, however, did not suffice to supply his necessities, as we find him shortly after begging assistance from the Lord Chancellor. In 1632 he produced *The Magnetic Lady,* and, the year after, *The Tale of a Tub.* His last work, which he left unfinished, was the *Sad Shepherd,* which is much superior to anything he wrote for years before. He died in 1637, and was buried in West-

minster Abbey, a plain stone being placed over his remains, with the short inscription, 'O Rare Ben Jonson.'

To quote again the biographer above referred to: 'Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, well compacted, and fitted to endure, yet not very attractive in its materials. His Roman tragedies may be considered literal impersonations of classical antiquity, "robust and richly graced," yet stiff and unnatural in style and construction. They seem to bear about the same relation to Shakespeare's classic dramas that sculpture does to actual life. The strong delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies. Generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity has grown to an egregious excess—are ludicrous and impressive. His scenes and character show the labour of the artist, but still an artist possessing rich resources; an acute and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest descents; wit, lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. His pedantry is often misplaced and ridiculous. . . . His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn, and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression, or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion, or winning tenderness, to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathize with them as with existing mortals. The charm of reality is generally wanting, or, when found, it is not a pleasing reality. When the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy, we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures—one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic, "a mountain belly and a rocky face," as he describes his own person; the other airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its bad passions, but nursed his understanding and his fancy to poetical seclusion and observation.'

The selections we have made are two of his three best comedies, *The Alchemist*, and *Epicœne, or The Silent Woman*, with neither of which have we deemed it necessary to take much liberty in the way of emasculation; also *Every Man in his Humour*, not only on account of its intrinsic excellence as a comedy, but as serving to illustrate the use of the word *humour* so common in Jonson's time, and as containing one of his most celebrated creations, Captain Bobadill.]

THE ALCHEMIST:[1]

A COMEDY.

ACTED IN THE YEAR 1610 BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

THE AUTHOR B. J.

London: Printed by William Stansby, 1616.

TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD,

LADY MARY WROTH.

MADAM,—In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in your judgment (which is a SIDNEY'S) is forbidden to speak more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who, the more they paint, are the less themselves.

Your ladyship's true honourer,

BEN JONSON.

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[1] By this expression, says Whalley, is meant one who pretends to the knowledge of what is called the philosopher's stone, which was supposed to have the faculty of transmuting baser metals into gold. Alchemy bears the same relation to chemistry that astrology does to astronomy. Our poet in the choice of his subject was happy; for the age was then extremely addicted to the pursuit of alchemy, and favourable to the professors of it. The following comedy was therefore no unseasonable satire upon the reigning foible, since, among the few real artists, there was undoubtedly a far greater number of impostors.

TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened, than in this age, in poetry, especially in plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals,[1] as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who, if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldom; and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this, out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that, to gain the opinion of copy,[2] utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election[3] and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.

Dramatis Personæ.

Subtle, *the Alchemist.*
Face, *the Housekeeper.*
Dol Common, *their Colleague.*
Dapper, *a Lawyer's Clerk.*
Drugger, *a Tobacco Man.*
Lovewit, *Master of the House.*
Sir Epicure Mammon, *a Knight.*
Pertinax Surly, *a Gamester.*
Tribulation Wholesome, *a Pastor of Amsterdam.*
Ananias, *a Deacon there.*
Kastrill, *the Angry Boy.*
Dame Pliant, *his Sister, a Widow.*
Neighbours.
Officers, Attendants, &c.

Scene—*London.*

ARGUMENT.

T he sickness hot,[4] a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there;
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become
C ozeners at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
S elling of flies,[5] flat bawdry with the stone,
T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

[1] *naturals*—native dispositions, natural gifts.
[2] *copy*—copiousness, plenty.
[3] *election*—choice, discrimination.
[4] *The sickness hot*—the plague.
[5] *flies*—familiar spirits.

PROLOGUE.

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,
We wish away both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No country's mirth is better than our own:
No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve but better men;
Howe'er the age he loves in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:
For here he doth not fear who can apply.
If there be any that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter FACE, *in a captain's uniform, with his sword drawn, and* SUBTLE *with a vial, quarrelling, and followed by* DOL COMMON.

Face. Believe't, I will.
Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.
Dol. Have you your wits? Why, gentlemen! for love—
Face. Sirrah, I'll strip you—
Sub. What to do? Lick figs
Out at my—
Face. Rogue, rogue!—out of all your sleights.
Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?
Sub. Oh, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong water, an you come.
Dol. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark! I hear somebody.
Face. Sirrah—
Sub. I shall mar
All that the tailor has made, if you approach.
Face. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?
Sub. Yes, faith; yes, faith.
Face. Why, who
Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?
Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself.
Face. Speak lower, rogue.
Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum,[1] that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the Friars,
For the vacations—
Face. Will you be so loud?
Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.
Face. By your means, doctor dog!
Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.
Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you, or you by me?
Do but collect,[1] sir, where I met you first.
Sub. I do not hear well.
Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir;—at Pie-corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive,[2] with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder corns shot at the artillery-yard.
Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.[3]
Face. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;[4]
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke,
That scarce would cover your no buttocks—
Sub. So, sir!
Face. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I gave you countenance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in—
Sub. Your master's house!
Face. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry since.
Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer[5] to aqua-vitæ men;[6]

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[1] *three-pound-thrum*—one whose livery was made of the ends of a weaver's warp (thrums) or course yarn, of which three pounds were sufficient to make him a suit. —WHALLEY. Gifford thinks it may mean that his livery cost him but three pounds.

[1] *collect*—recollect.
[2] *costive*—dried up, pinched.
[3] *advance your voice*—speak louder.
[4] *kibes*—chaps or broken chilblains, especially in the heel.
[5] *dole beer*—beer to be *doled*, or dealt out to the poor.
[6] *aqua-vitæ men*—sellers of aqua-vitæ, or spirits.

The which, together with your Christmas vails[1]
At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broken up house.
Face. You might talk softlier, rascal.
Sub. No, you scarab,[2]
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
Face. The place has made you valiant.
Sub. No, your clothes.—
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots,
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?
Do you fly out in the projection?
Would you be gone now?
Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?
Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name—
Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil war?
Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,[3]
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.
Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?
Face. Sirrah—
Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil.
Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.
Face. Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will,
Since thou hast moved me—
Dol. Oh, this will o'erthrow all.
Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks
Of cozening with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,[4]
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears,
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,[5]
And taking in of shadows with a glass,[6]
Told in red letters;[1] and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.[2]
Dol. Are you sound?
Have you your senses, masters?
Face. I will have
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.
Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!
Face. Out, you dog-leach!
The vomit of all prisons—
Dol. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?
Face. Still spew'd out
For lying too heavy on the basket.[3]
Sub. Cheater!
Face. Bawd!
Sub. Cow-herd!
Face. Conjurer!
Sub. Cut-purse!
Face. Witch!
Dol. Oh me!
We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgment?
'slight,
Have yet some care of me, of your republic—
Face. Away, this brach![4] I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcery,[5] tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps, thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring[6] gold and barbing it.
Dol. [*Snatches* FACE's *sword.*] You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?
And you, sir, with your menstrue[7]—
[*Dashes* SUBTLE's *vial out of his hand.*
Gather it up.—
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt[8] of you both.
Have you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?
You will accuse him! you will *bring him in*
[*To* FACE.
Within the statute! Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars[9] will trust
So much as for a feather: and you too,
[*To* SUBTLE.
Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult,

[1] *vails at post-and-pair*, &c.—*Vails* was money given to servants. *Post-and-pair* was a card game played with three cards each, wherein much depended on *vying* or betting on the goodness of your own hand; somewhat like brag. The servants received a small gratuity 'for the letting out of counters' to count with at play.

[2] *scarab*—beetle; Lat. *scarabeus.*

[3] *equi clibanum*—'horses oven,' whatever that may mean.

[4] *cozening with a hollow cole*, &c.—cheating the simple by pretending to conjure with a bit of charcoal having a hole in it, in which was put the 'dust and scrapings' of gold and silver. *Searching for things lost*, &c.—this method of divination, says Gifford, of remote antiquity, yet retains its credit among the vulgar.

[5] *Erecting figures*, &c.—delineating schemes of the different positions of the planets, with respect to the several constellations. *House*, in astrology, is the twelfth part of the zodiac.—GIFFORD.

[6] *taking in*, &c.—this was a common mode of divination. The *glass* was a globular crystal, or beryl, into which the angels Gabriel, Uriel, &c., entered and gave responses, as Lilly says, 'in a voice, like the Irish, much in the throat.' This was one of the most artful and impudent modes of imposture, and was usually conducted by confederacy.

[1] *Told in red letters—i.e.* all these tricks were to be printed in red letters, and hung up by Face in St. Paul's.

[2] *Gamaliel Ratsey* was a notorious highwayman, who always robbed in a mask, no doubt, as hideous as possible.

[3] *For lying*, &c.—*i.e.* for eating more than his share of the broken provisions, collected and sent in for the prisoners.—GIFFORD.

[4] *brach*—any fine-nosed hound; here used as 'a mannerly name for a bitch.'

[5] By this statute all witchcraft and sorcery were declared to be felony without benefit of clergy.

[6] *laundring*—washing; hence *laundry*, from the same root as *lave*; *barbing*—clipping.

[7] *menstrue*, or *menstruum*—solvent.

[8] *dog-bolt*—see p. 45, note 5, col. 1.

[9] Blackfriars was the favourite residence of Puritans at the time; the principal dealers in feathers and other vanities of the age.

And claim a primacy in the divisions!
You must be chief! as if you only had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? all things in common?
Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.
Face. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects[1] his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.
Sub. Why, so it does.
Dol. How does it? Do not we
Sustain our parts?
Sub. Yes; but they are not equal.
Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may, to-morrow, match it.
Sub. Ay, they *may*.
Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do.
Death on me!
Help me to throttle him.
[*Seizes* SUB. *by the throat.*
Sub. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean?
Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation[2]
Sub. Not I, by heaven—
Dol. Your Sol and Luna.—Help me.
[*To* FACE.
Sub. Would I were hang'd, then! I'll conform myself.
Dol. Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.
Sub. What should I swear?
Dol. To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.
Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.
I only used those speeches as a spur
To him.
Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?
Face. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.
Sub. Agreed.
Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.
Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.
[*They shake hands.*
Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in,[3]
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,[4]
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,
Ere we contribute a new crewel[5] garter
To his most worsted worship.

[1] *objects*—urges.
[2] *fermentation* is the sixth process in alchemy, and means the mutation of any substance into the nature of the ferment; *cibation*, the seventh, is feeding the matter with fresh substances, to supply the waste. *Sol and Luna* are gold and silver, each of the planets representing a metal.—GIFFORD. As Gifford remarks, an adept himself might be puzzled by some of these terms, and therefore the reader need not expect an explanation of all.
[3] King James succeeded to the English throne in 1603; this was written in 1610.
[4] *to see me ride*, &c.—'To see me carted,' as Upton says, 'as a bawd, and you, as a couple of rogues, to lose your ears in the pillory.'
[5] *crewel*—a kind of fine worsted.

Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana,[1] and thyself.
Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Doll Particular.
[*Bell rings without.*
Sub. Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol. [*Exit* DOL.]—Pray heaven
The master do not trouble us this quarter.
Face. Oh, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London:
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;
I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing of the house,
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is it, Dol?
Dol. A fine young quodling.[2]
Face. Oh,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with at horses, and win cups.
Dol. Oh, let him in.
Sub. Stay. Who shall do't?
Face. Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him as going out.
Dol. And what shall I do?
Face. Not to be seen; away! [*Exit* DOL.
Seem you very reserv'd.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit.*
Face. [*aloud and retiring.*] God be wi' you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here!
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed, but—
Dap. [*within.*] Captain, I'm here.
Face. Who's that?—He's come, I think, doctor.

Enter DAPPER.

Good faith, sir, I was going away.
Dap. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.
Face. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.
Dap. Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the Sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time.

Re-enter SUBTLE, *in his velvet Cap and Gown.*

Is this the cunning-man?[3]
Face. This is his worship.
Dap. Is he a doctor?
Face. Yes.
Dap. And you have broke with him, captain?
Face. Ay.
Dap. And how?
Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say.

[1] *Claridiana* is the hero of the romance called *The Mirror of Knighthood.*
[2] *quodling*—Gifford, with some countenance from the context, thinks this a sportive appellation for a young quill-driver, derived from the *quods* and *quids* of legal phraseology. Nares and others think Dol means *codling*—a young raw apple, fit for nothing without dressing.
[3] *cunning-man*—man of skill.

Dap. Not so, good captain.
Face. Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.
Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing—and then he says, Read's [1] matter
Falling so lately.
Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.
Face. It was a clerk, sir.
Dap. A clerk!
Face. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law
Better, I think—
Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I show'd the statute to you.
Face. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a chiaus? [2]
Face. What's that?
Dap. The Turk was here.
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
Face. I'll tell the doctor so.
Dap. Do, good sweet captain.
Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.
Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love.—But this
I neither may, nor can.
Face. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he is no
Let that, sir, move you. [chiaus:
Sub. Pray you, forbear—
Face. He has
Four angels [3] here.
Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.
Face. Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?
Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
'Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.
Face. I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together—
Dap. Nay, good captain.
Face. That know no difference of men.
Sub. Good words, sir.
Face. Good deeds, sir, Doctor Dogs-meat. 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs, or Claribels, [4]
That look as big as five-and-fifty, [5] and flush;
And spit out secrets like hot custard—
Dap. Captain!
Face. Nor any melancholic under-scribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress, out of Ovid.
Dap. Nay, dear captain—
Face. Did you not tell me so?
Dap. Yes; but I'd have you
Use master doctor with some more respect.
Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head!—
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfist: [1]
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*
Sub. Pray you, let me speak with you.
Dap. His worship calls you, captain.
Face. I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.
Dap. Nay, good sir; he did call you.
Face. Will he take then?
Sub. First, hear me—
Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
Sub. Pray you, sir—
Face. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit.*
Sub. Your humour must be law.
[*He takes the four angels.*
Face. Why now, sir, talk.
Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.
Sub. Why, sir— [*Offering to whisper* FACE.
Face. No whispering.
Sub. Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss
You do yourself in this.
Face. Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:
He'll win up all the money in the town.
Face. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set [2] him:
For he will have it.
Face. You are mistaken, doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; [3] none of your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.
Sub. I told you so.
Face. [*Taking* DAP. *aside.*] 'Slight, that is a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore—
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.
Face. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
Face. Why then, sir,
I'll try.—[*Goes to* SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor?

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[1] *Read* was a conjurer of the time, convicted of practising the black art.

[2] *Chiaus* was a special envoy sent from the Porte. In 1609, a *chiaus* was sent by Sir Robert Shirley from Constantinople, who, before his employer arrived, had *chiaused* (choused or cheated) the Turkish and Persian merchants out of £4000, and decamped.

[3] An *angel* was worth about 10 shillings.

[4] *Clim of the Cloughs*, &c.—*i.e.* no ranting heroes of old ballads and romances. *Clim* was a celebrated archer often mentioned in the Robin Hood ballads.

[5] *That look as big*, &c.—five-and-fifty was the highest number to stand on at the old game of Primero. If a *flush* (a run of cards of the same suit) accompanied this, the hand swept the table.—GIFFORD.

[1] *puck-fist*—perhaps originally, *puff-fist*; the fungus called *puff-ball* or *fuz-ball*. Metaphorically, a term of reproach, equal to 'vile fungus,' 'scum of the earth.'—NARES.

[2] *set*—stake a wager with.

[3] *A rifling fly.* Rifling was a game at dice; or does it here mean simply 'robbing?' *fly*—a familiar spirit.

Sub. I say, then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but on the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set[1] him.
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.
Face. What! is he?
Sub. Peace!
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him.—
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,[2]
You'd swear were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six of your gallants to a cloke,[3] indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, man—
Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.
Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.
Face. And you shall, sir. [*Takes him aside.*
You have heard all?
Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing!
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir! No.
Face. The doctor
Swears that you are—
Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.
Face. Allied to the queen of Fairy.
Dap. Who? that I am?
Believe it, no such matter—
Face. Yes, and that
You were born with a caul on your head.[4]
Dap. Who says so?
Face. Come,
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
Dap. I'fac,[5] I do not: 'you are mistaken.
Face. How!
Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
In the other matter? can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
Dap. By Jove, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I' fac's no oath.
Sub. No, no, he did but jest.
Face. Go to. Go, thank the doctor: he's your friend,
To take it so.
Dap. I thank his worship.
Face. So!
Another angel.
Dap. Must I?
Face. Must you! 'slight,
What else is thanks? will you be trival?—Doctor,
[DAPPER *gives him the money.*
When must he come for his familiar?
Dap. Shall I not have it with me?
Sub. Oh, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass;
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.
Face. Not, if she danced, to-night.
Sub. And she must bless it.
Face. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?
Dap. Whom?
Face. Your aunt of Fairy?
Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain:
I can resolve you that.
Face. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a fancy,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has:
It is the doctor's fear.
Dap. How will't be done, then?
Face. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her grace.
Dap. Captain, I'll see her grace.
Face. Enough. [*Knocking within.*
Sub. Who's there?
Anon.—Conduct him forth by the back way.—
[*Aside to* FACE.
Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;
Till when you must be fasting; only take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers ends and wash your eyes,
To sharpen your five senses, and cry *hum*
Thrice, and then *buz* as often; and then come.
[*Exit.*
Face. Can you remember this?
Dap. I warrant you.
Face. Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.
[*Exeunt* FACE *and* DAPPER.
Sub. [*within*]. Come in! Good wives, I pray you forbear me now;
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon.—

Re-enters, followed by DRUGGER.

What is your name? say you, Abel Drugger?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. A seller of tobacco?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. Umph!
Free of the grocers?
Drug. Ay, an't please you.
Sub. Well—
Your business, Abel?
Drug. This, an't please your worship:
I am a young beginner, and am building

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[1] *set*—staked.

[2] The poet alludes to the two famous chemists, *Isaac* and *John Isaac Hollandus*, who flourished about this time, and wrote several treatises on alchemy.—WHALLEY.

[3] *he'll put*, &c.—*i.e.* strip them to the cloak, the last thing a gallant parted with.—GIFFORD.

[4] This was, and probably by some is still, superstitiously supposed to be a token of good fortune through life.

[5] *I'fac*—also *i'fag*, *i'fagins*—i'faith.

Of a new shop, an't like[1] your worship, just
At corner of a street:—Here is the plot[2] on't—
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wish'd[3] to your worship by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
Sub. I do,
If I do see them—[4]

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.
Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.
Face. He shall do anything.—Doctor, do you hear!
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate[5] it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,[6]
Nor buries it in gravel under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather or piss'd clouts;
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper:[7]
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.[8]
Sub. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.
Face. Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!
Sub. And in right way toward riches—
Face. Sir!
Sub. This summer[9]
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.
Face. What! and so little beard?
Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.
Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amused at that!
Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy,[10] which I do work by;
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.
Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
Face. Which finger's that?
Sub. His little finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.
Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy,[1] we give Venus;
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope;
His house of life being Libra; which foreshow'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.
Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?
Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs.—This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And those are your two sides?
Drug. Ay, sir.
Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.
Drug. Yes, sir.
Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow.
Face. That's a secret, Nab!
Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice[2]
And a court-fucus[3] to call city dames:
You shall deal much with minerals.
Drug. Sir, I have
At home, already—
Sub. Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile,[4] alkali,
Cinoper:[5] I know all.—This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say[6]—I will not say directly,
But very fair—at the philosopher's stone.
Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
Drug. Good captain,
What must I give? [*Aside to* FACE.
Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, Spend what thou canst)
Thou'rt like to come to.
Drug. I would gi' him a crown.
Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
Drug. Yes, I have a portague,[7] I have kept this half year.

---

[1] *like*—please. [2] *plot*—ground-plot or plan.
[3] *wish'd*—recommended.
[4] Subtle is facetious, and plays on the word angel, which he takes for a coin, and poor Abel for an attendant spirit.—GIFFORD.
[5] *Sophisticate*—adulterate.
[6] *grains*—perhaps the grains that remain after brewing.
[7] It should be observed that the houses of druggists (tobacconists) were not merely furnished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoking it. Every well-frequented shop was an academy of this 'noble art,' where professors regularly attended to initiate the country aspirant. The *maple block* was for shredding the tobacco leaf, the *silver tongs* for holding the coal, and the *fire of Juniper* for the customers to light their pipes.—GIFFORD.
[8] *no goldsmith*—*i.e.* no usurer—goldsmiths being the bankers and money-lenders of these days.
[9] *This summer*, &c.—*i.e.* he will, this year, be brought upon the livery of the grocers' company, and the next, be drunk to as sheriff.—GIFFORD.
[10] *metoposcopy*—divination by the lines on the forehead—Gr. *metopon*, the forehead, *skopeō*, to examine.

[1] *chiromancy*—divination by examining the hand—Gr. *cheir*, hand, *manteia*, soothsaying.
[2] *vice.* This probably is an allusion to the 'droll antic character so often mentioned in "our old plays,"' though Gifford thinks it is merely some kind of machinery.
[3] A *fucus* was a paint or wash for the face.
[4] *argaile*—the impure salt from the lees of wine; crude tartar, or tartar of wine.
[5] *Cinoper*—cinnabar.
[6] *say*—assay, attempt.
[7] *portague*—a Portuguese gold coin, worth from £3, 10s. to £4, 10s.

Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer—
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.
Face. What is't, Nab?
Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
Face. That he shall, Nab;
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
Sub. And a direction for his shelves.
Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?
Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.
Face. Away.— [*Exit* DRUGGER.
Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive[1] waters,
Your crosslets,[2] crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on:
And yet you think I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
Sub. You are pleasant, sir.—

Re-enter DOL.

How now!
What says my dainty Dolkin?
Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.
Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with them.
Dol. Not afore night, I have told them in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon—
Sub. Where?
Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.
Sub. Face, go you and shift.— [*Exit* FACE.
Dol, you must presently make ready too.
Dol. Why, what's the matter?
Sub. Oh, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep.
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium,[3] our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.—
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,[4]
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Seaching the spittal,[5] to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could:
If his dream lasts, he'll turn the age to gold.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An Outer Room in LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter SIR EPICURE MAMMON *and* SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe;*[1] here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH;
THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI.[2]
You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,[3]
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke,
To be display'd at Madam Augusta's,[4] make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho.
Face. [*Within.*] Sir, he'll come to you by and by.
Mam. That is his fire-drake,
His Lungs,[5] his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk[6] nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful,[7] sir. This night, I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury[8]
For all the copper.
Sur. What! and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indes![9] you admire[10] now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury,[11] or Venus, or the moon,

---

[1] *corsive*—corrosive.
[2] *crosslet*—a sort of crucible.
[3] *magisterium*—a fine substance deposited by precipitation.
[4] *pomander-bracelets.* Pomander was a perfumed ball in a box containing perfumery, formerly carried by ladies at the end of a chain, etc
[5] *spittal*—hospital.

[1] 'The new world.'
[2] 'Most respected.'
[3] Alluding to loaded dice.
[4] The keeper of a brothel or an ordinary.
[5] *Lungs* was a term of art for the under-operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire.
[6] *firk*—beat.
[7] *faithful*—believing.
[8] *Lothbury* was at that time famous for its copper works.
[9] He meant to turn all the tin of these counties into gold.
[10] *admire*—in old writers generally means *wonder*, here it seems to be equal to *believe.*
[11] In the nomenclature of alchemy the *Sun* represented gold, the *Moon*, silver, *Mars*, iron, *Mercury*, quicksilver, *Saturn*, lead, *Jupiter*, tin, and *Venus*, copper.

Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me?
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
Them out next day.
Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch[1] would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd[2] 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake withal, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing you praises,[3] then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the Waterwork, does with water?
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith I have a humour,[4]
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax, [my] Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll show you a book where Moses and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam—
Sur. How!
Mam. Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
Mam. He did;
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar board.
Sur. Oh that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon;
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.—

Enter FACE, *as a Servant.*

How now!
Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?
Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.[1]
Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront.[2]—Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?[3]
Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master.
Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! my only care
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.
Face. No, sir! buy
The covering off o' churches.
Mam. That's true.
Face. Yes.
Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap them, new, with shingles.
Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.—
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.
Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.[4]
Mam. And, lastly,
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?[5]
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?

---

[1] *Pict-hatch*—a noted tavern or brothel in Turnmill or Turnbull Street, Cow-Cross, Clerkenwell; a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. A *hatch* with *pikes* upon it was a common mark of a bad house.—NARES.

[2] Our poet seems here to allude to the theological distinction of *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*. The former applied to the *Creator*, as having imparted existence and *nature* to all things; and the latter to the *creatures*, as having received their nature and properties from the power of another.—GIFFORD.

[3] The theatres were shut up during the plague.

[4] *humour*—whim, way. This was a favourite and much-abused word in Jonson's days, and had a great variety of meanings. It is ridiculed both by him and Shakespeare.

[1] *projection*—the twelfth and last process in alchemy; nothing is left but to pour the medicine on the baser metals, and make gold and silver amain.—GIFFORD.

[2] *i.e.* look them in the *front* or face.

[3] *bolt's-head*—a long straight-necked glass vessel, gradually rising to a conical figure.—WHALLEY.

[4] These are all terms used by alchemists to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation. It would occupy too much space to explain them intelligibly; but an explanation of these is not necessary to the understanding of the drama.

[5] *sanguis agni*—'blood of the lamb.'

Face. At his prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.
Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.
Face. Good, sir.
Mam. But, do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
Face. Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules.—
Thou art sure thou saw'st it blood?
Face. Both blood and spirit, sir.
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft:
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.—
Is it arrived at ruby?—
And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses; and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten ostrich tails
Apiece, made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boiled in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
Apicius' diet,[1] 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd[2] salmons,
Knots,[3] godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads:
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth and be a knight.
Face. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*
Mam. Do.—My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and eastern air—
Sur. And do you think to have the stone with this?
Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.
Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,[1]
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it;
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.—

Enter SUBTLE.

Good morrow, father.
Sub. Gentle son, good morrow.
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?
Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.
Sub. Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In the just point: prevent[2] your day at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with yourself,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein,
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.
Mam. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me: I but come,
To have you confute this gentleman.
Sur. Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive[3] of belief,
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.
Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in is this,
The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it!—Ulen Spiegel![4]
Face [*within.*] Anon, sir.
Sub. Look well to the register.
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.[5]
Face. [*within.*] Yes, sir.
Sub. Did you look
On the bolt's-head yet?

---

[1] *Apicius' diet.* Apicius was the name of three notorious gluttons; the one alluded to above lived in the time of Tiberius, and is said to have squandered £800,000 on his stomach, and then hanged himself because he had only a pittance of £80,000 left.

[2] *calver'd salmon*—*i.e.* salmon cut in slices, scalded with wine, water, and salt, boiled up in white wine vinegar, and set by to cool.—NARES.

[3] *Knots*—a small bird of the snipe kind, as was also the *godwit*.

[1] *homo frugi*—explained in the next line.

[2] *prevent*—anticipate.

[3] *costive*—stiff.

[4] *Ulen Spiegel*—*i.e.* Owl Glass, the hero of a German jest-book, which seems to have been very popular.

[5] *aludels*—pear-shaped earthen vessels open at both ends.

Face. [*within.*] Which? on D, sir?
Sub. Ay;
What's the complexion?
Face. [*within.*] Whitish.
Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filter'd,
And put into the gripe's egg.[1] Lute[2] him well;
And leave him closed in balneo.[3]
Face. [*within.*] I will, sir.
Sur. What a brave language here is! next to canting.
Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That three days since passed the philosopher's wheel[4]
In the lent[5] heat of Athanor,[6] and's become
Sulphur of nature.
Mam. But 'tis for me?
Sub. What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect.
Mam. Oh, but—
Sub. Why, this is covetise![7]
Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then a church.

Re-enter FACE.

Sub. How now!
Face. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?
Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[*Exit* FACE.
Mam. Have you another?
Sub. Yes, son; were I assured—
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.—
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.[8]
Mam. Of white oil?
Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,
I thank my Maker, in S. Mary's bath,[9]
And shows *lac virginis*.[10] Blessed be heaven!
I sent you of his fæces there calcined:
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.
Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?
Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

Re-enter FACE.

How now! what colour says it?
Face. The ground black, sir.
Mam. That's your crow's head?
Sur. Your cock's-comb's, is it not?
Sub. No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow!
That work wants something.
Sur. Oh, I look'd for this.
The hay's[11] a pitching. [*Aside.*
Sub. Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstrue?
Face. Yes, sir, and then married them,
And put them in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.
Sub. The process then was right.
Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake.
And what was saved was put into the pelican,[1]
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.[2]
Sub. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
Sur. Oh, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat. [*Aside.*
Sub. But I care not:
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
Face. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for ineration,[3] he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.
Mam. He says right.
Sur. Ay, are you bolted?[4] [*Aside.*
Face. Nay, I know't, sir,
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?
Mam. Is't no more?
Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t' amalgame[5] with some six of mercury.
Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve?
Face. Ask him, sir.
Mam. How much?
Sub. Give him nine pound:—you may give him ten.
Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.
Mam. There 'tis. [*Gives* FACE *the money.*
Sub. This needs not; but that you will have it
To see conclusions of all: for two [so,
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?
Face. Yes, sir.
Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?
Face. Ay, [*Exit.*
Sur. We shall have a salad!
Mam. When do you make projection?
Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*,[6]
And giving him solution; then congeal him;
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him:
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred:
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.
Mam. Not those of iron?
Sub. Yes, you may bring them too:
We'll change all metals.
Sur. I believe you in that.
Mam. Then I may send my spits?
Sub. Yes, and your racks.

---

[1] *gripe's egg*—*i.e.* vulture's egg; the name of a vessel. *Gripe* properly means griffin, from Gr. *gryps*.
[2] *Lute*—stop up with lute or clay. *Lute*—clay or mud, from Lat. *luo*, to wash.
[3] *in balneo*—Lat. 'in the bath.'
[4] *philosopher's wheel*—some important process.
[5] *lent*—gentle; Lat. *lentus*.
[6] *Athanor*—a digesting furnace, calculated for the retention of heat.
[7] *covetise*—covetousness.
[8] *imbibition*—some kind of washing.
[9] *St. Mary's bath*—setting a vessel in a larger one filled with water, over the fire.
[10] 'virgin's milk.'
[11] *hays* were nets for catching rabbits, being usually stretched before their holes; probably from same root as *haw*, *hedge*.

[1] *pelican*—a kind of alembic.
[2] *signed with Hermes' seal*—*i.e.* hermetically sealed.
[3] *ineration*—reducing to the consistency of, or covering with wax.
[4] *bolted*—started, dislodged, still alluding to the rabbit-net.—GIFFORD.
[5] *amalgame*—amalgamate.
[6] 'a vapour bath.'

Sur. And dripping pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks,
Shall he not?
Sub. If he please.
Sur. —To be an ass.
Sub. How, sir!
Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you he had no faith.
Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?
Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!
Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?
Sur. If I should?
Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.
Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.
Sub. The same we say of lead and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.
Mam. And that
Our art doth further.
Sub. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.
Sur. Ay, what is that?
Sub. Marry, we say—
Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.
Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part, a certain crass and vicious
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals and all stones;
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engender'd;
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
Out of the carcases and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.
Mam. Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
That alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.
Sub. Sir?
Sur. What else are all your terms,
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?
Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperme,
You sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials,
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
Sub. And all these named,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.
Mam. Sir, so I told him—
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.
Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Ægyptians writ in mystic symbols;
Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapp'd in perplexèd allegories?
Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sysiphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have made ours[1] common. [Dol *appears at the door.*]—Who is this?
Sub. 'Sprecious!—What do you mean? go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you. [Dol *retires.*]—Where's this varlet?

Re-enter Face.

Face. Sir.
Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go! [*Exit* Face.
Mam. Who is it, sir?
Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.
Mam. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd: who is't?
Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,
But ours the most ignorant.—

Re-enter Face.

What now?
Face. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.
Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*
Mam. [*stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs.
Face. I dare not, sir.
Mam. Stay, man; what is she?
Face. A lord's sister, sir.
Mam. How! pray thee, stay.
Face. She's mad, sir, and sent hither—
He'll be mad too—
Mam. I warrant thee.—
Why sent hither?

[1] *ours—i.e.* the philosopher's stone.

Face. Sir, to be cured.
Sub. [*within.*] Why, rascal!
Face. Lo you!—Here, sir! [*Exit.*
Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante,[1] a brave piece.
Sur. 'Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.
Mam. Oh, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.—

Re-enter FACE.

How now, Lungs!
Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.
Mam. No, he will not be 'gull'd:' let him alone.
Face. You are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's[2] works.
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.
Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?
Face. Oh divers have run mad upon the conference:
I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste
To fetch a vial.
Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.
Mam. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.
Sur. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.
Mam. You are too foul, believe it.—Come here, Ulen,
One word.
Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*
Mam. Stay, knave.
Face. He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.
Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*] What is she when she's out of her fit?
Face. Oh, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quicksilver,
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything—
Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her—wit—
Or so?
Sub. [*within.*] Ulen!
Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit.*
Mam. Surly, I did not think one of your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.
Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.
Mam. 'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.
Sur. And yet you never saw her
Till now!

[1] The name of a heroine in *Orlando Furioso.*
[2] Mr. Hugh Broughton, a celebrated rabbin in Queen Elizabeth's days, and a great publisher.—WHALLEY.

Mam. Oh yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.
Sur. What call you her brother?
Mam. My lord—
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.
Sur. A very treacherous memory!
Mam. On my faith—
Sur. Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.
Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.
Sur. 'Heart, can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? An this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*,[1] and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero,[2]
Or gleek; and take your *lutum sapientis*.[3]
Your *menstruum simplex!* I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.[4]

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Here's one from Captain Face, sir [*to* SURLY],
Desires you meet him in the Temple church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.—
Sir [*whispers* MAMMON], if you please to quit us now; and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in, unto the party,
That you may see her converse.—Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the captain's worship?
Sur. Sir, I will.— [*Walks aside.*
But, by attorney,[5] and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! why he's the most authentic dealer
In these commodities, the superintendent
To all the quainter traffickers in town!
He is the visitor, and does appoint,
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall;[6] what tire.
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

[1] 'Mineral stone.'
[2] A once very fashionable game. Each player got four cards: the 7 was the highest in point of number he could avail himself of, which counted for 21; the 6 counted for 18; the 5 and ace for 15 each; the 2, 4, and knave for their respective points. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed on for chief card. If the cards were of different suits, the highest number was the *primero*, or prime; but if all of one colour, he that held them won the flush.—NARES. *Gleek* was played by three persons with forty-four cards, each hand having twelve, and eight being left for the stock.
[3] 'lute of the wise.' Lute was a composition for securing the joints of chemical vessels.
[4] Meaning with less danger of being salivated for it. —UPTON.
[5] *by attorney*—by proxy.
[6] The *fall* was a ruff or band turned back over the shoulders.

Face. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.
Sur. I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you. [*Exit.*
Mam. I follow you, straight.
Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous[1] head.
Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
Face. As my life, sir.
Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me,
And say, I am a noble fellow?
Face. Oh, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress, and yourself king of Bantam.
Mam. Wilt thou do this?
Face. Will I, sir!
Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.
Mam. Thou hast witch'd me, rogue: take, go.
[*Gives him money.*
Face. Your jack, and all, sir.
Mam. Thou art a villain—I will send my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.
Face. Not I, sir!
Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel,
Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.
Face. Away, sir.
Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine—
Face. Good, sir, go
Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SUBTLE *and* DOL.

Sub. Has he bit? has he bit?
Face. And swallowed too, my Subtle.
I have given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.
Sub. And shall we twitch him?
Face. Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks[2] mad.
Sub. Dol, my lord What'ts'hums sister, you must now
Bear yourself *statelich*.[3]
Dol. Oh, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.
Face. Well said, sanguine!
Sub. But will he send his andirons?
Face. His jack too,
And's iron shoeing horn; I have spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.
Sub. O Monsieur Caution, that *will not be gull'd.*
Face. Ay,
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now!
The Temple church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
[*Knocking without.*
Sub. What! more gudgeons?
Dol, scout, scout! [DOL *goes to the window.*]—Stay, Face, you must go to the door,
'Pray God it be my Anabaptist.—Who is't, Dol?

[1] *parlous*—perilous.
[2] *firks*—drives; expressive of any sudden motion.
[3] *statelich*—stately. This affectation of introducing Dutch and Flemish words was common to our old writers.

Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-end-man.[1]
Sub. Ods so! 'tis he: he said he would send, what call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit* FACE *with the gown.*] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. [*Exit* DOL.]—Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.—
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints, that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now to make him admire me.—

Enter ANANIAS.

Where is my drudge? [*Aloud.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir!
Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let them macerate together.
Face. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
Sub. No: *terra damnata*[2]
Must not have entrance in the work.—Who are you?
Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.
Sub. What's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley?[3] *Filius artis?*[4]
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?[5]
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?
Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.
Sub. Heathen! you Knipper-doling?[6] is Ars sacra,
Or chrysopœia, or spagyrica,
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,
A heathen language?
Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.
Sub. How! heathen Greek?
Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.
Sub. Sirrah, my varlet,[7] stand you forth and speak to him
Like a philosopher: answer in the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.
Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now!—
And when comes vivification?
Face. After mortification.
Sub. What's cohobation?
Face. 'Tis the pouring on
Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

[1] A *gold-end-man* was one who bought broken pieces of gold and silver.—GIFFORD.
[2] 'damned earth.'
[3] *A Lullianist*, &c., *i.e.* a follower of Raymond Lully, one of the most learned men of the 13th century. George Ripley was Canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, in the 15th century, and wrote a poem on alchemy.
[4] 'Son of the art.'
[5] 'So is the *sowerish* taste called *sapor pontic*,
And *less sower*, also called *sapor stiptic*.'
—Quoted by GIFFORD.
[6] *Knipper-doling* was a fanatic Anabaptist of Munster, in Germany.
[7] *varlet*—servant.

Sub. What's the proper passion of metals?
Face. Malleation.
Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*[1]
Face. Antimonium.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you!—And what's your mercury?
Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
Sub. How know you him?
Face. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
Sub. How do you sublime him?
Face. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.
Sub. Your magisterium, now,
What's that?
Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.
Sub. This is heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus?*[2]
Face. 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.
Sub. Enough. [*Exit* FACE.
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?
Ana. Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren,
That deal with widows and with orphans' goods;
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.
Sub. Oh, you are sent from Master Wholesome,
Your teacher?
Ana. From Tribulation Wholesome,
Our very zealous pastor.
Sub. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
Ana. Of what kind, sir?
Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must use our medicine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth,
For ready money.
Ana. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
Sub. Why do you ask?
Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.
Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful!—
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
'Till I have talk'd with your pastor. Have you brought money
To buy more coals?
Ana. No, surely.
Sub. No! how so?
Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see projection.
Sub. How!
Ana. You have had
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one at Heidelberg made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
Sub. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias.
Sub. Out, the varlet
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither to make atonement for you quickly,
And give me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!
Both sericon and bufo[1] shall be lost,
Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit* ANANIAS.]—This will fetch 'em,
And make them haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

Re-enter FACE *in his uniform, followed by* DRUGGER.

Face. He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.
Sub. How now! what mates, what Baiards[2] have we here?
Face. I told you he would be furious.—Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on,—
We must appease him. Give it me,—and prays you,
You would devise—what is it, Nab?
Drug. A sign, sir.
Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.
Sub. I was devising now.
Face. 'Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he gave you any more.—
What say you to his constellation, doctor,
The Balance?
Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,
Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram,[3]
A poor device! No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystic character, whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus—
Face. Nab!
Sub. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel;*
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee,*[4]
In a *rug* gown, there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug:*
And right anenst[5] him a dog snarling *er;*
There's *Drugger*, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!
Face. Abel, thou art made.
Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.
Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.—
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.
Drug. Yes, sir:
I have another thing I would impart—
Face. Out with it, Nab.
Drug. Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
A rich young widow—
Face. Good! a bona roba?
Drug. But nineteen, at the most.

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[1] 'last test of gold.' [2] 'philosopher's stone.'

[1] *Both sericon*, &c.—both the red and the black tincture. These terms are adopted to confound and terrify the simple deacon.
[2] Alluding to the proverb, 'As bold as blind Baiard.' Baiardo is the horse of Rinaldo in Ariosto.—WHALLEY.
[3] These are all names of constellations.
[4] This is evidently levelled at the celebrated Dr. John Dee, a good mathematician, and a great pretender to astrology, alchemy, and magic.
[5] *anenst*—against, opposite.

Face. Very good, Abel.
Drug. Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears
A hood, but it stands a cop.[1]
Face. No matter, Abel.
Drug. And I do now and then give her a fucus—[2]
Face. What, dost thou deal, Nab?
Sub. I did tell you, captain.
Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.
Face. Good (his match too!)—On, Nab.
Drug. And she doth strangely long to know her fortune.
Face. Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.
Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.
Face. Hurt it! 'tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know.
Drug. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.
Face. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?
Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern
His sister here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die in the country.
Face. How! to quarrel?
Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage them by line.
Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor haply may persuade. Go to:
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.
Sub. Oh, good captain!
Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor.—Stay not,
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.
Drug. I'll try my power, sir.
Face. And thy will too, Nab.
Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an ounce?
Face. He'll send you a pound, doctor.
Sub. Oh no.
Face. He will do't.
It is the goodest soul!—Abel, about it.
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.—
[*Exit* ABEL.
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for them.
Sub. And shall, sir. This works.
Face. A wife, a wife for one of us, my dear Subtle!
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.
Sub. Rather the less: for she may be so light
She may want grains.
Face. Ay, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.
Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
Face. Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.
Sub. Mum.
Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.
Face. 'Pray God I have not stayed too long.
Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Lane before LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter TRIBULATION WHOLESOME *and* ANANIAS.

Tri. These chastisements are common to the saints,
And such rebukes, we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.
Ana. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.
Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.
Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.
Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.
Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are ofttimes
Made instruments even of the greatest works:
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?
More antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing

[1] *a cop*—conical, terminating in a point; *cop* or *coppe* is Anglo-Saxon for head.
[2] *fucus*—a paint for the face.

What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily used in the disease.
Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
Tri. Let us call on him, then.
Ana. The notion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*]
Peace be within!
[*The door is opened, and they enter.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter SUBTLE, *followed by* TRIBULATION *and* ANANIAS.

Sub. Oh, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone
Furnus acediæ, turris circulatorius:[1]
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican
Had all been cinders.—Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes down yet.
Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
Sub. Why, this doth qualify!
Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.
Sub. This qualifies more!
Tri. And for the orphan's goods, let them be valued,
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.
Sub. This qualifies most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Show'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a friend.
A lady that is past the feat[2] of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend;
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,
With a bare fricace[1] of your med'cine: still
You increase your friends.
Tri. Ay, it is very pregnant.[2]
Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas.—
Ana. Christ-tide,[3] I pray you.
Sub. Yet, Ananias!
Ana. I have done.
Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt[4] to massy gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
To pay an army in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal,
That shall oppone[5] you?
Tri. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not gracèd in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.
Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.
Sub. No warning with you! then farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.
Tri. I pray you, sir.
Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere.
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not need.
Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start[6] of bonds broke but one day,
And say, they were forfeited by providence.
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better;
The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones;
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol starch about their linen.
Ana. It is indeed an idol.
Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.
Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour: nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood[7] of you,

[1] *Furnus acediæ*—a peculiar kind of furnace; *turris circulatorius*—a glass vessel in which the infusion went round about as in a circle.
[2] *feat*—elegant, handsome.

[1] *fricace*—rubbing; Lat. *frico*, to rub.
[2] *pregnant*—evident.
[3] Ananias abhorred the word *mass*.
[4] *parcel gilt*—partly gilt.
[5] *oppone*—oppose.
[6] *start*—advantage.
[7] *wood* is used to signify any miscellaneous collection or stock of materials.—UPTON.

Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.
Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.
Sub. Oh, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of angels' nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.
Ana. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them.—
Tri. Peace!
Ana. They are popish all.—
I will not peace: I will not—
Tri. Ananias!
Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.
Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir;
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
Sub. Has he a competent sum there in the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity, and conscience' sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll give't you in by weight.
Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?
Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronise: some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?
Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.
Tri. What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?
Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.—
But I must have more coals laid in.
Tri. How!
Sub. Another load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*;[1] we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,[2]
And all those lenter[3] heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch
As any are in Holland. [dollars
Tri. Can you so?
Sub. Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.
Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.
Sub. But you must carry it secret.
Tri. Ay; but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful?
Ana. Lawful!
We know no magistrate; or, if we did,
This is foreign coin.
Sub. It is no coining, sir.
It is but casting.
Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.
Ana. 'Tis, sir.
Tri. Truly, I take it so.
Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:
This case of conscience he is studied in.
Tri. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.
Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done? [*Knocking without.*
Sub. For that we'll talk anon.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. [*Exeunt* TRI. *and* ANA.]—
Who is it?—Face! appear.

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

How now! good prize?
Face. Good pox! yond' costive[1] cheater
Never came on.
Sub. How then?
Face. I've walked the round
Till now, and no such thing.
Sub. And have you quit him?
Face. Quit him! an' hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
Sub. Oh, but to have gull'd him,
Had been a mastery.
Face. Let him go, black boy!
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-baw'd,
Who is come hither private for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,[2]
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,
Furnished with pistolets and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
(That is the colour), and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
For she must milk his epididimis.
Where is the doxy?[3]
Sub. I'll send her to thee:
And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again myself.
Face. Are they within, then?
Sub. Numbering the sum.
Face. How much?
Sub. A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*
Face. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three of my clerk! a portague of my grocer!
This of the brethren! beside reversions,
And states to come in the widow, and my count!
My share to-day will not be bought for forty—

Enter DOL.

Dol. What?

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[1] 'glowing heat.' [2] 'horse-dung, the bath, ashes.'
[3] *lenter*—gentler.

[1] *costive*—dry, reserved.
[2] *six great slops*, &c.—large breeches such as are worn by sailors. *Round trunks* mean the *trunk hose*, which were the common wear of that and the preceding age. —WHALLEY.
[3] *doxy*—cant name for mistress.

Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?
Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?
Face. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel;[1] he shall be brought here fetter'd
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor blackbirds were in the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's gift.[2]
Dol. What is he, general?
Face. An adalantado,
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
Dol. No.
Face. Nor my Drugger?
Dol. Neither.
Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.—

Re-enter SUBTLE.

How now! have you done?
Sub. Done. They are gone: the sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.
Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,
To furnish household.
Sub. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come!
Face. I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'erpast.
Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?
Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I have my flies[3] abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugoship[4] has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,
No creature else. [*Knocking without*]—Who's that?
[*Exit* DOL.
Sub. It is not he?
Face. Oh no, not yet this hour.

Re-enter DOL.

Sub. Who is't?
Dol. Dapper,
Your clerk.
Face. God's will then, queen of Fairy,
On with your tire; [*Exit* DOL] and, doctor, with your robes.
Let's despatch him, for God's sake.
Sub. 'Twill be long.
Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*] 'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel—
Sub. And the widow?
Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit* SUB.

Enter DAPPER.

—Oh sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it!—
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.
Dap. Shall I see her grace?
Face. See her, and kiss her too.—

Enter ABEL, *followed by* KASTRIL.

What, honest Nab!
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. No, sir; here's tobacco.
Face. 'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?
Drug. Yes. Here's the gentleman, captain, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the doctor.
Face. Where's the widow?
Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.
Face. Oh, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
Kas. Ay, and the best of the Kastrils; I'd be sorry else,
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor?
My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
That can do things: has he any skill?
Face. Wherein, sir?
Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
Upon fit terms.
Face. It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town, that can make that a question.
Kas. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys,[1] and seen them take tobacco;
And in his shop; and I can take it too.
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
And practise in the country.
Face. Sir, for the duello,
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
To the least shadow of a hair; and show you
An instrument he has of his own making,
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't
Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality;
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.
Kas. How! to take it?

---

[1] *My Dousabel—i.e. douce et belle*, 'sweet and pretty.' A name common in our old pastoral poets, as is *Bonnibel* (*bonne et belle*, 'good and pretty'), which occurs just below.—GIFFORD.

[2] *God's gift* is the meaning of the Gr. *Dorothea*, Dol's proper name.

[3] *flies*—familiar spirits.

[4] *Verdugo* was the name of a noble Spanish family, and was probably the name of some individual known to the writers of Jonson's time. He is mentioned by Fletcher.—GIFFORD.

[1] The roarers and vapourers of the time.—WHALLEY.

Face. Yes, in oblique he'll show you, or in circle,
But never in diameter.[1] The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.
Kas. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?
Face. Anything whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him;
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.
Kas. No, I'll not come there; you shall pardon me.
Face. For why, sir?
Kas. There's gaming there, and tricks.
Face. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
Kas. Ay, 'twill spend a man.
Face. Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent.
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes?
Kas. What! three thousand a year?
Face. Ay, forty thousand.
Kas. Are there such?
Face. Ay, sir,
And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing,—[*Points to* DAPPER],—forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing;—he is to be initiated,
And have a fly[2] of the doctor. He will win you,
By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom porters, all the Christmas;
And for the whole year through, at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair,
The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher; and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall have your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps; and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.
Kas. Do you not gull one?
Face. 'Ods my life! do you think it?
You shall have a cast commander (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,[3]
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand),
Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admired for't.
Kas. Will the doctor teach this?
Face. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;[4]
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand obliged.
Kas. I'faith! is he such a fellow?
Face. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.
Face. I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing:—
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,
And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:—
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life!
Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.
Face. And then he was so sick—
Drug. Could he tell you that too?
Face. How should I know it?
Drug. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach—
Face. And he has no head
To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants—
Drug. My head did so ache—
Face. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me; and then a good old woman—
Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane—did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall;
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.
Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteenpence
For the water-work.
Drug. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
Face. Thy hair went off?
Drug. Yes, sir; 'twas done for spite.
Face. Nay, so says the doctor.
Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;
I'll see this learned boy before I go,
And so shall she.
Face. Sir, he is busy now;
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.
Kas. I go. [*Exit.*
Face. Drugger, she's thine: the damask!—[*Exit* ABEL]—Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her—[*Aside*].—Come on, Master Dapper,
You see how I turn clients here away,

[1] *in diameter*—*i.e.* the lie *direct*; the others are the lie *circumstantial*.
[2] *fly*—familiar.
[3] *spurrier*—dealer in spurs.
[4] *Whose bonds*, &c.—This alludes to a practice often mentioned by the wits of Jonson's time, of compelling the young spendthrift to take a part of the sum which he wanted to borrow in different kinds of damaged goods, at a stated price, of which he made what he could.—GIFFORD.

To give your cause despatch: have you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?
Dap. Yes, of the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.
Face. 'Tis well; that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not show it, t' have a sight of you.
Have you provided for her grace's servants?
Dap. Yes; here are six score Edward shillings.
Face. Good!
Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.
Face. Very good!
Dap. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.
Face. Oh! you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
Face. Ay, those same
Are best of all; where are they? Hark! the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE, *disguised like a priest of Fairy, with a stripe of cloth.*

Sub. [*In a feigned voice*] Is yet her grace's cousin come?
Face. He is come.
Sub. And is he fasting?
Face. Yes.
Sub. And hath cried hum?
Face. Thrice, you must answer.
Dap. Thrice.
Sub. And as oft buz?
Face. If you have, say.
Dap. I have.
Sub. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,
About his eyes—[*They blind him with the rag*],—to show he is fortunate.
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas! he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her grace's word.—Throw away your purse,
As she would ask it—handkerchiefs and all.

[*He throws away, as they bid him.*

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.
Dap. Truly, there's all.
Face. All what?
Dap. My money; truly.
Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
Bid Dol play music—[*Aside to* SUBTLE].—Look, the elves are come
[DOL *plays on the cittern within.*
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
[*They pinch him.*
Dap. Oh! I have a paper with a spur-ryal[1] in't.
Face. Ti, ti.[2]
They knew't, they say.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.
Face. Ti, ti-ti-ti. In the other pocket.
[*Aside to* SUB.
Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.
They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say. [*They pinch him again.*
Dap. Oh! oh!
Face. Nay, pray you hold; he is her grace's nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith, you shall care.—
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
You are innocent.
Dap. By this good light, I have nothing.
Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the *light* when he is blinded.
Dap. By this good *dark*, I have nothing but a half-crown
Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.
Face. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [*Takes it off.*
You may wear your leaden heart still.—

Enter DOL, *hastily.*

How now!
Sub. What news, Dol?
Dol. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.
Face. 'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now! Where is he?
Dol. Here, hard by: he is at the door.
Sub. And you are not ready, now! Dol, get his suit. [*Exit* DOL.
He must not be sent back.
Face. Oh by no means.
What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he's on the spit?
Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

Re-enter DOL, *with* FACE'S *clothes.*

—*Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti,* Would her grace speak with me?
I come.—Help, Dol! [*Knocking without.*
Face. [*Speaks through the key-hole.*] Who's there? Sir Epicure,
My master's in the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you.—Quickly, Dol!
Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.
Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting.
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,
It would be better for you.
Face. Sir, he shall
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness;

---

[1] *a spur-ryal* was a cold coin, and, in the third of James I., it passed for 15s.—WHALLEY.
[2] This is supposed to be the fairies' language.

I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we have done.—
Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To anybody, till then.
Face. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.
Sub. Of what?
Face. Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crincle[1] for a little.—
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread in his mouth.*
Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?
Dol. In the privy.
Sub. Come along, sir.
I now must show you Fortune's privy lodgings.
Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?
Sub. All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.
Face. [*Speaking through the key-hole.*] Sir
Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with* DAPPER.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in LOVEWIT'S *House.*

Enter FACE *and* MAMMON.

Face. Oh, sir, you are come in the only finest time.—
Mam. Where's master?
Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.
Mam. Into gold?
Face. To gold and silver, sir.
Mam. Silver I care not for.
Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
Mam. Where's the lady?
Face. At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you,
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit—
Mam. Hast thou?
Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage—
Mam. I warrant thee.
Face. Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then,
If the old man should hear or see you—
Mam. Fear not.
Face. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics,
Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.
Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.
Face. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
Mam. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
Face. Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Aside and exit.*
Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae; show the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold: I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her.—

Re-enter FACE *with* DOL *richly dressed.*

Here she comes.
Face. To him, Dol, suckle him.—This is the noble knight,
I told your ladyship—
Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.
Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.
Dol. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir.
Face. Well said, my Guinea bird. [*Aside.*
Mam. Right noble madam—
Face. Oh, we shall have most fierce idolatry. [*Aside.*
Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.
Dol. Rather your courtesy.
Mam. Were there nought else to enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.
Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.
Mam. Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He had done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.
Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.
Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money used to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility in your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
One of the Austriac princes.[1]
Face. Very like!
Her father was an Irish costermonger. [*Aside.*
Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.
Dol. Troth, and I have been liken'd
To all these princes.
Face. I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
Face. I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside and exit.*
Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!
Dol. Oh, you play the courtier.
Mam. Good lady, give me leave—
Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.

---

[1] *crincle*—literally, to creep together, to wrinkle; here —to shrink, to draw back, lose heart.

[1] It is observed that all the houses of Austria have a sweet fulness of the lower lip.—Quoted by GIFFORD.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build: this art, sir, in your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
Mam. By my soul—
Dol. Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.
Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature;
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:
Sweet madam, let me be particular—
Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.
Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You are lodg'd here, in the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?
Dol. Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.[1]
Mam. Oh, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! can extract
The souls of all things by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor
Has courted above Kelly;[2] sent his medals
And chains, to invite him.
Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir—
Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.
Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,
A cloister had done well; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse! is a mere solecism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.
Does not this diamond better on my finger,
Than in the quarry?
Dol. Yes.
Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
Dol. In chains of adamant?
Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret too—here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.
Dol. You are contented, sir!
Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.
Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure?
Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.
Dol. You mean no treason, sir?
Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone,
And thou the lady.
Dol. How sir! have you that?
Mam. I am the master of the mastery.[3]
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us; now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it;
And it shall rain into thy lap no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.
Dol. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.
Mam. I am pleased the glory of her sex should know,
This nook, here, of the Friars[1] is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl and coral, gold and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work them into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars! that when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale; and we but showing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story!
Thus will we have it.
Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.
Mam. If he knew it.
Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.
Mam. To thee, my life.
Dol. Oh, but beware, sir! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loath'd prison,
By speaking of it.
Mam. 'Tis no idle fear:
We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphin's milk,
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,
And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?
Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee. [*Gives him money.*
Face. But, do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.
Mam. We think not on 'em. [*Exeunt* MAM. *and* DOL.
Face. Oh, it is well, sir.—Subtle!

Enter SUBTLE.

Dost thou not laugh?

[1] *i.e.* astrology and chemistry.—GIFFORD.
[2] *Edward Kelly*, the most daring and unprincipled of all the pretenders to alchemy.—GIFFORD.
[3] *mastery*—*i.e.* the *magisterium* or philosopher's stone.

[1] *Friars*—Blackfriars.

Sub. Yes; are they gone?
Face. All's clear.
Sub. The widow is come.
Face. And your quarrelling disciple?
Sub. Ay.
Face. I must to my captainship again then.
Sub. Stay, bring them in first.
Face. So I meant. What is she?
A bonnibel?[1]
Sub. I know not.
Face. We'll draw lots:
You'll stand to that?
Sub. What else?
Face. Oh, for a suit,[2]
To fall now like a curtain, flap!
Sub. To the door, man.
Face. You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready. [*Exit.*
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.
Face. [*within*]. Who would you speak with?
Kas. [*within*]. Where's the captain?
Face. [*within*]. Gone, sir,
About some business.
Kas. [*within*]. Gone!
Face. [*within*]. He'll return straight.
But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Enter KASTRIL, *followed by* Dame PLIANT.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ filii*,[3]
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.
Kas. You lie.
Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?
Kas. Nay, that look ye to,
I am aforehand.
Sub. Oh, this is no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series, extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And have your elements perfect?
Kas. What is this!
The angry tongue he talks in? [*Aside.*
Sub. That false precept,
Of being aforehand, has deceived a number,
And made them enter quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.
Kas. How must I do then, sir?
Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. [*Kisses her.*]—I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.
Kas. Is she, i'faith?
Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. [*Kisses her again.*]
'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobolane':[1]—here is yet a line,
In *rivo frontis*,[2] tells me he is no knight.
Dame P. What is he then, sir?
Sub. Let me see your hand.
Oh, your *linea fortunæ*[3] makes it plain;
And stella here *in monte Veneris*.[4]
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.[5]
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honour shortly.
Dame P. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

Re-enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Kas. Hold your peace!
Here comes t'other rare man.—'Save you, captain.
Face. Good Master Kastril! Is this your sister?
Kas. Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.
Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady. [*Kisses her.*
Dame P. Brother,
He calls me lady too.
Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. [*Takes her aside.*
Face. The count is come.
Sub. Where is he?
Face. At the door.
Sub. Why, you must entertain him.
Face. What will you do
With these the while?
Sub. Why, have them up, and show them
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
Face. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. [*Exit.*
Sub. Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must.—
Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I will show you both the grammar, and logic,
And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel at a straws-breadth by moonlight.
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater,
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by* KAS. *and* Dame P.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where are you, doctor?
Sub. [*within*]. I'll come to you presently.
Face. I will have this same widow, now I have seen her,
On any composition.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. What do you say?
Face. Have you disposed of them?
Sub. I have sent them up.
Face. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.
Sub. Is that the matter?
Face. Nay, but hear me.
Sub. Go to.

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[1] *bonnibel*—See note 1, p. 161, col. 1.
[2] *i.e.* his captain's uniform, for which he is compelled to go out.
[3] 'son of the soil.'

[1] See note 2, p. 90, col. 2.
[2] 'In the channel of her forehead.'
[3] 'line of fortune.'
[4] 'in the hill of Venus.'
[5] 'juncture of the ring or circle.' These are also astrological terms.

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.
Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve—
Sub. Who cannot? I?
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a—
Face. Nay,
But understand: I'll give you composition.
Sub. I will not treat with thee. What! sell my fortune?
'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmur:
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.
Face. Well, sir, I am silent.
Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?
[*Exit.*
Sub. I follow you, sir: we must keep Face in
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant. [awe,

Re-enter FACE, *introducing* SURLY *disguised as a Spaniard.*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!
Sur. Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.[1]
Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist
Face. Peace, Subtle. [our anos!
Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.
Face. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?
Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.
Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him
In D'Alva's time; Count Egmont's bastard.
Sub. Don,
Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.
Sur. Gratia.[2]
Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.
Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.[3]
Sur. Por dios, senores, muy linda casa![4]
Sub. What says he?
Face. Praises the house, I think;
I know no more but's action.
Sub. Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall
Be cozen'd, Diego.
Face. Cozen'd, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.
Sur. Entiendo.[5]
Sub. Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,
My solemn Don?—Dost thou feel any?
Face. [*Feels his pockets*]. Full.
Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and
Dry, as they say. [drawn
Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.
Sur. Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?[6]
Sub. What talks he now?
Face. Of the sennora.
Sub. Oh, Don,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?
Sub. For what?
Face. Why, Dol's employ'd, you know.

Sub. That's true.
'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.
Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.
Sub. No! why?
Face. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know
All the delays; a notable hot rascal,
And looks already rampant.
Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
Face. Mammon! in no case.
Sub. What shall we do then?
Face. Think: you must be sudden.
Sur. Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.[1]
Face. Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!
And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her: and, beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
Sub. Who, I? why—
Fac. The credit of our house too is engaged.
Sub. You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou give me, i'faith?
Face. Oh, by that light
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win
And wear her out for me. [her,
Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.
Face. It is the common cause; therefore bethink
Dol else must know it, as you said. [you.
Sub. I care not.
Sur. Senores, proque se tarda tanto?[2]
Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
Face. That's now no reason, sir.
Sur. Puedo ser de hazer burla de mi amor?[3]
Face. You hear the Don too? by this air, I call,
And loose the hinges: Dol!
Sub. A plague of hell—
Face. Will you then do?
Sub. You are a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?
Face. Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.
Sub. With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharged o' the lot?
Face. As you please.
Sub. Hands. [*They take hands.*
Face. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her.
Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.
Sur. Por estas honradas barbas[4]—
Sub. He swears by his beard.
Despatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit* FACE.
Sur. Tenyo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.[5]
Sub. How, issue on? yes, præsto, sennor. Please you
Enthratha the *chambrata*, worthy Don:

---

[1] 'Gentlemen, I kiss your honours' hands.'
[2] 'Thanks.'
[3] *i.e* in the deep plaits of his ruff.
[4] 'By heaven, gentlemen, a very handsome house!'
[5] 'I understand.'
[6] 'With permission, is it possible to see this lady?'

[1] 'I hear the lady is so handsome, that I am anxious to see her, as the most fortunate circumstance of my life.'—GIFFORD.
[2] 'Gentlemen, why do you delay so much?'
[3] 'Can you be making a jest of my love?'
[4] 'By these honourable beards.' (?)
[5] 'I fear, gentlemen, that you are about to play me some foul trick.'

Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be soaked, and stroked, and tubb'd, and rubb'd,
And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear Don, before you go.
You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon Don.
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.
[*Exeunt* SUB. *and* SURLY.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Another room in the same.

Enter FACE, KASTRIL, *and* DAME PLIANT.

Face. Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
Kas. To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?
Dame P. Why, is that better than an English countess?
Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?
Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.
Face. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb;[1] your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin[2] the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume; and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak—
Here comes the doctor.

Enter SUBTLE, *with a paper.*

Sub. My most honoured lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune very shortly.
What will you say now, if some—
Face. I have told her all, sir;
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.
Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
Kas. She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.
Sub. Well then: naught rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.
Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.
Sub. No!
Dame P. Never since eighty-eight[3] could I abide them,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.
Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;
Choose which you will.
Face. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.
Sub. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.
Face. Indeed, sir!
Kas. 'Ods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.
Dame P. Why,
I'll do as you would have me, brother.
Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.
Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted—
Face. And kiss'd, and ruffled!
Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.
Face. And then come forth in pomp!
Sub. And know her state!
Face Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!
Sub. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!
Face. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches—
Sub. Her six mares—
Face. Nay, eight!
Sub. To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,
Bethlem, the China-houses—
Face. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her.
Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster
If you refuse.
Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

Enter SURLY.

Sur. Que es esto, senores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata![1]
Face. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
Sub. En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima![2]
Sur. Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida![3]
Face. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?
Kas. An admirable language. Is't not French?
Face. No, Spanish, sir.
Kas. It goes like law-French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.
Face. List, sir.
Sur. El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplandor que trae esta dama! Valgame Dios![4]
Face. He admires your sister.
Kas. Must not she make curt'sy?
Sub. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion for the women
To make first court.

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[1] *your Spanish stoup*, &c. Gifford can't explain this; it may mean that the Spanish *stoop* or *bow* is the most elegant fashion, or *stoup* may be some kind of dress. During the early part of James's reign Spanish influence was paramount at court, and Spanish fashions, in consequence, were generally adopted there.

[2] *pavin* was a grave majestic kind of dance, perhaps from Lat. *pavo*, a peacock.

[3] *eighty-eight*—*i.e.* 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada.

[1] 'What is the reason, gentlemen, you do not come? This delay kills me.'

[2] 'The handsome lady, Don! most handsome.'

[3] 'By all the gods, the most perfect beauty I ever saw!'

[4] 'The brightness of the sun is dimmed in presence of the splendour of this lady! Good God!'

Face. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
Sur. Porque no se acude?[1]
Kas. He speaks to her, I think.
Face. That he does, sir.
Sur. Por el amor de Dios, que es esto que se tarda?[2]
Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Noddy. [gull,
Dame P. What say you, brother?
Kas. Ass, my suster.
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.
Face. Oh no, sir.
Sur. Senora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.[3]
Face. Does he not use her bravely?
Kas. Bravely, i'faith!
Face. Nay, he will use her better.
Kas. Do you think so?
Sur. Senora, si sera servida, entremonos.[4]
[*Exit with* Dame PLIANT.
Kas. Where does he carry her?
Face. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
Sub. Give Dol the word.[5] [*Aside to* FACE, *who goes out.*]—Come, my fierce child, advance,
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.
Kas. Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.
Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.
Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.
Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!
Kas. Why,
Her name is so by her other husband.
Sub. How!
Kas. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?
Sub. No, faith, sir;
Yet, by erection of her figure, I guessed it.
Come, let's go practise.
Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?
Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Another room in the same.

Enter DOL *in her fit of raving, followed by* MAMMON.

Dol. For after Alexander's death—
Mam. Good lady—
Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee—
Mam. Madam.
Dol. Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was called Gog-iron-leg, and South-iron-leg—
Mam. Lady—
Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:
Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg—
Mam. Sweet madam.
Dol. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at—
Mam. What shall I do?
Dol. For, as he says, *except*
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks—
Mam. Dear lady.
Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britain—

Enter FACE, *hastily, in his servant's dress.*

Face. What's the matter, sir?
Dol. To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan—
Mam. Oh,
She's in her fit.
Dol. We shall know nothing—
Face. Death, sir,
We are undone!
Dol. Where then a learned linguist
Shall she the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants—
Face. My master will hear!
Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high—
Mam. Sweet honourable lady!
Dol. To comprise
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters—
Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
[*They all speak together.*
Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.
Face. How did you put her into't?
Mam. Alas! I talk'd
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect
With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight.
Face. Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
Mam. Is't best?
Face. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but fæces, ashes.
Sub. [*within.*] What's to do there?
Face. Oh, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Enter SUBTLE; *they run different ways.*

Mam. Where shall I hide me?
Sub. How! what sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
Oh, I have lived too long.
Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.
Sub. Not! and flee me,
When I come in?
Mam. That was my error.
Sub. Error!
Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel,
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!
Mam. Why, have you so?
Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:
I saw her by chance.
Sub. Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?
Mam. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you for whom

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[1] 'Why do you not run to me?'
[2] 'By the love of God, why do you delay?'
[3] 'My lady, my person is quite unworthy to approach such beauty.'
[4] 'Lady, if you please, let us go within.'
[5] *i.e.* to begin her fit of raving.

The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven,
And lose your fortunes.
Mam. Why, sir?
Sub. This will retard
The work, a month at least.
Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove.—
[*A loud explosion within.*
How now! ah me!
God, and all saints be good to us.—

Re-enter FACE.

What's that?
Face. Oh sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst:
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!
[SUBTLE *falls down as in a swoon.*
Help, good sir! alas,
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
[*Knocking within.*
Who's there? my lord, her brother is come.
Mam. Ha, Lungs!
Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.
Mam. Alas!
Face. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.
Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?
Face. Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
Mam. Oh, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.
Face. And so am I, sir.
Mam. Cast from all my hopes—
Face. Nay, certainties, sir.
Mam. By mine own base affections.
Sub. [*Seeming to come to himself.*] Oh, the curst fruits of vice and lust!
Mam. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.
Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.
Mam. I'll go.
Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem—
Mam. Yes.
Face. For the restoring such as—have their wits.
Mam. I'll do't.
Face. I'll send one to you to receive it.
Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?
Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.
Mam. Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?
Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch,—though not your itch of mind, sir. [*Aside.*
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.
[*Exit* MAMMON.
Sub. [*Raising his head.*] Face!
Face. Ay.
Sub. Is he gone?
Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.
Sub. [*Leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
Face. Now to our Don.
Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.
Face. Good sir.
Sub. Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.
Face. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?
Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!
Face. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your virtue.
Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SURLY *and* Dame PLIANT.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time
And other circumstances would have made a man;
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!
I am a gentleman come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I'm a bachelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.
Dame P. I will, sir.
Sur. And for these household rogues, let me alone
To treat with them.

Enter SUBTLE.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
After your coitum, and scurvy: truly,
I do not like the dulness of your eye;
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee[1] Dutch,

[1] *upsee Dutch* or *Freeze*. This is a puzzling phrase. Nares says it is a cant phrase for being intoxicated, being, in the text, equal to *looks like intoxication*. It

And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
[*Attempts to pick them.*
Sur. [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, don bawd and pick-purse? [*strikes him down.*] How now! reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,
I'll give you equal weight.
Sub. Help! murder!
Sur. No, sir,
There's no such thing intended: a good cart
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don *that should be cozen'd,*
Do you see, cozen'd! Where's your Captain Face?
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Face. How, Surly!
Sur. Oh, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here you learn'd t'anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,
That you might have't for nothing. And this doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon;
Then swoons his worship. [FACE *slips out.*] Or, he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds
And midwives of three shires: while you send in—
Captain—what! is he gone?—damsels with child,
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness.
[*Seizes* SUBTLE *as he is retiring.*
Nay, sir, you must tarry,
Though he be 'scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.

Re-enter FACE, *with* KASTRIL.

Face. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:
The doctor and your sister both are abused.
Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave,
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore.—Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
Sur. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.
Kas. Then you lie in your throat.
Sur. How!
Face. [*To* KASTRIL.] A very errant rogue, sir,
Employ'd here by another conjurer
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how.
Sur. Sir, you are abused.
Kas. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
Face. Well said, sir! He is
The impudent'st rascal—
Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?
Face. By no means: bid him be gone.
Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.
Sur. This 's strange!—Lady, do you inform your brother.
Face. There is not such a foist[1] in all the town,
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet,
The Spanish count will come here.—Bear up, Subtle. [*Aside.*
Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.
Face. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!
Kas. Ay,
I know.—Away [*to his Sister*], you talk like a foolish mauther.[2]
Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.
Face. Do not believe him, sir.
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.
Sur. You are valiant out of company!
Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

Enter DRUGGER, *with a piece of damask.*

Face. Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel;
This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow.— [*Aside to* DRUG.
He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.
Drug. Yes, sir.
And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.
Face. And what does he owe for lotium?[3]
Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;
And for six syringes.
Sur. Hydra of villany!
Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.
Kas. I will.—
Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.
Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.
Kas. It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig,[4]
And an *Amadis de Gaul*, or a Don Quixote.
Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

Enter ANANIAS.

Ana. Peace to the household!
Kas. I'll keep peace for no man.
Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
Kas. Is he the constable?
Sub. Peace, Ananias.
Face. No, sir.
Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit, A very tim.
Sur. You'll hear me, sir?
Kas. I will not.
Ana. What is the motive?
Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.[5]
Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
Sur. New rascals!

---

has been said that *op-zee* in Dutch means 'over the sea,' which reminds us of the Eng. 'half seas over.' But *op-zyn-fries* means 'in the Dutch fashion;' or, *à la mode de Frise*, which Nares thinks the best interpretation of the phrase.

[1] *foist*—cheating rogue, sharper.
[2] *mauther*, said to be from Danish *moer*, means here a girl. It is still used in a contemptuous way in Norfolk and Suffolk.
[3] *lotium*—lotion, or a wash. Face wants to insinuate that Surly is a diseased profligate.
[4] *trig* may here mean coxcomb; Scotch *trig*—neat, fine.
[5] *slops*—breeches.

Kas. Will you begone, sir?
Ana. Avoid, Sathan!
Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee, and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,[1]
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat.
Sur. I must give way.
Kas. Begone, sir.
Sur. But I'll take
A course with you—
Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!
Sur. Captain and doctor.
Ana. Child of perdition!
Kas. Hence, sir!— [*Exit* SURLY.
Did I not quarrel bravely?
Face. Yes, indeed, sir.
Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
Face. Oh, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:
He'll turn again else.
Kas. I'll re-turn him then. [*Exit.*
[SUBTLE *takes* ANANIAS *aside.*
Face. Drugger, this rogue prevented[2] us for thee:
We had determin'd that thou should'st have come
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?
Drug. Yes, sir.
Face. Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?
Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?
Face. I know not, Nab:—Thou shalt, if I can help it.—[3] [*Aside.*
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.
[*Exit* DRUGGER
Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple.—But the holy synod
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;
And 'tis revealed no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.
Sub. True;
But here I cannot do it: if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for the state, never come out;
And then are you defeated.
Ana. I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.
Sub. And fasting.
Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls! [*Exit.*
Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
Face. What did he come for?
Sub. About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy
Against the faithful—
Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?
Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i' faith.
Face. Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal
Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come to make you a suit.
Sub. Where's Drugger?
Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the count, now.
Sub. But where's the widow?
Face. Within, with my lord's sister: Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
Sub. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Face. You will not offer it.
Sub. Why?
Face. Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol, she knows—
Sub. You are tyrannous still.

Enter DOL, *hastily.*

Face. Strict for my right.—How now, Dol? Hast [thou] told her
The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come,
You little look'd for!
Face. Who is that?
Dol. Your master;
The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothy.
Dol. Look out, and see.
[FACE *goes to the window.*
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'Tis he, by this good day.
Dol. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week within the liberties.
Face. No; 'twas within the walls.
Sub. Was't so! cry you mercy.
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,[1]
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Prythee go heat a little water quickly;
Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard

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[1] The allusion to the 'unclean beasts of seventy-seven' I do not understand, unless it refer to the number of Spanish troops which poured into the Netherlands about that time, under D'Alva.—GIFFORD.

[2] *prevented*—came before, forestalled.

[3] *Thou shalt*, &c.—if I can forward or promote it, *i.e.* 'playing the fool.' Old Hieronimo, whose stage dress poor Abel is sent to borrow, was the hero of the *Spanish Tragedy*, so often burlesqued by our poet and his contemporaries.—GIFFORD.

[1] *purchase*—a cant term for goods stolen or dishonestly come by.—GIFFORD.

Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do it?
Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.
Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?
Sub. You shall see, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Before LOVEWIT'S *Door.*

Enter LOVEWIT, *with several of the* Neighbours.

Love. Has there been such resort, say you?
1 *Nei.* Daily, sir.
2 *Nei.* And nightly, too.
3 *Nei.* Ay, some as brave as lords.
4 *Nei.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
5 *Nei.* Citizens' wives.
1 *Nei.* And knights.
6 *Nei.* In coaches.
2 *Nei.* Yes, and oyster-women.
1 *Nei.* Beside other gallants.
3 *Nei.* Sailors' wives.
4 *Nei.* Tobacco men.
5 *Nei.* Another Pimlico!
Love. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
Or a huge lobster with six claws?
6 *Nei.* No, sir.
3 *Nei.* We had gone in then, sir.
Love. He has no gift
Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promised cure
Of agues, or the toothach?
2 *Nei.* No such thing, sir.
Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?
5 *Nei.* Neither, sir.
Love. What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
'Pray God he have not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging![1]
The friar and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;
The boy of six year old with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
When saw you him?
1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy?
2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler?
We saw him not this month.
Love. How!
4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.
6 *Nei.* These six weeks at the least.
Love. You amaze me, neighbours!
5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
He's slipt away.
6 *Nei.* Pray God, he be not made away.
Love. Ha! it's no time to question, then.
[*Knocks at the door.*
6 *Nei.* About
Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a-mending my wife's stockings.
Love. 'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear
A cry, say'st thou?
6 *Nei.* Yes, sir; like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.
2 *Nei.* I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock
Next morning.
Love. These be miracles, or you make them so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir.
Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee,
What trade art thou on?
3 *Nei.* A smith, an't please your worship.
Love. A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.
3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools— [*Exit.*
1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.
Love. [*Knocks again.*] I will.

Enter FACE *in his butler's livery.*

Face. What mean you, sir?
1, 2, 4 *Nei.* Oh, here's Jeremy!
Face. Good sir, come from the door.
Love. Why! what's the matter?
Face. Yet farther, you are too near yet.
Love. In the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!
Face. The house, sir, has been visited.
Love. What! with the plague? stand thou then farther.
Face. No, sir,
I had it not.
Love. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee in the house.
Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,
The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it; but I got her
Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut
The house up for a month—
Love. How!
Face. Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And have made it sweet, that you should ne'er have known it;
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
Love. Breathe less, and farther off! Why, this is stranger:
The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
Have still been open—
Face. How, sir!
Love. Gallants, men and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves,[1] these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.[2]
Face. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so.
Love. To-day they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French hood
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more pass in and out.
Face. They did pass through the doors then,

[1] *ging*—gang.

[1] *threaves*—heaps, bands. *Threave* properly means a number of sheaves, varying from twelve to twenty-four, set up together.

[2] *Pimlico* was a place near Hogsden, famous for cakes and ale. *Pimlico* is sometimes spoken of as a person, and may have been the master of a house once famous for ale of a particular description, and so, indeed, may Eye-bright, unless the term be applied to a sort of liquor, in which the plant of this name was infused.

Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their
spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep in the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black pot, and made these appari-
tions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three
weeks
And upwards the door has not been open'd.
Love. Strange!
1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.
2 *Nei.* And I too,
I'd have been sworn.
Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?
4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.
Face. Did you see me at all?
1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.
2 *Nei.* I'll be sworn o' that.
Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies
built on!

Re-enter Third Neighbour, *with his Tools.*

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come?
1 *Nei.* Oh yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceived, he says.
2 *Nei.* He has had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.
3 *Nei.* Like enough.
Love. Peace, and get hence you changelings.

Enter SURLY *and* MAMMON.

Face. Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.
[*Aside.*
Sur. No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.
Mam. Nay, good Surly—
Sur. The happy word, BE RICH—
Mam. Play not the tyrant.—
*Sur. Should be to-day pronounced to all your
friends.*
And where be your andirons now? and your brass
pots,
That should have been golden flagons, and great
wedges?
Mam. Let me but breathe. What! they have
shut their doors,
Methinks!
Sur. Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.
Mam. Rogues, [*He and* SURLY *knock.*
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!
Face. What mean you, sir?
Mam. To enter if we can.
Face. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him,
And speak your business.
Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?
Love. Yes, sir.
Mam. And are those knaves within your
cheaters?
Love. What knaves? what cheaters?
Mam. Subtle and his Lungs.
Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No
lungs,
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks,
sir,
Within these doors, upon my word.
Sur. Your word,
Groom arrogant!
Face. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys have not been out of my
hands.
Sur. This is a new Face.
Face. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?
Sur. You rascal! this is one
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.
Love. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
Mam. Ay, and then
We shall have your doors open.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.
Love. What means this?
Face. I cannot tell, sir.
1 *Nei.* These are two of the gallants
That we do think we saw.
Face. Two of the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crazed 'em all.—Oh me,

Enter KASTRIL.

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all. [*Aside.*
Kas. [*knocking.*] What rogues, bawds, slaves,
you'll open the door, anon!
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light
I'll fetch the marshall to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle—
Face. Who would you speak with, sir?
Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening cap-
tain,
And puss my suster.
Love. This is something, sure.
Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never
open, sir.
Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me twice
over,
By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.[1]
Love. Here comes another.

Enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Face. Ananias too!
And his pastor!
Tri. [*beating at the door.*] The doors are shut
against us.
Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of
fire!
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination
Is in the house.
Kas. Ay, my suster's there.
Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.
Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the
constable.
Tri. You shall do well.
Ana. We'll join to weed them out.
Kas. You will not come then, punk devise,[2] my
sister!
Ana. Call her not sister; she's a harlot, verily.
Kas. I'll raise the street.
Love. Good gentleman, a word.
Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt* ANA., TRIB., *and* KAS.
Love. The world's turn'd Bethlem.
Face. These are all broke loose
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.
1 *Nei.* All these persons
We saw go in and out here.
2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.
3 *Nei.* These were the parties.

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[1] *i.e.* by Mammon and Surly.
[2] *i.e.* thou arrant whore.—GIFFORD.

Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it: please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.
Love. It mazes me!
Face. [*goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing: 'tis all *deceptio visus.*[1]
Would I could get him away! [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] Master captain! master doctor!
Love. Who's that?
Face. Our clerk within, that I forgot! [*Aside.*
I know not, sir.
Dap. [*within.*] For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?
Face. Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o' the air!—His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat. [*Aside.*
Dap. [*within.*] I am almost stifled—
Face. Would you were altogether! [*Aside.*
Love. 'Tis in the house.
Ha! list.
Face. Believe it, sir, in the air.
Love. Peace, you.
Dap. [*within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.
Sub. [*within.*] You fool,
Peace, you'll mar all.
Face. [*speaks through the key-hole, while* LOVEWIT *advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
Love. Oh! is it so? then you converse with spirits!—
Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy,
The truth, the shortest way.
Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir.—
What shall I do? I am catch'd. [*Aside.*
Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt* Neighbours.]—Come sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild-fowl?
Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit—
But here's no place to talk on't in the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me the abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:
I have her within. You need not fear the house;
It was not visited.
Love. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.
Face. It is true, sir,
'Pray you forgive me.
Love. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

A Room in the same.

Enter SUBTLE, *leading in* DAPPER, *with his eyes bound as before.*

Sub. How! have you eaten your gag?
Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled
Away in my mouth.
Sub. You have spoil'd all, then.
Dap. No!
I hope my auut of Fairy will forgive me.

[1] 'An ocular deception.'

Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth
You were to blame.
Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

Enter FACE, *in his uniform.*

Here comes the captain.
Face. How now! is his mouth down?
Sub. Ay, he has spoken!
Face. A pox, I heard him, and you too.—He's undone then.—
I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churl back.
Sub. And hast thou done it?
Face. Sure, for this night.
Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
Face. Did you not hear the coil
About the door?
Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Face. Show him his aunt, and let him be despatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit* FACE.
Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness.
[*Unbinds his eyes.*
Dap. Not I, in troth, sir.

Enter DOL, *like the Queen of Fairy.*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. [DAPPER *kneels, and shuffles towards her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you!
Dap. Madam!
Sub. And your aunt.
Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you;
But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.
Sub. The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So!
Dol. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend,
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.
Sub. Ay, much! indeed.—[*Aside.*]—Why do you not thank her grace?
Dap. I cannot speak for joy.
Sub. See the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.
Dol. Give me the bird.
Here is your fly[1] in a purse, about your neck, cousin;
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
On your right wrist—
Sub. Open a vein with a pin,
And let it suck but once a week; till then,
You must not look on't.
Dol. No: and, kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.
Sub. Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger[2] frumety.

[1] *fly*—familiar spirit.
[2] The *Woolsack* and the *Dagger* were ordinaries of low repute, and our old poets have frequent allusions to the coarseness of their entertainments.—GIFFORD. *Frumety* or *frumenty* was wheat boiled in milk.

Dol. Nor break his fast
In Heaven and Hell.
Sub. She's with you everywhere!
Nor play with costermongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip;[1]
God make you rich (when as your aunt has done it);
But keep
The gallant'st company, and the best games—
Dap. Yes, sir.
Sub. Gleek and primero: and what you get, be true to us.
Dap. By this hand, I will.
Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
Be stirring, an you will.
Dap. I swear I will then.
Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.
Face. [*within.*] Have you done there?
Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties?
Dol. No;
But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.
Sub. There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.—
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.
Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.
Sub. Or, give 't away; pox on't!
Dap. I'll give 't mine aunt: I'll go and fetch the writings. [*Exit.*
Sub. 'Tis well—away!

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Where's Subtle?
Sub. Here: what news?
Face. Drugger is at the door; go take his suit,
And bid him fetch a parson presently;
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit* SUBTLE.
Now, Queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do like
The lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Sub. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me them.
Sub. And the ruff, too?
Face. Yes; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.
Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
Sub. Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?
Dol. No; but I will do't.
Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou say'st the word,
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,
This peremptory Face.
Dol. Content, I'm weary of him.
Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.
Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.
Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To the cunning man; make him amends for wronging
His art with her suspicion: send a ring
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?
Dol. Yes.
Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,[1]
My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,[2]
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this 's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine. [*They kiss.*

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What now! a-billing?
Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock affairs.
Face. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back again to wash his face.
Sub. I will: and shave himself. [*Exit.*
Face. If you can get him.
Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!
Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

Re-enter SUBTLE.

Is he gone?
Sub. The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.
Face. I'll go bestow him. [*Exit.*
Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.
Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.
Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. Come, my venturers,
You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.
Sub. Here.
Face. Let us see them. Where's the money?
Sub. Here,
In this.
Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score before;
The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's.
What paper's that?
Dol. The jewel of the waiting-maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain—
Face. If she should have precedence of her mistress?
Dol. Yes.
Face. What box is that?
Sub. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
And the ale-wives' single money.[3] Is't not, Dol?
Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.[4]

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[1] These were both games at dice; silence is said to have been enforced in the former.

[1] *flitter-mouse* or *flicker-mouse*—*i.e.* fluttering mouse, *i.e.* bat.

[2] The *Three Pigeons* at Brentford, the place of rendezvous.

[3] *single-money*—small money, perhaps, that required no change.—GIFFORD.

[4] *Ward* was a famous pirate.

Face. We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles and hangers?
Sub. Here, in the trunk,
And the bolts[1] of lawn.
Face. Is Drugger's damask there,
And the tobacco?
Sub. Yes.
Face. Give me the keys.
Dol. Why you the keys?
Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open them before he comes.
Face. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have them forth, do you see? not forth, Dol.
Dol. No!
Face. No, my smock rampant. The right is, my master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them;
Doctor, 'tis true—you look—for all your figures:
I sent for him indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he and she be satisfied; for here
Determines[2] the indenture tripartite
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back side,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock;[3]
For thither you will come else. [*Loud knocking.*] Hark you, thunder!
Sub. You are a precious fiend!
Offi. [*without.*] Open the door.
Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee, i' faith; but hear'st thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt have my letter to Mistress Amo—
Dol. Hang you!
Face. Or Madam Cæsarean.[4]
Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!
Face. Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I will send you
A customer now and then for old acquaintance:
What new course have you?
Sub. Rogue, I'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.—SCENE III.

An outer room in the same.

Enter LOVEWIT *in the Spanish dress, with the Parson.*

[*Loud knocking at the door.*]

Love. What do you mean, my masters?
Mam. [*without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
Offi. [*without.*] Or we will break it open.
Love. What warrant have you?
Offi. [*without.*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.
Love. Is there an officer there?
Offi. [*without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.[1]
Love. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Enter FACE *as butler.*

Face. Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
Love. Yes, my brain.
Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.
Sur. [*without.*] Down with the door.
Kas. [*without.*] 'Slight, ding[2] it open.
Love. [*opening the door.*] Hold,
Hold, gentlemen; what means this violence?

MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, *and* Officers, *rush in.*

Mam. Where is this collier?
Sur. And my Captain Face?
Mam. These day owls.
Sur. That are birding in men's purses.
Mam. Madam suppository.
Kas. Doxy, my suster.
Ana. Locusts
Of the foul pit.
Tri. Profane as Bel and the dragon.
Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
1 *Offi.* Keep the peace.
Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?
Mam. The chemical cozener.
Sur. And the captain pander.
Kas. The nun my suster.
Mam. Madam Rabbi.
Ana. Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.
2 *Offi.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff.
Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
Love. Good zeal, lie still
A little while.
Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.
Love. The house is mine here, and the doors are open;
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,
It somewhat mazed me; till my man here, fearing
My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sickness),
To a doctor and a captain; who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not.
Mam. Are they gone?
Love. You may go in and search, sir. [MAMMON, ANA., *and* TRIB. *go in.*] Here I find
The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak'd.
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace:
The ceiling fill'd with poesies[3] of the candle,
And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls:
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she was a widow—

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[1] A *bolt* was a narrow piece of anything.
[2] *Determines*—ends.
[3] *dock*—some apartment in Newgate or Bridewell.—WHALLEY.
[4] The names of two bawds in our poet's time.

[1] *for failing*—for fear of failing.
[2] *ding*—knock or break; still used in Scotland.
[3] *poesies* or *posies of the candle*—probably fanciful figures made with the smoke from a candle.

Kas. Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her.
Where is she? [*Goes in.*
Love. And should have married a Spanish count; but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.
Sur. How! have I lost her then?
Love. Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her you had taken the pains
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling!

Re-enter MAMMON.

Mam. The whole nest are fled!
Love. What sort of birds were they?
Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse
Of eight score and ten pounds within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have left,
I may have home yet.
Love. Think you so, sir?
Mam. Ay.
Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
Mam. Not mine own stuff!
Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd of them,
Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather lose them.
Love. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours,
What! should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?
Mam. No,
I cannot tell—It may be they should—What then?
Love. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!
Mam. Not I, the commonwealth has.
Face. Ay, he would have built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;
That, every Sunday, in Moorfields, the younkers,
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.
Mam. I will go mount a turnip cart, and preach
The end of the world, within these two months.
—Surly,
What! in a dream?
Sur. Must I needs cheat myself
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your lodging; for, in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought them honest as myself, sir.
[*Exeunt* MAM. *and* SUR.

Re-enter ANANIAS *and* TRIBULATION.

Tri. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts—
Love. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.
Love. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods sometimes the orphan's, that the brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
Love. What, those in the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims?
Ana. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd,
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?
Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.
Ana. Sir!
Tri. Be patient, Ananias.
Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host
That threaten Gad in exile.
Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!
[*Exeunt* ANA. *and* TRIB.

Enter DRUGGER.

Love. Another too?
Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother.
Love [*beats him.*] Away, you Harry Nicholas![1] do you talk? [*Exit* DRUG.
Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [*To the* Parson.
And satisfy him; tell him all is done:
He stayed too long a washing of his face.
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port town else, lying for a wind.
[*Exit* Parson.
If you can get off the angry child, now, sir—

Enter KASTRIL, *dragging in his sister.*

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, have you not?
Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet![2] Oh, I could touse you now.
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!
Love. You lie, boy;
As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.
Kas. Anon!
Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize[3] you, sirrah;
Why do you not buckle to your tools?
Kas. Od's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!
Love. What, do you change your copy now? proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoop[4] at her, if you dare.

[1] *Harry Nicholas*, a native of Leyden, commonly supposed to be the founder of that turbulent and mischievous sect called the *Family of Love*.—GIFFORD.
[2] *mammet*—a puppet, or owl; dim. of *mam.*
[3] *feize*—drive, or beat; spelt also *pheeze.*
[4] *stoop*—fall, or pounce.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i' faith,
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.
Love. Oh, do you so, sir?
Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,
Than her own state.
Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.
Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.
Love. We will—
I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy.
Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound,[1] thou art a jovy[2] boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.
[*Exeunt* KAS. *and* Dame P.] That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candour.[1] [*advancing.*]—*Therefore, gentlemen,*
And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife and a good brain may do;
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyself, knave.
Face. *So I will, sir.* [advancing to the front of stage.]—*Gentlemen,*
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum.[2] *And though I am clean*
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded: yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.
[Exeunt.

[1] *hide-bound*—niggardly. [2] *jovy*—jovial.

[1] *candour*—honour, fair reputation.
[2] *Yet 'twas decorum, i.e.* I have not acted, however, against the decorum the suitableness of the character. —UPTON.

EPICŒNE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN.

A COMEDY.

ACTED IN THE YEAR 1609 BY THE CHILDREN OF HER MAJESTY'S REVELS.

THE AUTHOR B. J.

London. 1616.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE BY ALL TITLES,

SIR FRANCIS STUART.

SIR,—My hope is not so nourished by example, as it will conclude, this dumb piece should please you, because it hath pleased others before; but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeased none. This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write; and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manliest virtue; as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the credit of an undertaker.[2] Read, therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it, changed from the simplicity of the first copy. And when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endangered by an uncertain accusation; you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wiped off by your sentence.

Your unprofitable, but true Lover,

BEN. JONSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

MOROSE, *a Gentleman that loves no noise.*
SIR DAUPHINE EUGENIE, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
NED CLERIMONT, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
TRUEWIT, *another Friend.*
SIR JOHN DAW, *a Knight.*
SIR AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, *a Knight also.*
THOMAS OTTER, *a Land and Sea Captain.*
CUTBEARD, *a Barber.*
MUTE, *one of* MOROSE'S *Servants.*
Parson.
Page *to* CLERIMONT.

EPICŒNE, *supposed the* Silent Woman.
LADY HAUGHTY, LADY CENTAURE, MISTRESS DOL. MAVIS, } *Ladies Collegiates.*
MISTRESS OTTER, *the Captain's Wife,* MISTRESS TRUSTY, LADY HAUGHTY'S *Woman,* } *Pretenders.*

Pages, Servants, etc.

SCENE—*London.*

[1] A learned gentleman, one of Raleigh's club at the Mermaid Tavern.
[2] An *undertaker*, considered a very offensive character, was the name given to certain persons who undertook, through their influence in the House of Commons, in the Parliament of 1614, to carry things agreeably to his Majesty's wishes.—WHALLEY.

PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of old the art of making plays
Was to content the people; and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.

But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That only for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste but the guests.

Yet, if those cunning palates hither come,
They shall find guests entreaty, and good room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be some,

That, when they leave their seats, shall make them say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a play,
But that he knew this was the better way.

For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but coarse art.

The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet,[1] there will dear-bought,

Be fit for ladies: some for lords, knights, 'squires;
Some for your waiting wench, and city wires;[2]
Some for your men, and daughters of White-friars.

Nor is it only while you keep your seat
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eat
A week at ord'naries, on his broken meat;
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

[1] *far-fet*—far-fetched.

[2] *city wires.*—This term, which seems to designate the matrons of the city in opposition to the 'Whitefriars nation,' is new to me. In the stiff and formal dresses of those days, wire indeed was much used; but I know not that it was peculiar to the city dames. Perhaps I have missed the sense. Whitefriars was at this time a privileged spot, the resort of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, prostitutes, and other outcasts of society.—GIFFORD.

ANOTHER.

The ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still 't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we present to-night,
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.

For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things, like truths, well feign'd.
If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application, wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in CLERIMONT'S *House.*

Enter CLERIMONT, *making himself ready, followed by his* Page.

Cler. Have you got the song yet perfect, I gave you, boy?

Page. Yes, sir.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Page. You shall, sir; but i'faith let nobody else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Page. It will get you the dangerous name of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, whose lady is the argument of it; where now I am the welcomest thing under a man that comes there.

Cler. I think; and above a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Page. No, faith, I'll confess before, sir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me on the bed, and carry me in to my lady: and she kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke on my head; and asks me an I will wear her gown? and I say, no: and then she hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me Innocent![1] and lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut against your master, when the entrance is so easy to you —Well, sir, you shall go there no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my lady's rushes,[1] a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. [Page *sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest—

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time and never feels it! What between his mistress abroad and his ingle[2] at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle, he thinks the hours have no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, Sir Gallant, were you struck with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every article of your time, esteem it at the true rate, and give all for it.

Cler. Why, what should a man do?

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next horse-

[1] *Innocent*—fool, or simpleton.

[1] *rushes* were then used as carpets are at the present day.

[2] *ingle* originally meant a male favourite of the most detestable kind. Nares thinks this the meaning in the text. Afterwards it meant an intimate friend; and Gifford thinks this the meaning here, connecting it with Scotch *ingle*, the fire, or fire-place.

race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise Puppy, or Peppercorn, Whitefoot, Franklin;[1] swear upon Whitemane's party; speak aloud, that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies at night, and be able to give them the character of every bowler or better on the green. These be the things wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are considerations, when we come to have grey heads and weak hams, moist eyes and shrunk members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll pray and fast.

True. Ay, and destine only that time of age to goodness, which our want of ability will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 'tis time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all the term, and think to effect his business the last day. Oh Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to sense, we mock ourselves the fineliest out of it, with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking an end of wretchedness, but only changing the matter still.

Cler. Nay, thou'lt not leave now—

True. See but our common disease! With what justice can we complain that great men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to give our affairs such despatch as we expect, when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's morals, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee! 'Fore God, 'twill spoil thy wit utterly. Talk to me of pins, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things; and leave this Stoicity alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir, if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college?

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arrived there yet, the news? A new foundation, sir, here in the town, of ladies, that call themselves the collegiates, an order between courtiers and country madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits and braveries of the time, as they call them: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a brain or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority; and every day gain to their college some new probationer.

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the Lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her pieced beauty! there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfumed, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) on the subject. [Page *sings.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly on the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. Oh, a woman is then like a delicate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, show them; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eyebrows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner: that must be private. Many things that seem foul in the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be inquiring; all is sacred within, then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclosed. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate?[1] Were the people suffered to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No; no more should servants approach their mistresses, but when they are complete and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way.

Cler. Oh, prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that reverst face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side.

Cler. Why, thou shouldst have relieved her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugenie?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go to him this morning? He is very melancholy, I hear.

True. Sick of the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his head buckled over his ears.

Cler. Oh, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammerman. A braisier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's prentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being of that trade, when the rest were quit.

[1] Names of horses of the time.

[1] *Aldgate*, as Stow informs us, 'began to be taken down in 1606, and famously finished in 1609; so that the *canvas hung before* it about two years.' *Love and Charity* were figures that graced each side of Aldgate.

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

Cler. Out of his senses. The waits of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practised on him one night like the bellman; and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Page. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him, devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward,[1] one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under Master Morose's window: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

True. A good wag! How does he for the bells?

Cler. Oh, in the queen's time, he was wont to go out of the town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windows close shut and caulk'd: and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court socks, or slippers soled with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk.[2] See, who comes here!

Enter Sir DAUPHINE EUGENIE.

Daup. How now! What ail you, sirs? Dumb?

True. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks, I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him.

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then have him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venture on a wife?

Cler. Yes: why, thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick yet. He has employed a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

[1] *bearward*—the *ward* or keeper of a bear for bear-baiting.

[2] *trunk*—tube.

True. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No; but he has heard of one that's lodged in the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

True. Is't possible! Who is his agent in the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here.

True. Why, you oppress me with wonder: a woman, and a barber, and love no noise!

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack[1] with his sheers or his fingers: and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel.

True. Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I prithee, Dauphine, let's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now: I cannot, i' faith.

True. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir. We'll make her talk, believe it; or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty; we will break it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means. I'll give no suffrage to't. He shall never have that plea against me, that I opposed the least phant'sy of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty; I'll be innocent.

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself cannot. *Innocent!*—I prithee, Ned, where lies she? Let him be innocent still.

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where Sir John Daw lies.

True. You do not mean to confound me!

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cler. Why?

True. The only talking sir in the town! Jack Daw! And he teach her not to speak! —God be wi' you. I have some business too.

Cler. Will you not go thither, then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears.

Cler. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms.

True. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

True. Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in him!

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him.

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may; there's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen.

[*Exit hastily.*

Cler. This is very abrupt!

Daup. Come, you are a strange open man, to tell everything thus.

[1] *knack*—the knocking or snapping made in clipping.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay, then, you are mistaken, Dauphine: I know where he has been well trusted, and discharged the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned; but with the fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a Decameron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like. Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her silence in verses; which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made. Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines,[1] why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state.

Cler. I prithee let's go. I would fain partake this.—Some water, boy. [*Exit* Page.

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole.

Cler. Oh, that's a precious mannikin!

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He is one of the braveries,[2] though he be none of the wits. He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to them, aloud, out of his window, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose: or to watch when ladies are gone to the China-houses, or the Exchange, that he may meet them by chance, and give them presents, some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweetmeats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! What is his Christian name? I have forgot.

Re-enter Page.

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Page. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life!

Daup. Like enough: prithee, let's have him up.

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Page. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit* Page.]—I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes; with a breath.

Enter Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE.

La-F. 'Save, dear Sir Dauphine! honoured Master Clerimont!

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honested[1] my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging: almost as delicate a lodging as mine.

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were in the Strand, I assure you. I am come, Master Clerimont, to entreat you to wait upon two or three ladies to dinner to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon them? Did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with[2] me; I meant, to bear them company.

Cler. Oh, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness of your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys,[3] if you should but keep them fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir. Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter! what's he?

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. Oh, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. Ay, sir: his wife was the rich china-woman,[4] that the courtiers visited so often; that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is Captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir, the La-Fooles of London.

Cler. Now, he's in. [*Aside.*

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles of the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south—we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe—but I myself am descended lineally of the French La-Fooles—and, we do bear for our coat yellow,[5] or *or*, checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our house; but let that go, antiquity is not respected now.—I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half-a-dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good company:—there will be a great lady or two: my Lady Haughty, my Lady Centaure, Mistress Dol Mavis—and they come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, Mistress Epiccene, that honest Sir John Daw has promised to bring thither—and then, Mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir Dau-

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1 *mutines*—mutinies.

2 The *braveries* were the beaus of the age; men distinguished by the splendour and fashion of their apparel; *brave* and *braw* are still applied in the same way in Scotland.

1 *honested*—honoured.

2 *dispense with*—excuse.

3 The *terrible boys* were the same as the *angry boys* mentioned in *The Alchemist*, and were also called *roaring boys*, *roysters*, &c. They were for a long time the terror of peaceful citizens, and caused the streets to swarm 'with bloody quarrels, private duels,' &c.

4 In Jonson's time, the trade with the East had not long been opened; and the china and lacquered wares from China and Japan were objects of curiosity to both sexes. Advantage was taken of this to convert the places of exhibition (almost always private houses) into a kind of bagnios, of which the owners were the most convenient of procuresses.—GIFFORD.

5 This is a humorous allusion to the parti-coloured dress of the domestic fool of our ancestors.—GIFFORD.

phine, with yourself, Master Clerimont—and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and dance. —I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my Lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleased my elder brother to die.—I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any worn in the island voyage,[1] or at Cadiz, none dispraised; and I came over in it hither, show'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the country, and surveyed my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies: —and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir?

Cler. Oh, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity!

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant money, which can take up anything. I have another guest or two to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your servant.

[*Exit.*

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore Sir Daw.

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker[2] as this?

Daup. Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cler. Go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in MOROSE's *House.*

Enter MOROSE, *with a tube in his hand, followed by* MUTE.

Mor. Cannot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise [MUTE *makes a leg.*[3]]—Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or with brick-bats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise [*makes a leg.*]—Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [*makes a leg.*]—Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug. [*makes a leg.*]—So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; [*holds up a finger bent.*]—Good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*makes a leg.*]—Good. And, is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, to-day? [*makes a leg.*]—Good. And the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? [*makes a leg.*]—Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*]—How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look. [*Exit* MUTE.]—[*Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter MUTE.

Mute. It is a post from the court—

Mor. Out, rogue!' and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death—

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter TRUEWIT *with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand.*

True. By your leave, sir,—I am a stranger here,—is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates[1] been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time: I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir—

Mor. O men! O manners! was there ever such an impudence?

True. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

True. Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword—

True. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London Bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town, as Bow, to vault from; or a braver height, as Paul's: or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a

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[1] This *island voyage* was undertaken 1585, Sir Francis Drake being admiral, with a fleet of 120 sail. They went to Hispaniola and made themselves masters of the town of St. Domingo. The other adventure occurred in 1596, when Essex and Raleigh burnt the Indian fleet at Cadiz. —UPTON.

[2] *wind-sucker*—the kestrel, a kind of kite, that supports itself for a considerable time in the air with little or no motion, its beak being turned towards the wind, which it seems to suck.

[3] *makes a leg*—bows, putting the leg out.

[1] *Harpocrates* was the god of silence. The disciples of Pythagoras had to undergo a long probationary silence.

shorter way, an excellent garret-window into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shows him the halter*] which they have sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your arse: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas! sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen daily, private and public? If you had lived in King Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor, you might, perhaps, have found one in some cold country hamlet: then, a dull frosty wench would have been contented with one man; now, they will as soon be pleased with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cozen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from them? bastarded their issue? What have I done, that may deserve this?

True. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate[1] upon your father, vitiated your mother, ravished your sisters—

True. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous[2] acts that could be named, to do that you do.

True. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger (but you may do your pleasure for all them, I persuade not, sir). If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why, it is not their fault, they have discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and vegetous,[3] no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous[4] as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lie with her in those languages too, if you will please her. If precise,[5] you must feast all the silenced brethren once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechisings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for, to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i'faith: you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you. [MUTE *is stealing away.*]—Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Mor. Oh, what is my sin! what is my sin!

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir, oh, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! You shall lie with her but when she lists: she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must be for that jewel, or that pearl, when she does: every half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please, what company she will; that friend must not visit you without her licence, and him she loves most she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or, feign to be jealous of you first, and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies; where she must have that rich gown for such a great day, a new one for the next, a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt, nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard: be a states-woman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury,[1] what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them—Danie with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth,[2] and so forth: or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics, and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. Oh, oh!

True. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and this cunning woman, where the first question is, How soon you shall die? next, If her present servant love her? next, If she shall have a new servant? and how many? Which of her family would make the best bawd, male or female? What precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes them above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

True. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going a-foot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus. God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity aforehand, as your

[1] *assassinate*—assassination.
[2] *facinorous*—atrociously wicked; Lat.
[3] *vegetous*—vigorous, lusty.
[4] *humorous*—full of humour, capricious, changeable.
[5] *precise*—*i.e.* a precisian, a Puritan. The *silenced brethren* may be the nonconformist clergy, *silenced* in the year 1604.

[1] *Salisbury*—*i.e.* at the races there;—*in progress*, *i.e.* when the king went to Scotland, or rather when he visited the nobility at their country residences.
[2] *the t'other youth*, Upton thinks, is Decker, but Gifford disagrees with him.

wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you, cuckold. The like has been heard of in nature. 'Tis no devised, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you. I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance.—Farewell, Mute! [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [TRUEWIT *winds the horn without.*] Oh, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

Enter CUTBEARD.

Cut. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

Mor. Oh, Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cut-throat with me: help me in to my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II—SCENE II.

A Room in Sir JOHN DAW'S *House.*

Enter DAW, CLERIMONT, DAUPHINE, *and* EPICŒNE.

Daw. Nay, an she will, let her refuse at her own charges; 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen: but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day.

Cler. Oh, by no means, she may not refuse—to stay at home, if you love your reputation. 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laughed at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. [*Aside to* EPI.

Daup. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company. [*Aside to* EPI.

Cler. He will suspect us; talk aloud.—'Pray, Mistress Epicœne, let's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Daup. His vain-glories, lady!

Daw. Show them, show them, mistress; I dare own them.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I'll read them myself too: an author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

Modest and fair, for fair and good are near
Neighbours, howe'er.—

Daup. Very good.

Cler. Ay, is't not?

Daw. No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.

Daup. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, Sir John.

Daup. It has something in't like rare wit and sense.

Cler. Peace.

Daw. No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright beauty's rays:
And having praised both beauty and modesty,
I have praised thee.

Daup. Admirable!

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink in the close, divinely!

Daup. Ay, 'tis Seneca.

Cler. No, I think 'tis Plutarch.

Daw. The dor [1] on Plutarch and Seneca! I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen.

Cler. They are very grave authors.

Daw. Grave asses! mere essayists: a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talk so, his whole age. I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observed, as either of them.

Daup. Indeed, Sir John!

Cler. He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

Daup. Ay, and being president of them, as he is.

Daw. There's Aristotle, a mere commonplace fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot: sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, Sir John?

Daw. Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest—

Cler. What a sackful of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he pours them out! Politian with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Daup. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endured.

Daup. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. Syntagma [2] juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis; Corpus juris canonici; the king of Spain's Bible—

Daup. Is the king of Spain's Bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma.

Daup. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Daup. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman.

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors.

Daw. And then there's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha: the other are not to be received within the thought of a scholar.

Daup. 'Fore God, you have a simple learned servant, lady,—in titles. [*Aside.*

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary: to say truth, the state wants such.

Daup. Why, that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes [3] of such a servant.

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, Sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

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[1] *dor*—a drone or beetle; *to give the dor*, a cant phrase for to make a fool of a person, or outwit him. *Dor* is used in the text as a mock imprecation.

[2] *Syntagma*, &c.—'book of civil law; body of civil law; body of canon law.'

[3] *dotes*—gifts, endowments.

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

Cler. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses! He did not make them to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sydney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

Cler. Ay, he professed himself; but Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising in the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

Daw. *Silence in woman is like speech in man;*
Deny't who can.

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a tale*
That female vice should be a virtue male,
Or masculine vice a female virtue be:
You shall it see
Prov'd with increase;
I know to speak and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Daup. No, faith; how mean you *with increase*, Sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur*;[1] and in time is *gravida*.

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation; you mistake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask them aloud, you shall.

[*Walks aside with the papers.*

Enter TRUEWIT *with his horn.*

Cler. See, here's Truewit again!—Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the sound of it might have pierced your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the bans, lad; I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You have not, I hope.

True. Yes, faith; an thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me. This horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I proved none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundering into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description: I have put him off o' that scent for ever.—Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? are you stupid? You are not worthy of the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief!—

Cler. I would you had placed this benefit somewhere else.

True. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend.

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have, had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

True. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again.

Daup. But I presaged thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on't! 'Slight, what moved you to be thus impertinent?

True. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Daup. 'Fore heaven, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute. Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodged here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath protest this obstinate silence for my sake; being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly miscarried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 'tis when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why. I wonder what courteous itch possest you. You never did absurder part in your life, nor a greater trespass to friendship or humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best; 'twas your cause principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! what news?

Cut. The best, the happiest that ever was, sir. There has been a mad gentleman with your uncle this morning, [*seeing* TRUEWIT.]—I think this be the gentleman—that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatening him from marriage—

Daup. On, I prithee.

Cut. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the party you wot of presently; and if he like her, he says, and that she be so inclining to dumb as I have told him, he swears he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not defer it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond our expectation! By this light, I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me.

True. No, I was *ignorantly officious, impertinent*; this was the *absurd, weak part*.

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now, was mere fortune!

True. Fortune! mere providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my genius is never false to me in these things. Show me how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not; 'tis well now.

True. Alas, I let him go on with *inconsiderate*, and *rash*, and what he pleased.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thyself, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event!

True. Event! by this light, thou shalt never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as the stars themselves.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now. Do you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue of your silence.

[*Exeunt* DAUP., EPI., *and* CUTBEARD.

Cler. Faith, an you had come sooner, you should have seen and heard her well celebrated in Sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. [*advances to* DAW.] Jack Daw, God save you! When saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, Master Truewit.

True. That's a miracle! I thought you two had been inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his guests.

[1] 'seems to consent.'

True. 'Odso! 'tis true! What a false memory have I towards that man! I am one: I met him even now, upon that he calls his delicate, fine black horse, rid into foam, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to give them the cue—

Cler. Lest they should forget?

True. Yes. There was never poor captain took more pains at a muster to show men, than he, at this meal, to show friends.

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir?

Cler. What! do you say so, Sir John?

True. Nay, Jack Daw will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit. Where's his mistress, to hear and applaud him? Is she gone?

Daw. Is Mistress Epicœne gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I warrant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! that were a manifest injury, a disgrace and a half, to refuse him at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery, and a wit too!

Cler. Tut, he'll swallow it like cream. He's better read in Jure civili, than to estcem anything a disgrace is offer'd him from a mistress.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; she shall sit alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week together, for John Daw, I warrant her. Does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart; she does not refuse you, but a little neglects you. Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame, to put it into his head, that she does refuse him.

True. Sir, she does refuse him palpably, however you mince it. An I were as he, I would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

True. Nor to anybody else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. It had been an excellent, happy condition for the company, if you could have drawn him to it. [*Aside.*

Daw. I'll be very melancholy, i'faith.

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

True. Or a snail, or a hog-louse. I would roll myself up for this day; in troth, they should not unwind me.

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will.

Cler. 'Tis well done. He begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you be right melancholy, Sir John.

True. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. [*Exit* Daw.

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measured out by time, to be sold to laughter?

True. A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cler. Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

True. Content. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter Morose *and* Mute, *followed by* Cutbeard *with* Epicœne.

Mor. Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask. [Epi. *takes off her mask.*]—So! Is the door shut? [Mute *makes a leg.*]—Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise. [Cut. *makes a leg.*]—Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, in the weighty consequence of marriage, [*makes a leg.*]—This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise, [*bows again.*]—Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to examine her condition, and aptitude*to my affection, [*goes about her and views her.*]—She is exceeding fair, and of a special good favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within.—Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strauge. [Epi. *curtsies.*]—Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? Ha, lady? [Epi. *curtsies.*]—Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you are too courtless and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious[1] ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. On my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches jump[2] right with what you conceive? [Epi. *curtsies.*]—Excellent! divine! if it were possible she could hold out thus!—Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her further.—Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banquetted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds,[3] scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere.[4] The ladies in court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himself. And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with silence, and rather trust your graces to the fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*softly.*] I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, speak out

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[1] *audacious*—liberal, spirited.

[2] *jump*—fit, agree. See note 1, p. 46, col. 2.

[3] *girds*—jokes, or jibes. See note 7, p. 49, col. 1.

[4] *bed-phere.*—*Phere* or *fere* means companion, partner, husband; Anglo-Saxon, *gefera.*

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! pray that thou mayest contain thyself. I will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex.—But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer,[1] to be the first and principal in all fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers; and sit with them sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t'other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady?

Epi. [*softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? Pray you rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine.—Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free; thank me not but with thy leg. [CUT. *shakes his head.*]—I know what thou wouldst say, she's poor, and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and get me a minister presently, with a soft, low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit* CUT.]—Sirrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, your now mistress. [*Exit* MUTE, *followed by* EPI.]—Oh, my felicity! how shall I be revenged on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me! his title must do it. No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelve-penny ordinary, it knighthood, for its diet, all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole harbour,[2] and fast. It shall fright all its friends with borrowing letters; and when one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs: and the part thereof shall not furnish it knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens' wives, and be refused, when the master of a dancing-school, or how do you call him, the worst reveller in the town is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia;[1] but the best and last fortune to it knighthood shall be to make Dol Tearsheet, or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat. [*Exit.*

[1] *heifer*—yoke-mate.

[2] A very ancient building in the parish of All-Hallows the Less, near the Thames. It seems at this time to have been a retreat for debtors, gamesters, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

A Lane near MOROSE'S *House.*

Enter TRUEWIT, DAUPHINE, *and* CLERIMONT.

True. Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I stayed in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

True. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*;[2] you could not have pray'd to have had it so well. *Saltat senex*,[3] as it is in the proverb; he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! he has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry them, and away.

True. 'Slight! get one of the silenced ministers;[4] a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. Cum privilegio, sir.

Daup. Oh, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now. When 'tis done and finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the meantime, *bonis avibus*.[5] [*Exit.*

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will.

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And for my part. What is it?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast thither, to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.[6]

Daup. Ay, marry: but how will't be done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

[1] *to repair itself*, &c. This alludes probably to James's schemes for establishing order in Ireland, one of which was the grant of lands, about this time, to English settlers in Ulster, and for the revival of the colonies in Virginia. What is meant by Constantinople is not so easy to guess.—GIFFORD.

[2] 'everything favourable.'

[3] 'The old man dances.'

[4] See note 5, p. 185, col. 1.

[5] *bonis avibus*—'with good birds;' *i.e.* with favourable omens.

[6] *bride-ale.—Ale* means a festival.

True. I'll warrant you for the college-honours: one of their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. Oh, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast.

True. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you. Were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where have you lived then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No; for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent, and does Latin it as much as your barber. He is his wife's subject; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of Sphynx?

True. Why, sir, he has been a great man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that he calls his deer and his ape; and several degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set on the cupboard.

Cler. For God's love!—we should miss this, if we should not go.

True. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain commonplaces, behind her back; and to her face—

Daup. No more of him. Let's go see him, I petition you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Room in OTTER'S *House.*

Enter Captain OTTER *with his cups, and* Mistress OTTER.

Ott. Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba.*[1]

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll have you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner. I'll send you to kennel, i'faith. You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-Tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, and your staff in your hand, to entertain them. Yes, in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, give me leave.—These things I am known to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, *in rerum natura.*[2]

Mrs. Ott. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* them over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce them again. Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? Think in your discretion, in any good policy.

Ott. The horse, then, good princess.

Mrs. Ott. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well horsed, I know: I love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate, fine horse this: *Poetarum Pegasus.*[1] Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a—*taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

Enter TRUEWIT, CLERIMONT, *and* DAUPHINE, *behind.*

Mrs. Ott. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side;[2] I'll commit you to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more. Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfumed for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house, and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear them?—'tis marle[3] you have them on now. Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays, and then out at the banqueting-house window, when Ned Whiting or George Stone[4] were at the stake?

True. For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Ott. Answer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? You forget this.

True. She'll worry him, if we help not in time. [*They come forward.*

Mrs. Ott. Oh, here are some of the gallants! Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.[5]

True. By your leave, fair Mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Ott. It shall not be obnoxious or difficil,[6] sir.

True. How does my noble captain? Is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *sic visum superis.*[7]

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate them—do. Go your ways in, and get toasts and butter made for the woodcocks; that's a fit province for you. [*Drives him off.*

Cler. Alas! what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True. Oh, but the sport will be anon, when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

True. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like licence: but mark her language in the meantime, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ott. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

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[1] 'a few words.' [2] 'in the nature of things.'

[1] 'the Pegasus of the poets.'
[2] See note 6, p. 86, col. 1. [3] *marle*—marvel.
[4] Two noted bears of that age, who went by the names of their owners.
[5] *exhibition*—allowance. [6] *difficil*—difficult.
[7] 'so it pleased the gods.'

True. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ott. I cannot assure you, Master Truewit. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody — a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, lady.

Mrs. Ott. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in!

True. Oh, sir, she is the only authentical courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True. No, I assure you, the court governs it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir,

True. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir.

Enter CUTBEARD.

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

Cut. Oh no, sir, *omnia bene.*[1] 'Twas never better on the hinges; all's sure. I have so pleased him with a curate, that he's gone to't almost with the delight he hopes for soon.

Daup. What is he for a vicar?[2]

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber[3] of prayers. I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem,*[4] as they say, be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be thereabouts with thy key, to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum.*[5] [*Exit.*

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit* TRUEWIT.

Mrs. Ott. Is Master Truewit gone?

Daup. Yes, lady; there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I adjudged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a dream last night, too, of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady Haughty t'other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs; and she expounded it out of Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, anything I do but dream of the city. It stain'd me a damask table-cloth, cost me eighteen pound at one time, and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire at my Lady Centaure's chamber in the college, another time. A third time, at the lords' masque, it dropt all my wire and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet, and black velvet skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash[6] of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an 'twere so fatal to me.

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, Mistress Otter.

Enter Sir JOHN DAW, *and is taken aside by* CLERIMONT.

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady; but we stay to speak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir. It is my cousin, Sir Amorous, his feast—

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Cler. [*coming forward with* DAW.] Why, do not you know it, Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you, then; she's married by this time. And whereas you were put in the head that she was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mistress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day. She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, old Morose; and she will'd me in private to tell you that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, Sir John? ask Sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you.—Good Sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Daup. I assure you, Sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay, then, I do with all my heart, and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes; for, look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and promise to bring her; and then, at the time she would have appear'd, as his friend, to have given you the dor.[1] Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name; and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a saver in the main.

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront[2] the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Join with him and 'tis well.—

Enter Sir AMOROUS LA-FOOLE.

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistress? [*Exit* DAW.]—Sir Dauphine! you

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[1] 'all's well.' [2] *i.e.* 'What vicar is he?
[3] *barber,* &c.—*i.e.* one who cuts them short.
[4] 'move every stone.' [5] 'at hand.'
[6] *leash*—lot; it was sometimes used for *three.*

[1] See note 1, p. 186, col. 2.
[2] *confront*—meet.

are exceeding welcome, and honest Master Clerimont. Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiates, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! Do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abused?

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? Let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you.

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you. He was here now to have enticed us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanely?

Daup. He has done it, Sir Amorous, most maliciously and treacherously: but, if you'll be ruled by us, you shall quit him, i' faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray?

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer;[1] and, bareheaded, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but over the way, hard by), and we'll second you, where you shall set it on the board, and bid them welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly. And for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself; sit rank'd with the college honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the best of them.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done; that's resolved. [*Exit.*

Cler. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

Cler. The smell of the venison going through the street, will invite one noise[2] of fiddlers or other.

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters hither!

Cler. Faith, there is hope: they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter them both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net.[3] They'll believe themselves to be just such men as we make them, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses but by tradition.

Re-enter La-Foole, *like a Sewer.*

Cler. See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. Have you persuaded your cousin?

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible. She'll do anything, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgraced.

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It will be such a pestling[1] device, Sir Amorous: it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means—

Re-enter Captain Otter.

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you shall have all her silver dishes, *festinate:*[2] and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you—

Cler. And yourself too, Captain Otter?

Daup. By any means, sir.

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse.

Cler. That you shall do, Captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason.

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*,[3] and that's better, sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did not Pasiphaë, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, Mistress Ursula, in the heavens?

Ott. Oh lord! that I could have said as much! I will have these stories painted in the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii metamorphosi.*[4]

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? Pray, be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir.

Cler. Make haste, good Sir Amorous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in Morose's *House.*

Enter Morose, Epicœne, Parson, *and* Cutbeard.

Mor. Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. [*speaks as having a cold.*] I thank your worship; so it is mine now.

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*,[5] sir; whensoever your worship needs him he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.[6]

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give you much joy with your fair spouse!—uh! uh! uh!

Mor. Oh, oh! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so it is equity to mulct injuries. I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. Cough again. [*Aside to* Parson.

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[1] See note 1, p. 90, col. 1.

[2] *noise*—company or concert; a term frequently occurring in the dramatists.

[3] *purse-net*—a net, of which the mouth is drawn together in a string.

[1] *pestling*—pounding with a *pestle.*

[2] 'make haste.'

[3] 'ornaments.'

[4] 'from Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*'

[5] 'ready.'

[6] The Protestants who came from Flanders, and brought with them the woollen manufacture, were much given to singing at their work.—Whalley.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Uh, uh, uh!

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it.—

[*Exit* CUT. *thrusting out the* Par.

Epi. Fie, Master Morose, that you will use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean.

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent[1] out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a plaise[2] mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. Oh immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir: it is too late now. I confess it doth bate somewhat of the modesty I had when I writ simply maid; but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

Enter MUTE.

Mor. What, sirrah! None of my knaves there? Where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[MUTE *makes signs.*

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coacted,[3] unnatural dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern.

[*Exit* MUTE.

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Where's Master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, Mistress Epicœne, with your grave and honourable match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves.

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir?

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed[4] cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, committing the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? You might as well have told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your gravity forget so old and noted a remnant as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum*?[1] Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters?[2] my mouths now?—

Enter Servants.

Bar up my doors, you varlets!

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let them stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with their honourable visitation? [*Exeunt* Ser.

Mor. Oh Amazoniau impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason; and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, sir, afore noon? A man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage bed like a town bull or a mountain goat; but stay the due season, and ascend it then with religion and fear. Those delights are to be steeped in the humour and silence of night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feasting, of music, of revels, of discourse; we'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen high and happy.

Mor. Oh! my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half-hour, sir, so tediously and with this irksomeness, what comfort or hope can this fair gentlewoman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come—

Mor. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

True. I have done, sir.

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern,[3] that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague—

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear them. As, that he may get the pox with seeking to cure it, sir; or that, while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling-iron.

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him.

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir.

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[1] *innocent*—natural fool.

[2] *plaise mouth*—*i.e.* a prim or prudish mouth; the plaice having a very small, contracted mouth.

[3] *coacted*—forced; Lat., *coago, cogo*, to compel.

[4] *left-handed*—ill-omened, unlucky.

[1] 'known to the blear-eyed and to the barbers'—*i.e.* everybody.

[2] *eaters*—servants.

[3] *married his cittern.*—It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers that barbers' shops were furnished with some musical instrument (commonly a cittern or guitar) for the amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it, while waiting for their turn to be shaved, &c.; and this point once established, no further difficulty remains. Decker speaks of 'A barber's *cittern, for every serving-man to play upon.*'—GIFFORD.

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a bason of his:[1] but let him be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread—

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No; beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal of the mill-stones.

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cured on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of them in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him have scraped all his linen into lint for't, and have not a rag left him for to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever!—Now, no more, sir.

True. Oh, that last was too high set; you might go less with him, i'faith, and be revenged enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole—

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

True. Or, want credit to take up with a comb-maker—

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another—

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers—

Mor. Sir—

True. Or may he cut a collier's throat with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet be hanged for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Enter DAW, *introducing* Lady HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, *and* TRUSTY.

Daw. This way, madam.

Mor. Oh, the sea breaks in upon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be overwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores. I feel an earthquake in myself for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants[2] too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My Lady Haughty—[*as he presents them severally,* EPI. *kisses them*]—this my Lady Centaure—Mistress Dol Mavis—Mistress Trusty, my Lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? let see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this!

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! Oh, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an she have such servants.

[*Going.*

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away, now: they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel.—You shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband.

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepared a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment!

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, Mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be opprest.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*

Hau. Is this the silent woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, Master Truewit says.

Hau. Oh, Master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? She speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute[1] behaviour, and of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dauphine, his nephew, and one or two more of us: but she is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happy wit and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with Daw ere night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, madam, that he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot laugh at her!

Hau. No! we'll have her to the college. An she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall she not, Centaure? we'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and she will set up a side.[2]

True. Believe it, madam, and Mistress Mavis she will sustain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis.

Mav. So I will, madam. [*Whispers her.*

Mor. Blessed minute! that they would whisper thus ever! [*Aside.*

True. In the meantime, madam, would but your ladyship help to vex him a little. You know his disease; talk to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or—

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me.—Master bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. Oh, it was too miraculously good to last! [*Aside.*

Hau. We see no ensigns[3] of a wedding here; no character of a bride-ale. Where be our scarves and our gloves? I pray you give them us. Let us know your bride's colours, and yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter, I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, i'faith. But, do you hear, Master Morose? a jest will not absolve you in this manner. You that have suck'd the milk of the court, and from thence have been brought up to the very strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier from the biggen to the night-cap,[4] as we may say, and you to offend in

[1] To make the punishment of these and similar characters more notorious, beadles, and sometimes volunteers among the rabble, attended the progress of the cart, beating *basons*, brass kettles, etc.—GIFFORD.

[2] *servants*—authorized admirers.—GIFFORD.

[1] *absolute*—perfect.

[2] *set up a side*—become partners at cards.

[3] *ensigns*—signs.

[4] *from the biggen to the night-cap*—from infancy to age. A *biggen* was a kind of close cap which bound the forehead closely, used for young children.

such a high point of ceremony as this, and let your nuptials want all marks of solemnity! How much plate have you lost to-day (if you had but regarded your profit), what gifts, what friends, through your mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam—

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithalamium, I promise my mistress; I have begun it already; will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw.

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command a chamber, and be private with your friend? you shall have your choice of rooms to retire to after: my whole house is yours. I know it hath been your ladyship's errand into the city at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall be loath to break any honourable custom of your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam—

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light you deserve to be grafted, and have your horns reach from one side of the island to the other.—Do not mistake me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God [shall] help me, if you utter such another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see? Go to, know your friends, and such as love you.

Enter CLERIMONT, *followed by a number of* Musicians.

Cler. By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises.[1] Play, sirs, all of you.

[*Aside to the* Musicians, *who strike up all together.*

Mor. Oh, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! This day I shall be their anvil to work on; they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts. I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys!

Cler. Play! I say.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's resolution. Mock down all their attemptings with patience: 'tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmity with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult; bear up bravely, and constantly. [LA-FOOLE *passes over the stage as a Sewer, followed by Servants carrying dishes, and* Mistress OTTER.]—Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-diuner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it.

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! Hide me, hide me!

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your guests in. No!—Mistress bride, will you entreat in the ladies? Your bridegroom is so shamefaced, here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ott. 'Tis my place.

Mav. You shall pardon me, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Why, I am a cóllegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ott. But I am.

Mav. We'll dispute that within. [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer!

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.

Enter Captain OTTER.

—Captain Otter! what news?

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

[*The drum and trumpets sound within.*

Mor. Oh, oh, oh!

Ott. And we will have a rouse[1] in each of them, anon, for bold Britons, i'faith. [*They sound again.*

Mor. Oh, oh, oh! [*Exit hastily.*

Omnes. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in MOROSE'S *House.*

Enter TRUEWIT *and* CLERIMONT.

True. Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the sneezing, the dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, in the article. Here he comes.—

Enter Sir DAUPHINE.

Where is he now? what's become of him, Dauphine?

Daup. Oh, hold me up a little, I shall go away in the jest else.[2] He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up in the top of the house, as high as ever he can climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam of the roof, like him on the saddler's horse in Fleet-street, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates?

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. Oh, they are instructing her in the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the Lady Haughty looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her in the morning. I think I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

---

[1] *noises*—bands of musicians.

[1] *rouse*—full glass or bumper, usually drunk to some toast.

[2] *I shall go away*, &c.—I shall faint with laughing.—WHALLEY.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years have made in their features with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald[1] nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. Oh, you shall have some women, when they laugh, you would think they brayed, it is so rude and—

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk in their gait like an ostrich, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice: they are gentlenesses that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

Daup. How camest thou to study these creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst make me a proficient.

True. Yes; but you must leave[2] to live in your chamber, then, a month together upon Amadis de Gaul, or Don Quixote, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes: thither they come to show their new tires too; to see, and be seen. In these places a man shall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The variety arrests his judgment. A wench to please a man comes not down dropping from the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning[3] a tobacco pipe. He must go where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be never the nearer.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why?

True. A man should not doubt to overcome any woman. Think he can vanquish them, and he shall: for though they deny, their desire is to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at last. You must persever, and hold to your purpose. They would solicit us, but that they are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their hearts we should solicit them. Praise them, flatter them, you shall never want eloquence or trust: even the chastest delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd. With praises you must mix kisses too: if they take them, they'll take more—though they strive, they would be overcome.

Cler. Oh, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, though then she seem to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad in the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all ways.

True. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them in their own height, their own line; for the contrary makes many, that fear to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellows, run into the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow them of a friend, or buy them, to have good. If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.[1] If activity, be seen on your barbary[2] often, or leaping over stools, for the credit of your back. If she love good clothes or dressing, have your learned council about you every morning, your French tailor, barber, linener, &c. Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, than the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather troubled, than a hair about you. That will take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving, do you promise anything, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren field, that yields little, or unlucky dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let cunning be above cost. Give cherries at time of year, or apricots; and say they were sent you out of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire her tires: like her in all fashions; compare her in every habit to some deity; invent excellent dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be a great one, perform always the second parts to her: like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and fail not to make the household and servants yours, yea the whole family, and salute them by their names ('tis but light cost, if you can purchase them so), and make her physician your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor will it be out of your gain to make love to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.[3]

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a courtling?

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so hearkening after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest?

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of them, I prithee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We'll keep you at home, believe it, in the stable, an you be such a stallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women: some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thou would'st think it strange, if I should make them all in love with thee afore night!

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre in the world, and couldst do more than Madam Medea, or Doctor Foreman.[4]

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the bawd of my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

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[1] *scald*—scurvy, scabby, disgusting.
[2] *leave*—cease.
[3] *droning*—probably smoking drowsily.

[1] The sense seems to be:—Though you should really be a brave man, and therefore not naturally inclined to boast of your valour; yet, to please your mistress, you may often make it the subject of your discourse.—GIFFORD.
[2] *barbary*—horse.
[3] The greater part of the above is taken from Ovid's *Art of Love*.
[4] This was a poor stupid wretch who pretended to deal with spirits for the recovery of lost spoons, &c.—GIFFORD.

Enter OTTER *with his three Cups*, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Ott. Oh lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have missed you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, and horse[1] to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait them.

Daup. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's see your course, then.

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing.—Gentlemen, I have placed the drum and the trumpets, and one to give them the sign when you are ready. Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and—

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not.

Ott. St. George and St. Andrew, fear no cousins.—Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.*[2] [*They drink.*]

True. Well said, captain, i'faith; well fought at the bull.

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! captain.

Daup. Oh, the horse has kick'd off his dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Ods so! Off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes against my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I have done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down, for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Sfoot, if you take not your drink, they'll think you are discontented with something; you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, Sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*[3]

True. Oh, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her.

True. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit.*

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! buz? *titivilitium!*[4] There's no such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout. [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. Oh, captain!

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.*[5]—Where's Master Truewit?

Daw. He's slipt aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall have the bear, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I'll have the bull still. Sound, Tritons of the Thames! [*Drum and trumpets sound again.*] *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*[1]—

Mor. [*above.*] Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors! what do you there?

Cler. Oh, now the trumpets have waked him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia.*[2]

Re-enter TRUEWIT *behind, with* Mistress OTTER.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, captain?

Ott. A pox!—I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I have not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain.

True. Nay, Mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto.*[3]

Mrs. Ott. Oh treacherous liar! Kiss me, sweet Master Truewit, and prove him a slandering knave.

True. I'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads.

Mrs. Ott. Oh viper, mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made in the Black-friars, both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver-street. Every part of the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock: and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters—Have you done me right, gentlemen?

Mrs. Ott. [*falls upon him, and beats him.*] No, sir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

Ott. Oh, hold, good princess!

True. Sound, sound! [*Drum and trumpets sound.*

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess.—Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

True. Sound, sound still! [*They sound again.*

Ott. No, I protest, under correction—

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I'll make thee an example—

[*Beats him.*

Enter MOROSE *with his long sword.*

Mor. I will have no such examples in my house, Lady Otter.

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[1] The names of his various cups.

[2] 'And the trumpets rang forth with deep sounding note.'

[3] 'The die is cast.'

[4] 'A bagatelle; good for nothing.'

[5] in three words'—*i.e.* in few words, or to be brief.

[1] 'Now let us drink, now, with unfettered foot, [let us beat the earth, &c.]'—HORACE, *Od.* i. 37.

[2] 'a dirty beast.'

[3] 'really.'

Mrs. Ott. Ah!—

[Mrs. Otter, Daw, *and* La-Foole, *run off.*

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree,[1] your examples are dangerous.—Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster![2] [*Drives out the musicians.*] A trumpeter could not be conceived but then.

Daup. What ails you, sir?

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will. [*Exit.*

Cler. Where's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and keep out of the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cler. Is't not on, captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott. Oh, here it is. An you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i'faith, for all these disasters. There is *bona spes* left.[3]

True. Away, captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit* Otter.

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A long open Gallery in the same.

Enter Lady Haughty, Mistress Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, *and* Epicœne.

Hau. We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, Mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Oh lord, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure, he's beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, Mistress Otter?

Mrs. Ott. Alas, Mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise. Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak but under correction.

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould do you good to see.

Hau. In sadness, 'tis good and mature counsel; practise it, Morose. I'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and Mavis; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach, and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms.

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the China-houses, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's Centaure has immortalized herself, with taming of her wild male.

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Enter Clerimont *and* Truewit.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do them all graces?

Hau. Why not? Why should women deny their favours to men? Are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress?

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?

True. Well said, La-Foole. What a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind.

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mav. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam. She that now excludes her lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldame, in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, Mavis: and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then, make anagrams of our names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours.

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast them again, servant.—And have you those excellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. Oh yes, Morose: how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

Enter Morose *and* Dauphine.

Mor. O my cursed angel, that instructed[1] me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduced by so foolish a devil as a barber will make!

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member.

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her!—and, that I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster Hall, in the Cockpit, at the fall of a stag, the Tower-wharf—what place is there else?—London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height, and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target.

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[1] Of this celebrated Amazon, who fought at the siege of Ghent, 1584, Jonson makes frequent mention. —Gifford.

[2] Alluding to the sports which were anciently used on May-day; and particularly to the insurrection of the apprentices in London, against foreigners and aliens, on May-day, 1517, afterwards called *Evil May-day.* The *galley-foist* was the city-barge, used upon the Lord Mayor's day.—Whalley. *Foist*, Fr. *juste*, was a sort of galley.

[3] 'good hope.'

[1] *instructed*—designed, appointed.

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worn too now.

Mor. Oh, 'twill be so for ever, nephew, I foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, Master Truewit, to blood again: 'twas my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceived the effect of it, too late, in Madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir?

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distemper'd you.

Mor. Oh, horrible, monstrous impertinencies! Would not one of these have served, do you think, sir? would not one of these have served?

True. Yes, sir; but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that she has a voice, sir.

Mor. Oh, is it so! Come, an't be no otherwise. —What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that!

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; do you see?

Epi. Oh lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speak; I'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What! to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possest of all!

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his eyes sparkle! He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!

Cler. Ay, 'tis melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies;—servant, you have read Pliny and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me, what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I'll tell you, mistress—

True. How rarely she holds it up!

[*Aside to* CLER.

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *μανία*,[1] in Latin *insania, furor, vel ecstasis melancholica*,[2] that is, *egressio*,[3] when a man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus*.[4]

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so.

Epi. Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease.

Mor. Let me go.

True. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir.

Mor. Oh no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again.

[1] 'mania.'

[2] *insania*, &c.—'insanity, madness, or melancholy ecstasy.'

[3] 'outgoing,' which is also the literal meaning of ecstasy.

[4] 'from being melancholy, turns out mad.'

Hau. I'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy.

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, called Doni's Philosophy.[1]

Cen. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. Oh misery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here.

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 'tis a very good book as any is, of the moderns.

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease.

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, today, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's Ethics.

Mav. Say you so, Sir John? I think you are deceived; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's Trusty, my woman? I'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor. I think so.—Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of them, I know not which, was cured with the Sick Man's Salve,[2] and the other with Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

Enter TRUSTY.

Hau. Ay, 'tis very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, Mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy.

Hau. Oh, Trusty, which was it you said, your father or your mother, that was cured with the Sick Man's Salve?

Trus. My mother, madam, with the Salve.

True. Then it was the sick woman's salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means used: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescribed to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week—

Epi. To sleep?

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books.

Mor. Oh!

La-F. I can help you with one of them, Mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish[3] you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. Oh yes, for a week, or so. I'll read it myself to him.

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep.

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could

[1] A very old collection of oriental apologues, called *Calilah a Dumnah* (better known as the *Fables of Pilpay*), was rendered into English from Latin by Sir Thomas North in 1605, and called *Doni's Moral Philosophy*. Sir Amorous confounds it with the popular history of *Reynard the Fox*.—GIFFORD.

[2] *Sick Man's Salve* was a devotional tract written by Thomas Becon, an old Calvinistical divine, and published about 1591. For the other, see Greene's Life.

[3] *disfurnish*—deprive.

sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk, or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porpoise.

Mor. Oh, redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorced, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[*Exit with* DAUPHINE.

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight—

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me in the nick t'other night at primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wine has swell'd their humours above a spring-tide.

Hau. Good Morose, let's go in again. I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

[*Exeunt* HAU., CEN., MAV., TRUS., LA-FOOLE, *and* DAW.

Epi. [*following them.*] I wait on you, madam.

True. [*stopping her.*] 'Slight, I will have them as silent as signs, and their post too, ere I have done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst;—I have some purpose in't: and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment, hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angered me to the soul to hear them begin to talk so malapert.

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do't?

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive them out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of them presently. [*Exit.*

Cler. What a cast of kestrils[1] are these, to hawk after ladies, thus!

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

Re-enter DAUPHINE.

Cler. Oh sir, you are welcome.

True. Where's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out of doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst have said so, an thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answer'd, Yes; and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and did'st live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some few benevolences that the lords gave thee to fool to them, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I'll beat them: I'll bind them both to grand-madam's bedposts, and have them baited with monkeys.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon thee, I warrant them, shall serve; trust my plot.

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do it not yet afore night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not.

True. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby, indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines,[1] Daw and La-Foole. Which of them comes out first, will I seize on; you two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak. If I do not make them keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have failed once. I hear Daw coming: hide [*they withdraw*], and do not laugh, for God's sake.

Re-enter DAW.

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no further between you: I must have it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom?

True. Come, you disguise it: Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she one here. [*Takes his sword.*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile.

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too.

True. Go to, then I return you your sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walked here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

True. Trust not you to that visor.[2] I saw him

[1] *cast of kestrils—cast* means couple; a *kestril* is a base, degenerate hawk.

[1] These were two factions that, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, harassed Italy with great animosity and violence.

[2] A *visor* was the masque, or part of the helmet that covered the face; here it seems to be used for appearance, countenance.

since dinner with another face. I have known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous, did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that's the cause; and he declares it behind your back with such threatenings and contempts. He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass—

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

True. Ay, sir; but who knows what satisfaction he'll take? Blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. [*Puts him into the study.*] Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Ods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh.—In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought revenge on all his race.—Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, he would hear reason.—Jack Daw, Jack! asleep!

Daw. [*within.*] Is he gone, Master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O lord! yes.

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*comes out of the closet.*] But is he so arm'd, as you say?

True. Arm'd! Did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession?[1]

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some false brother in the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out of the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed, he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got somebody's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees; and that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers,[2] and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall; a man of two thousand a year is not cess'd at so many weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challenged at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself half a year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to overrun a country.

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, Master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, I'll try if he will be appeased with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to lose my right arm for writing madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best. [*Shuts him up.*

Daw. Good sir, do.

[CLER. *and* DAUP. *come forward.*

Cler. What hast thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing, he does all afore; he offers his left arm.

Cler. His left wing for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Daup. 'Tis no loss to him; he has no employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

True. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us; for we all resolved him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be ever your tricks.

Cler. No; but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off, else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[DAUP. *and* CLER. *withdraw as before.*

Enter LA-FOOLE.

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit.

True. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here if you love your life.

[*Opening the door of the other study.*

La-F. Why? why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do. Dally till the enraged soul find you.

La-F. Who is that?

True. Daw it is: will you in?

La-F. Ay, ay, I'll in. What's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone[1] you; but he seems so implacably enraged!

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage! I'll hide myself.

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies.

La-F. Not I, never in my life broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff,[2] and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not pledge all the horse full.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down, through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, *Where's La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?* And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but—*O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel*—which leads us to conjecture that the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day with a towel about you, to his discredit.

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[1] When estates were litigated, or transferred to a hungry favourite, *taking possession* was a service of some danger, and the new owner set forth with his attendants and servants well armed.

[2] *petronels* and *calivers*, says Gifford, seem to answer to our blunderbusses or horse-pistols and fowling-pieces respectively.

[1] *atone*—make *at one*, reconcile.

[2] *in snuff*—in anger; probably from *sniffing*, or making a contemptuous noise with the nostrils.

La-F. Like enough. Why, an he be angry for that, I'll stay here till his anger be blown over.

True. A good, becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I'll away into the country presently.

True. How will you go out of the house, sir? He knows you are in the house, and he'll watch this se'ennight, but he'll have you: he'll outwait a serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

True. You must think how to victual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet Master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber-pot?

True. A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax[1] his invention.

La-F. Ay, that will be better, indeed; and a pallet to lie on.

True. Oh, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

True. Yet there's another fear—

La-F. Is there? what is't?

True. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure.

La-F. I'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back.

True. But then if he should batter?

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an action of battery against him.

True. Cast[2] you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner of the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. [*Thrusts in* LA-FOOLE *and shuts the door.*]—I protest, Sir John Daw, he is not this way: what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here: I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied.—Sir Amorous [*speaks through the key-hole*] there's no standing out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. [*within.*] Sir, I'll give him any satisfaction. I dare give any terms.

True. You'll leave it to me, then?

La-F. Ay, sir. I'll stand to any conditions.

True. [*beckoning forward* CLER. *and* DAUP.] How now, what think you, sirs? were't not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

Cler. Yes; but this fears the bravest: the other a whiniling[3] dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should have been concealed?

Cler. Shall I make a motion?

True. Briefly; for I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph! ay, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think them wits and fine fellows, as they have done. 'Twere sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have them fetch'd, now I think on't, for a private purpose of mine.—Do, Clerimont, fetch them, and discourse to them all that's past, and bring them into the gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanity, now. Thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not published.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot. [*Exit* CLERIMONT.]—Trust me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There is a carpet[1] in the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion on thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit* DAUP.]—John Daw!

[*Goes to* DAW'S *closet and brings him out.*

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*[2]

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir.

True. And that you would suffer, I told him. So at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip, and six of your foreteeth.

Daw. 'Twas unreasonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare them all. So after long argument, *pro et con*, as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. Oh, did you so? Why, he shall have them.

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir: because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this never to be remembered or upbraided—besides, that he may not boast he has done any such thing to you in his own person—he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure, which will be but a little while, we'll get it released presently.

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, an he should not be so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O lord, sir, 'tis nothing.

True. True; what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir.

True. Sir Amorous!

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[1] *Sir Ajax*—a title familiarly imposed on Sir John Harrington, for a very meritorious effort to introduce cleanliness into our dwellings, at a period when the sweetest of them would have offended the dullest nose of modern times. In 1596 he published *A new discourse of a state subject, or the metamorphosis of Ajax*, in which he pointed out the propriety of adopting something like the water-closets of the present day.—GIFFORD. *Ajax* is a play on *A Jakes, i.e.* a privy.

[2] *Cast*—reckon upon, or look for.

[3] *whiniling*—perhaps the same as *whining*, but may be a mistake for *whimling*, applied in Beaumont and Fletcher in contempt to a delicate young girl.

[1] *carpet*—*i.e.* table-cover. Carpets were not at this period laid on the floor, except occasionally to kneel on, or for purposes of state.

[2] 'more in endurance than in action, more in bearing than in striking.'

Re-enter DAUPHINE *disguised.*

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Daw. [*as* DAUP. *kicks him.*] One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six.

True. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come give him six, an he will needs. [DAUPHINE *kicks him again.*]—Your sword. [*takes his sword.*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, and be the dearest friends one to another. [*Puts* DAW *into the study.*] —Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other barefaced. Stand by. [DAUPHINE *retires, and* TRUEWIT *goes to the other closet, and releases* LA-FOOLE.]—Sir Amorous!

La-F. What's here! A sword?

True. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword—

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

True. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood.

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him; if not, he shall beat it himself for Amorous.

True. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition; will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.[1]

Enter, above, HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY.

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwinked in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre.*[2]

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

True. That's for your good, sir; because, if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not do), you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. Oh, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should [*binds his eyes.*]—Come, sir [*leads him forward.*]—*All hid,* Sir John!

Enter DAUPHINE, *and tweaks him by the nose.*

La-F. Oh, Sir John! Sir John! Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you'll blow his nose off.—'Tis Sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. [*Puts him up again.*] —Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon't, and embrace with all the rankness of friendship that can be.—I trust we shall have them tamer in their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee.—God's will, the ladies have surprised us!

[1] *at the blunt*—with the flat side of the sword.
[2] 'without number.'

Enter HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, EPICŒNE, *and* TRUSTY, *behind.*

Hau. Centaure, how our judgments were imposed on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceived than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd them in the college.

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ott. So Master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to the college, will you bring him with you? He seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes, faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you.

Hau. She has promised that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriors, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shows he is judicial in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.[1]

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than ourselves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him.

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.[2]

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. Ott. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam.

True. See how they eye thee, man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

[HAUGHTY *comes forward.*

Hau. You have unbraced our brace of knights here, Master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine:[3] who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There is no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the

[1] *brake.* This word was formerly used in many senses; among others it meant a powerful iron curb for restive horses, and also a wooden frame in which the feet of young and vicious horses were confined by farriers, preparatory to their being shod. Gifford thinks the latter the reference in the text.
[2] *lock*—the favourite love-lock which it was the fashion of these times to bestow so much attention upon.
[3] *ingine*—ingenuity, wit, cleverness.

knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college.

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

True. Did I not tell thee, Dauphine? Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but, as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and, in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast them.

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good madam, the interview of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch them out to you straight.

Hau. Will you, Master Truewit?

Daup. Ay; but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to them, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine.

Cen. Mav. Upon our honours, Sir Dauphine.

True. [*goes to the first closet.*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*within.*] Are they?

True. Yes; but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. [*goes to the other.*]—Jack Daw.

Daw. [*within.*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, and no anger in your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[La-Foole *and* Daw *slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw, where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir Amorous.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent[1] you, sir.

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. Oh, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your sword, Sir John?

Cler. And yours, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! My boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, sir!—How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is in the handles!

True. Nay, there is so in the points too, I warrant you.

Enter Morose, *with the two swords drawn in his hands.*

Mrs. Ott. Oh me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[Ladies, Daw, *and* La-Foole, *run off.*

Mor. What make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?

True. Oh, sir, here hath like to have been murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd[1] by this time else.

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manslaughter, sir, as being accessory.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present.—Clerimont, carry them their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

[*Exit* Cler. *with the two swords.*

Daup. Have you spoke with the lawyer, sir?

Mor. Oh no! there is such a noise in the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! Such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices, of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, interrogatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to't, a kind of calm midnight!

True. Why, sir, if you would be resolved indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Master Truewit?

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will despatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands?

True. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been ashamed and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abused. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir.

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen. I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion.

[*Exit.*

True. You shall find none, sir;—but heap'd, heap'd plenty of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why, to what purpose?

True. Oh, I'll make the deepest divine and gravest lawyer out of them two for him—

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil[2] gown with a welt on the one, and a canonical cloak with sleeves on the other, and give them a few terms in their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well, then, if I make them not wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole, or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A room in Morose's *House.*

Enter La-Foole, Clerimont, *and* Daw.

La-F. Where had you our swords, Master Clerimont?

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[1] *prevent*—come before, forestall.

[1] *your house had been begg'd*—for a riot, &c., for which it would have fallen as a deodand to the crown.

[2] *civil gown*—the gown of a civilian; a *welt* is a hem or border of fur, &c.

Cler. Why, Dauphine took them from the madman.

La-F. And he took them from our boys, I warrant you.

Cler Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen!

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

Enter MAVIS.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[*Exeunt* DAW *and* MAVIS.

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his square, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack[1] when he was here, and of the prince of Moldavia, and of his mistress, Mistress Epicœne.

Re-enter DAW.

Cler. Away! he hath not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little, and talk waggishly.—Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies wherever you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do, withal—but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions—

Daw. Not I; Sir Amorous is.

La-F. I protest, Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise in the state, Sir Amorous, you have the person.

La-F. Sir John, you have the person, and the discourse too.

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse—and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly[2] as I do, every whit: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over them, if you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here?

Daw. Yes, and conversed with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. Oh, exceeding open, sir. I was her servant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much.

Daw. Oh no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must not wound reputation.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox!

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew with the Lady Haughty. He'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch them home again, I warrant you.

[*Exit with* DAW. CLER. *walks aside.*

Enter DAUPHINE *and* HAUGHTY.

Hau. I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is always an argument of some virtue in ourselves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness.

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from pebbles—

Daup. Are you so skilful in stones? [*Aside.*

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis—

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*within.*] Where are you, my Lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure.—My chamber, sir, my page shall show you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate anything with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you wear this jewel for my sake, Sir Dauphine—

Enter CENTAURE.

Where's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a writing. I'll follow you presently. [*Exit* HAU.]—I'll but speak a word with Sir Dauphine.

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit[1] to her, whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest, whether she pay them or no, Heaven knows; and she's above fifty too, and pargets![2] See her in a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse face than she! You would not like this by candle-light.

Re-enter MAVIS.

If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I'll tell you more. Where's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What have you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine,—you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure. [*Exit* CEN.]—Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*

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[1] *Nomentack* was an Indian chief from Virginia, who was brought to England some years before this was written.—GIFFORD.

[2] A phrase, says Upton, to signify feats of activity, vaulting, leaping, &c. Gifford thinks it a pun on the first part of the name.

[1] *make any credit*—a Latinism for, give her any credit.

[2] *pargets*—daubs, or plasters her face.

Cler. [*coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine? how dost thou quit thyself of these females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like fairies, and give me jewels here! I cannot be rid of them!

Cler. Oh, you must not tell though.

Daup. Mass, I forgot that! I was never so assaulted. One loves for virtue and bribes me with this [*shows the jewel*]; another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here; and all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cler. A riddle! pray let me see it. [*Reads.*

Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honoured as to appear at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer for your visitation. MAVIS.

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? What's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too; his knights reformadoes[1] are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were.

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if they could be but thought to speak truth; and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly—

Daup. What! that they have lain with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought them to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of them?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would have set it down under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

Enter TRUEWIT.

True. Oh, are you here? Come, Dauphine, go call your uncle presently; I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and altered. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling when they grow hot once again. And then the women, as I have given the bride her instructions, to break in upon him in the l'envoy.[2] Oh, 'twill be full and twanging! Away! fetch him.

[*Exit* DAUP.

Enter OTTER *disguised as a divine, and* CUTBEARD *as a canon lawyer.*

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge them bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly: use vehement action, and only remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will: you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose yourselves after, and skip out like a brace of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you.

Re-enter DAUPHINE *with* MOROSE.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, sir; please you salute them.

Mor. Salute them! I had rather do anything, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as *God save you!* and *You are welcome!* are come to be a habit in our lives; or, *I am glad to see you!* when I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'Tis true, sir; we'll go to the matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor.

Cut. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would here the canon law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations or your court tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you: My father, in my education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the one, and eschewing the other; in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise: not that I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinences of orators that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercised this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham.[1]

True. Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? Master parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*,[2] a lawful divorce? First you must understand the nature of the word divorce, *à divertendo*[3]—

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cut. I answer then, the canon law affords divorce but in few cases; and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, as we call them, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.*

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[1] *reformadoes*—a Spanish military term, signifying an officer who for some disgrace is deprived of his command, but retains his rank and perhaps his pay.—NARES. The term is applied here to Daw and La-Foole.

[2] *l'envoy*—conclusion.

[1] Here was a puppet-show of great celebrity in our author's time.—GIFFORD.

[2] 'A lawful divorce.' [3] 'from turning asunder.'

Mor. I understood you before. Good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

True. Oh, you must give the learned men leave, sir.—To your impediments, master doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris.*[1]

Ott. Of which there are several species.

Cut. Ay, as *error personæ.*[2]

Ott. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortunæ.*[3]

Ott. If she be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis.*[4]

Ott. If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful impediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Ott. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*,[5] sir.

Cut. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem.*[6] It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is of no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fallen from by this time!

[*After poor* MOROSE *is badgered in this way for some time*] EPICŒNE *rushes in, followed by* HAUGHTY, CENTAURE, MAVIS, Mistress OTTER, DAW, *and* LA-FOOLE.

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offered to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife.

Mor. Oh the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let them be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman.

Mav. We'll have our men blanket[7] them in the hall.

Mrs. Ott. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

True. Stay, ladies and gentlemen. You'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'd have the bridegroom blanketted too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. Oh mankind[8] generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he lists.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity. She'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that named once; you shall not entreat her to stay. She'll fly you like one that had the marks[1] upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons—

True. Silence, ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman—

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which, before I conferred with these learned men, I thought I might have concealed—

True. But now being better informed in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction by asking your public forgiveness.

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unable in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need; I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 'tis no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay, sir, be not utterly disheartened; we have yet a small relic of hope left, as near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master Clerimont.

La-F. You will excuse us, Master Clerimont.

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

True. Jack Daw, he's worse than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [*Aside to* DAW.]—Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont. [*Aside to* LA-FOOLE.

La-F. I'll confess it, sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolved.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? She's but a woman, and in disgrace; he'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would have been angry.

Cler. You will despatch, knights; it must be done, i'faith.

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they'll ne'er go back.—Do not tempt his patience. [*Aside to them.*

Daw. Is it true indeed, sir?

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir—

La-F. In good fashion.

Epi. I am undone! I am undone!

Mor. Oh! let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone! [*Weeps.*

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights. Master parson, let me thank you otherwise. [*Gives him money.*

Cen. And have they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon them, informers!

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would accept against them as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

---

[1] 'impediment from mistake.'
[2] 'mistake of person.'
[3] 'mistake of fortune.'
[4] 'mistake of quality or character.'
[5] 'before marriage, but not after.'
[6] 'Nor after the nuptial benediction.'
[7] *blanket them*—toss them in a blanket.
[8] *mankind*—masculine, always a term of reproach when applied to a female.—GIFFORD.

[1] *marks—i.e.* of the plague, or some contagious distemper.—WHALLEY.

Mrs. Ott. Poor gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But, gentlemen, you have not known her since *matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand if she were *virgo ante nuptias.*[1]

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium,*[2] notwithstanding the premises; and they do no way *impedire.*[3] And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. Oh my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devised! Marry a whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray begone, companions.—And, gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for having parts with them.—Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. Oh, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have been long your poor despised kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthened you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and iustantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now—

Mor. It cannot be.

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. Oh! what thou wilt, nephew; thou shalt deserve me, and have me.

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and anything beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it; I will become thy ward.

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after; to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now—

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and for ever, of this cumber,[4] you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. Oh me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this?

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. Oh, my nephew knows you, belike. Away crocodile!

Cen. He does it not sure without good ground.

Daup. Here, sir. [*Gives him the parchments.*

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to anything, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before [heaven] I will not take the advantage. [*Returns the writings.*

Daup. Then here is your release, sir. [*takes off* EPICŒNE'S *peruke and other disguises.*]—You have married a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you.—What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum,*[1] I hope, *error personæ?*[2]

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*[3]

Cut. In primo gradu.

Daup. I thank you, good Doctor Cutbeard, and Parson Otter. [*pulls their false beards and gowns off.*]—You are beholden to them, sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, Master Truewit, who enabled them for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit* MOROSE.] I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come.—Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good. *Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard.*—And, Tom Otter, your princess shall be reconciled to you.—How, now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, Mistress Epicœne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd[4] your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot: but much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad.—And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing these two to confession, wear my part of it freely.—Nay, Sir Daw and Sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the womankind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her,—you meant so, I am sure. But that we have stuck it upon you today, in your own imagined persons, and so lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex, should beat you now thriftily, for the common slanders which ladies receive from such cuckoos as you are. You are they that, when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away, you common moths of these, and all ladies' honours! Go, travel to make legs and faces, and come home with some new matter to be laugh'd at; you deserve to live in an air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour. [*Exeunt* DAW *and* LA-FOOLE.]—Madams, you are mute upon this new metamorphosis! But here stands she that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such insectæ hereafter. And let it not trouble you, that you have discovered any mysteries to this young gentleman: he is almost of years, and will make a good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the meantime, we'll all undertake for his secrecy, that can speak so well of his silence. (*Coming forward.*)—*Spectators, if you like this comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that noise will cure him, at least please him.* [*Exeunt.*

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1 'virgin before marriage.' 2 'a proper marriage.'
3 'hinder.' 4 *cumber*—incumbrance.

1 'just impediment.' 2 error of person.
3 'in the first degree.'
4 *lurch'd*—defeated, disappointed.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

A COMEDY.

ACTED IN THE YEAR 1598 BY THE THEN LORD CHAMBERLAIN HIS SERVANTS.

THE AUTHOR B. J.

London. 1616.

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MASTER CAMDEN,

CLARENCIEUX.

SIR,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of POETRY, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse.

Your true lover,

BEN JONSON.

Dramatis Personæ.

KNOWELL, *an old Gentleman.*
EDWARD KNOWELL, *his Son.*
BRAINWORM, *the Father's Man.*
GEORGE DOWNRIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELLBRED, *his Half-Brother.*
KITELY, *a Merchant.*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's Man.*[1]
MASTER STEPHEN, *a Country Gull.*

MASTER MATHEW, *the Town Gull.*
THOMAS CASH, *Kitely's Cashier.*
OLIVER COB, *a Water-bearer.*
JUSTICE CLEMENT, *an old merry Magistrate.*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk.*
WELLBRED'S *Servant.*

DAME KITELY, *Kitely's Wife.*
MISTRESS BRIDGET, *his Sister.*
TIB, *Cob's Wife.*

Servants, &c.

[1] *a Paul's Man, i.e.* a frequenter of the middle aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, the common resort of cast captains, sharpers, gulls, and gossipers of every description.—GIFFORD.

SCENE—*London.*

PROLOGUE.[1]

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please:
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

[1] This prologue makes a manly appeal to the good sense of the people, and touches with spirit as well as humour on the defects and absurdities of the old stage. Lyly, Kyd, and above all, the ruder dramatizers of our ancient chronicles, are evidently pointed at. 'Squibs,' 'battles,' 'flights over sea and land, in choruses,' 'drums,' 'trumpets,' 'creaking thrones,' and all the woful machinery of a poor stage, have been the merry burden of many a prologue and epilogue, from the first dawning of a good taste under Shakespeare.—GIFFORD.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter KNOWELL, *at the door of his house.*

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.
Brai. I will, sir, presently.
Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.
Brai. Very good, sir. [*Exit.*
Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter MASTER STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen,
What news with you, that you are here so early?
Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.
Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.
Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else. How does my cousin Edward, uncle?
Know. Oh, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.
Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.
Know. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?
Step. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.
Know. Oh, most ridiculous!
Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them; and by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang them, scroyles![1] there's nothing in them i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury,[2] or the citizens that come a-ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.
Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb, go to!
Nay, never look at me, 'tis I that speak;
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Have you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a buzzard,
And know not how to keep it, when you have done?
Oh, it is comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:—ay, so; now you are told on't,
You look another way.
Step. What would you ha' me do?
Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman:
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery,[1] lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Enter a Servant.

Who comes here?
Serv. Save you, gentlemen!
Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir, at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.
Serv. In good time, sir.
Step. In good time, sir! Why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?
Serv. Not I, sir.
Step. Not you, sir! You were best not, sir; an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.
Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.
Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.
Serv. Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

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[1] *scroyles*—scrofulous, scabby fellows.—GIFFORD. Perhaps from Fr. *escrouelles*, scrofula.

[2] *archers of Finsbury.*—In 1498, all the gardens about and beyond the lordship of Finsbury were destroyed, and of them were made a plain field to shoot in. People of fashion probably mixed but little in these parties.—GIFFORD.

[1] *flashing bravery*—extravagant gaiety of apparel.—GIFFORD.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would—

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You see the honest man demeans himself
Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply
To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;
And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
As void of wit, as of humanity.
Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed
Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit* MASTER STEPHEN.

Serv. I pray, sir, is this Master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir: I was required by a gentleman in the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? Pray you remember your court'sy. [*Reads.*] *To his most selected friend, Master Edward Knowell.* What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One Master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister; the rich merchant in the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in.

[*Exeunt* BRAINWORM *and* Servant.

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?
What's this?

[*Reads.*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery;[1] change an old shirt for a whole smock with us; do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, on the north-west wall. An I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for them, would have served. But, pr'ythee, come over to me quickly, this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think him himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

From the Windmill.[1]

From the Bordello[2] it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian could have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man too much the father.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where is your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed.

[*Exit.*

Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compelled to goodness, may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

[*Exit.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

A Room in KNOWELL'S *House.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, *with a letter in his hand, followed by* BRAINWORM.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What

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[1] *frippery*—a place where old clothes are exposed for sale.—GIFFORD. Fr. *friperie*, brocage, old clothes; *fripier*, a broker.

[1] *Windmill.*—This house then stood at the corner of the Old Jewry, toward Lothbury, and was remarkable for the various changes it had undergone. In Stow's time it was a tavern, and had for the sign a *windmill.*—WHALLEY.

[2] *Bordello*—the brothel or stews; from the Fr. *Spittle*—probably the *Lock Hospital. Pict-hatch*—see p. 151, note 1, col. I.

countenance, prithee, made he in the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. Oh, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in what-sha-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, Master Stephen; what of him?

Step. Oh, I have such a mind to beat him—where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I stayed in the fields! Whoreson, scanderbag, rogue! Oh that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, Master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now. Let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me—

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't. How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, Master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust. I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose—

Brai. Believe me, Master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness,[2] I think it would. I have a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, Master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [*Exit.*

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience, I'll be gelt, and troll[3] ballads for Master John Trundle yonder the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—[*sees* STEPHEN.]—What, my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one—that's three: oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee—

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me—

E. Know. How now, Cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? What would you have done?

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then—

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz; and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an it were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so, neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer[1] at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foiled by nature as not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time,[2] shows more bright to the world than he! And he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher with a smoky lawn, or a black cyprus![3] Oh, coz! it cannot be answered; go not about it. Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head,

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[1] *scanderbag* — properly *Iskander-beg*, 'the Prince Alexander,' the name given by the Turks to George Castriota, the brave patriot chief of Albania in the fifteenth century.

[2] *sadness*—seriousness.

[3] *troll* or *trowl*—means to push about the glass or song; here it probably means to write ballads, as Trundle was a printer.

[1] *tankard-bearer*.—Before the new river was brought to London, the city was supplied with water from conduits, from which it was fetched by a particular class of men, called tankard-bearers, of which *Cob* was one, and sold to the citizens at so much a turn.—GIFFORD.

[2] *again a good time*—against some festival, such as Christmas.—WHALLEY.

[3] *cyprus*—a kind of thin, transparent crape, originally manufactured at Cyprus.—WHALLEY.

so: and let the idea of what you are be pourtrayed in your face, that men may read in your physnomy, *Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature*, which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, Master Stephen! —Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour:[1] we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE III.

The Lane before COB'S *House.*

Enter Master MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house. What, ho!

Enter COB.

Cob. Who's there? Oh, Master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! How dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, Monsieur Cob! What lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's[2] book. His cob[3] was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. Oh, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How knowest thou that?

Cob. How know I! Why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! Oh, unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir. With favour of your worship's nose, Master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope! You are a scholar, upsolve me that now.

Mat. Oh raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. Oh, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house. He! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir; though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench: an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast[1] better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token,[2] or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine.—Give me my tankard there, ho!—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should have carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple; come.

Enter TIB *with a water-tankard.*

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings![3] Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib! show this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit* TIB *with* Master MATHEW.] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak *Moe fools yet.* You should have some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (oh, my guest is a fine man!), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one Master Kitely's in the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mistress Bridget, and calls her mistress; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them) rascally verses, poetry, poetry, and speaking of interludes: 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him.—Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath. How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? Oh, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened. *By St. George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am a gentleman and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! It would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels.—Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall have it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman. [*Exit.*

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[1] *a suburb humour*—a low humour, not tinctured with urbanity.—WHALLEY.

[2] *harrot's*—herald's.

[3] *cob* (Belg. *kop*)—a head; our old writers used the word as a distinctive mark of bulk. Probably connected with Lat. *caput.*

[1] *cast*—a quibble between casting dice and vomiting. —GIFFORD.

[2] *swallowed a tavern-token*—a cant term for getting drunk. Tokens were promissory pieces of brass or copper which tradesmen were sometimes permitted to coin for themselves.

[3] *havings*—possessions.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

A room in Cob's *House.*

Bobadill *discovered lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter Tib.

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague!—what meant he?

Mat. (*below.*) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there?—Take away the bason, good hostess.—Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

Enter Mathew.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle Master Mathew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort[1] of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case possess[2] no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve[3] so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo?[4]

Mat. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was. They'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again.

[*While* Master Mathew *reads*, Bobadill *makes himself ready.*

Mat. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* there's a conceit!—*fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively form of death!* another. *O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!* a third. *Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!* a fourth. Oh, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy of mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger,[1] which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! He! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word. But when, when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel[2] presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence,[3] warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him. I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers,

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[1] *sort*—lot, company. [2] *possess*—inform.
[3] *resolve*—understand, believe.
[4] The reference is to the drama, *The Spanish Tragedy.*

[1] *hanger*—the part of a sword-belt to which the weapon was suspended.
[2] *chartel*—a paper containing a challenge.
[3] *dependence*—the ground or cause of quarrel.

that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill in the earth; some small rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above the state, at any haud, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit* TIB.] So, sir. Come on. Oh, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. Oh, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—[Master MATHEW *pushes at* BOBADILL] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body. The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. Oh, the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that.—Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail-shot, and spread. What money have you about you, Master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I have not past a two shilling or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

THE OLD JEWRY. *A Hall in* KITELY'S *House.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, *and* DOWNRIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key; it is no matter neither.—
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, in the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar. Tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir. [*Exit.*

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas;
Since bred him at the Hospital;[1] where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash;
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother; what is't, what is't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience;
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection—

Dow. What need this circumstance? Pray you, be direct.

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, both confirm
How well I have been affected to your—

Dow. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then, without further cremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him.
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage;
And what was chief, it show'd not borrow'd in him.
But all he did became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale[2] himself in all societies,
He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour and diseased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests;
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him in the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings,[3] for aught I see. It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. I

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[1] *the Hospital*—Christ's Hospital.

[2] *stale himself*—make himself cheap and common.—GIFFORD.

[3] *three-farthings.*—The three-farthing pieces in Elizabeth's reign were made of silver, and consequently very thin, and easily cracked.

have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well, he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer till his heart ache! An he think to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith, and claps his dish at the wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with it to fetch him out, I'll assure you.

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But why are you so tame? why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit. Oh, there are divers reasons to dissuade me.
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance),
It would both come much better to his sense,
And savour less of stomach or of passion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars,
With the false breath of telling what disgraces
And low disparagements I had put upon him:
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous!—nay, as sure as death,
That they would say; and how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name—

Enter Master MATHEW *struggling with* BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is Master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt* BOB *and* MAT.

Dow. How! scavenger! Stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother; good faith, you shall not; I will overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little; but, by this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck. Your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his camerades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an' I could not find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high,
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

Kit. How now! [*Bell rings.*]—Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants. [*Exit* DOWNRIGHT.

Enter COB, *with his tankard.*

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir. [*Exit.*

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish; but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire;
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects,
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. [*Exit* BRIDGET.
—Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!—

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss,[1] we stay for you.

[1] *muss*—mouse, at this time a familiar term of endearment between married people.—WHALLEY.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ail you, sweetheart? are you not well? Speak, good muss.

Kit. Troth, my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [*putting her hand to his forehead.*] Oh, the Lord!

Kit. How now! what?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweetheart, come in out of the air.

Kit. How simple and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
Why, true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! She has me in the wind.—Sweetheart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray heaven it do. [*Exit.*

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortal's plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

MOORFIELDS.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised like a maimed Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico.[1] Oh sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot,[2] over Moorfields to London, this morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters,[3] and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, anything to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights,[1] my arm here, and my— Odso! my young master, and his cousin, Master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

Enter E. KNOWELL *and* STEPHEN.

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? Where? When had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afeard they will know me: would I could get by them!

E. Know. What, have you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I— [*Cries.*

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss; hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here. No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! Oh, the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, 'i faith.—

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was—

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. [*Comes forward.*]—Gentlemen, please you chauge a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier; one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to he gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame. However, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not with my spirit—

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own

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[1] *fico*—the poisoned fig of Spain and Italy, which was *ominous*, or deadly.

[2] *dry-foot*—a term of the chase, meaning, by the scent of the foot.

[3] *blue waiters.* Servants were so called, because usually dressed in blue.

[1] *lance-knights*—common soldiers; a Flemish term.—GIFFORD.

judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it as it is, an you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir: nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt—

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will. I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

Another part of MOORFIELDS.

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.—
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it
On a grey head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with are licentious jests.
But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver
And heart in some.
This is one path: but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank heaven I never yet was he
That travell'd with my son before sixteen,
To show him the Venetian courtezans,
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy at twelve; repeating still
The rule, *Get money; still, get money, boy;*
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make them;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and laystalls,[1] it is worth a fear;
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

Brai. My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well. [*aside.*] Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of life—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been: a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value; the King of heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful. Sweet worship—

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate—

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus [*weeps*]. Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time.[2] By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else. Sweet honour—

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence
Should in the frame and fashion of his mind
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Not caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

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[1] *laystalls*—dunghills, or receptacles for filth.

[2] *it shall not be given*, &c. The meaning is, that in the course of time he should receive some recompense or other for his gift.—WHALLEY.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so—

Know. Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? In the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but——and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wished for! The air's my comfort.—[*Sighs.*]—I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!
Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths;
Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! Now shall I be possessed of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock or a musket-rest[1] again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it to his dying day. It's no matter; let the world think me a bad counterfeit,[2] if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have stayed his journey. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed! [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

THE OLD JEWRY. *A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter Master MATHEW, WELLBRED, *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part—

Wel. Good captain, faces about[1] to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, Master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*[2]

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question you do,—or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL *and* Master STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle[3] what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why, say'st thou! Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you my father had the full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter; 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind them up— But what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension. I'll leave him to the mercy of your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, Captain Bobadill, Master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection.—I know not your name, sir [*to*

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[1] *a cassock or musket-rest.* A *cassock* is a soldier's loose outward coat. A *rest* was an article of ash or other tough wood, made to fix in the ground, and used to rest the heavy musket of those days on.

[2] *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous, and both used indifferently for a piece of false money.—GIFFORD.

[1] *faces about*—*i.e.* right about face.

[2] 'whom impartial Jove loves.'

[3] *marle*—marvel.

STEPHEN], but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy; but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for Master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. Sure he utters them then by the gross. [*Aside.*

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir; I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir; and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy. [*Aside.*

Step. Cousin, is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh, ay; excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was performed tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium,[1] where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of[2]—what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Know. Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O Lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

[1] *Strigonium*—Graan, in Hungary, which was retaken from the Turks in 1597, after having been in their possession nearly half a century.—WHALLEY.

[2] *taking in of.* To *take in* is to capture, subdue.—GIFFORD.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack first. [*Aside.*

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir. They had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock,[1] ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and, with these single arms, my poor rapier ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you do all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana,[2] or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant[3] rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath; I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him—

Wel. Oh, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching[4] rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach! Would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

[1] *linstock*, or *lintstock*, was a stock or handle to hold the lint or match with which the gun was fired.

[2] *Morglay*, &c. These blades make a figure in romance: *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton; *Durindana* of Orlando; and *Excalibur* of the renowned King Arthur.—WHALLEY.

[3] *provant*—means properly provender, ammunition. As applied to a sword, it meant such as was supplied to the common soldiers, and therefore of common quality.

[4] *coney-catching—coney-catcher*, a name given to deceivers, by a metaphor taken from them that rob warrens and coney grounds, using all means, sleights, and cunning to deceive them.—MINSHEW.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh—od's lid! By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confessed it:—Od's will, an you had not confessed it—

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear!

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman. He has confessed it: what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, have you?

Brai. You are conceited,[1] sir. Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are in the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat though. Well, say, sir.

Brai. [*taking* E. KNOW. *aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father,—Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At Justice Clement's house in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return, and then—

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm?

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why, how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? What a question is that?

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en pressed to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at the Custom-house quay, in a civil war against the carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

THE OLD JEWRY. KITELY'S *Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY *and* CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. Oh, that is well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak!— [*Exit* CASH.
Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can despatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours!
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence: well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtlety that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shows the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
I will not go. Business, *go by* for once.
The dangers are too many: and then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads
Within the city never were in safety, ['em.
Since our wives wore these little caps:[1] I'll change
I'll change 'em straight in mine.

Re-enter CASH *with a cloak.*

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too:
I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kit. That's true: fool on me! I had clean for- [got it;
I must go. What's a clock?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.[2]

Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve!
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd,
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less to put in act.—It shall be so.
Nay I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas!

Cash. Sir.

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will
Thomas, is Cob within? [not.—

Cash. I think he be, sir. [him.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of
No, there were no man on the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.

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[1] *conceited*—disposed to use conceits or jests; witty.

[1] *little caps.* Velvet caps of a diminutive size were worn at this time by citizens' wives and daughters.—GIFFORD.

[2] The merchants then commenced business on 'Change at ten o'clock.

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone.
Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—
Your love to me is more—
Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope you are possess'd of it.
Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you; but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up:
So far, I tell you, Thomas.
Cash. Sir, for that—
Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st
Reveal it, but—
Cash. How, I reveal it?
Kit. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,
'Twere a great weakness.
Cash. A great treachery:
Give it no other name.
Kit. Thou wilt not do't then?
Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!
Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some concealed purpose, and close meaning sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose,
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
At fayles and tick-tack;[1] I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way: I will do so.—
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:—
Yes, you did swear?
Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you—
Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolv'd[2] without it: at thy pleasure.
Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.
Kit. It is too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
—Now he has sworn, I dare the saflier venture.
[*Aside.*
I have of late, by divers observations—
But whether his oath can bind him, yea or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you?
I will ask counsel ere I do proceed:— [*Aside.*
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.
Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.
Kit. I will think:—and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.
Cash. I will, sir.
Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentleman
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.
Cash. Very well, sir.
Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to Justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.
Cash. I will not, sir.
Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger or else; fail not to send me word.
Cash. I shall not, sir.
Kit. Be it your special business
Now to remember it.
Cash. Sir, I warrant you.
Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.
Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.
Kit. Believe me, it is not.
Cash. Sir, I do believe you. [Thomas,
Kit. By heaven, it is not, that's enough: but
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much,
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this,
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.—
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*
Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all: but soft—
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now.

Enter COB *hastily.*

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! They say the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day; but would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the meantime, and then—
Cash. Why, how now, Cob! What moves thee to this choler, ha?
Cob. Collar, Master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir: I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I mayhap show you a jade's trick, sir.
Cash. Oh, you'll slip your head out of the collar? Why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.
Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.
Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! Thy humour, thy humour—thou mistak'st.
Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed! What is that humour?[1] some rare thing, I warrant.
Cash. Marry, I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation, and fed by folly.
Cob. How! must it be fed?
Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed: didst thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, *feed my humour.*
Cob. I'll none on it. Humour, avaunt! I know you not; begone! Let who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally

[1] *fayles and tick-tack*—were both complicated kinds of backgammon.
[2] *resolv'd*—convinced.

[1] *humour.*—Every oddity which a man affected was called his humour,—a word that seems to have been first used in this sense about the age of Jonson.—WHALLEY.

days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me. By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service and have drowned them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. Oh, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, an 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse, against them.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditious, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack. Poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids, too, know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz [*pulls out a red herring*], fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as King Cophetua. Oh that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known. I'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight, peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else. Here's Master Mathew.

Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [*Exit with* COB.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou should'st not know him? I forgive Master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten[1] with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round;[2] such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling.[3] Into the likeness of one of these reformados[4] had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been serjeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Hounsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

Brai. True, sir; but I did *need a broker, ergo*—

Wel. Well put off:—*no crafty knave*, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but Master Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas; canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to Justice Clement's, I think, sir.—Cob! [*Exit.*

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he?

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I showed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence, methinks; it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; anything, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to *vouchsafe?*—Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*

Bob. Body o' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado;[1] did you never take any, Master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only: therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, that, had

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[1] *patten*—pat (?).

[2] *gentlemen of the round*—were soldiers of inferior rank, but above the common man; it was their duty to visit the sentinels, watches, and advanced guards, and from this office they derived their name.—WHALLEY.

[3] *a shove-groat shilling.*—Edward Sixth's shillings were generally made use of in the play of shovel-board or shove-groat.—GIFFORD.

[4] *reformados*—broken or disbanded soldiers.

[1] *Trinidado.*—Tobacco from Trinidad was at this time much in request.—WHALLEY.

you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian[1] is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH *with* COB.

Cash. At Justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master Kitely's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*

Cob. Ods me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and ember. There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will never scape it: he voided a bushel of soot yesterday upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco-pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.[2]

[BOBADILL *beats him.*

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match.—Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[*Exit* CASH *with* COB.

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George!—No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.[3]

Step. None, I thank you, sir. Oh, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! [*practises at the post.*] As I am a gentleman! By— [*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.

Brai. [*pointing to* Master STEPHEN.] Master, glance, glance! Master Wellbred!

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation—

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed—

Wel. No, Master Stephen! As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. Oh yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is 'divine tobacco!'

Wel. But soft, where's Master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. Oh, let's follow them. Master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

COLEMAN-STREET. *A Room in* Justice CLEMENT'S *House.*

Enter KITELY *and* COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—

Kit. Tut, beside him. What strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see: one, two; mass, I known not well, there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large!—But, Cob,
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest, too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know.—
But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?

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[1] *Nicotian.* Some particular kind of tobacco is meant by this term, which is now used as a general appellation of the weed.

[2] *ratsbane and rosaker.* These, I believe, are pretty nearly the same things; preparations of corrosive sublimate.—GIFFORD.

[3] *drunk*—then a common affected expression for smoked.

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word
Kit. No; [of it.
Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.—
Cob,
Which of them was it that first kissed my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her. Ha! who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw anybody to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in, then, ere
Cob. Oh no, sir. [thou cam'st?

Kit. Spite of the devil! What do I stay here then?
Cob, follow me. [*Exit.*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit;[1] I cannot go yet, sir.—Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering, hammering, revenge; oh for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never have grieved me; but being my guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt has been at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for clean bands for him; sold almost all my platters to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up a host of fury for't. Here comes Justice Clement.

Enter JUSTICE CLEMENT, KNOWELL, *and* FORMAL.

Clem. What's Master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly?—How now, sirrah! What make you here? What would you have, ha?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir. His arms are at too much liberty; I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? Speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir; Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, Justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Clem. What! a threadbare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than pisspot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! Roger, away with him! Od's precious—I say, go to.

Cob. Dear Master Justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it; but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant! He shall not go; I but fear[1] the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. Oh, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship.

Clem. Away, despatch him. [*Exeunt* FORM. *and* COB.]—How now, Master Knowell! in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course; it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason, you had reason to take care; but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY'S *House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT *and* DAME KITELY.

Down. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them. An 'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them.

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Enter Mistress BRIDGET, Master MATHEW, *and* BOBADILL; *followed at a distance by* WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant,[2] in troth you are too prodigal

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[1] *I have eggs on the spit*—a proverbial expression, meaning that he had affairs on hand which required his constant attention.

[1] *fear*—frighten.

[2] *Servant*—lover.

Of your wit's treasure thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. Oh, now stand close; pray heaven she can get him to read! He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Down. To mock an ape withal! Oh, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Down. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. Oh, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [*Exit.*

E. Know. What ails thy brother? Can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. Oh no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe. But mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour: I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a— Pray you, sir, you can judge?

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Oh, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well, *incipere dulce.*[1]

E. Know. How! *insipere dulce!* a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villany, to gull him with a motte.[2]

Wel. Oh, the benchers'[3] phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba!*

Mat. Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. This is in Hero and Leander.

Wel. Oh ay: peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir?

[Master Stephen *shakes his head.*

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:
And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. Oh, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him!—and from the dead! it's worse than sacrilege.

Wellbred, E. Knowell, *and* Master Stephen *come forward.*

Wel. Sister, what have you here—verses? Pray you, let's see; who made these verses? They are excellent good.

Mat. Oh, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good in the morning; I made them *ex tempore* this morning.

Wel. How! *ex tempore?*

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadil; he saw me write them at the — pox on it!—the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they have curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. Oh, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier!

Re-enter Downright.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still. Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire. Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. Oh, monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks!

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you; what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare anybody here; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied![1] Why, you monkeys, you, what a caterwauling do you keep! Has he not given you rhymes, and verses, and tricks?

Down. Oh, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begg'd else shortly for a concealment.[2] Go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston[3] at least. How now, gallants! Master Mathew! Captain! what! all sons of silence, no spirit?

Down. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss;[4] this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calved?

Down. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.

Wel. My companions!

Down. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and

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[1] 'it is sweet to begin.'

[2] *motte*—motto.

[3] *benchers* were sots who spent their time, sleeping and waking, upon alehouse benches. The phrase *pauca verba*, 'few words,' is given to them in many of our old plays.—Gifford.

[1] *vied and revied*—terms used at card-games. To *vie* was to put down a certain sum upon a hand at cards; to *revie* was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger, and was to be *revied* in turn by a proportionate increase of stake.—Gifford.

[2] *you'll be begg'd*, &c.—alluding to the practice, in Queen Elizabeth's time, of begging lands which had formerly been appropriated to religious purposes, and were privily retained by certain private persons, corporations, or churches, and hence called concealments.—Gifford.

[3] *teston*, or *tester* (Fr. *tête*, head, so called from a head on it), was a coin of about the value of a shilling or eighteenpence.

[4] *wuss*—a vulgarism for *wis*—know.

your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops[1] your fellow there, get you out, get you home, or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently!

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see: touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you!

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[*They all draw.*

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH *and some of the house to part them.*

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

[*Offer to fight again, and are parted.*

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Down. You whoreson, bragging coystril![2]

Enter KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?
Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:
My wife and sister, they are cause of this.
What, Thomas! where is this knave?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[*Exeunt* WEL., STEP., E. KNOW., BOB, *and* BRAI.

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent,
Too sudden in your humour; and you know
My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear
Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,
Where every slight disgrace he should receive
Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Down. Respect! what, talk you of respect among such as have no spark of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you!—respect! [*Exit.*

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kit. Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;
You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts.

[*Exeunt* DAME KITELY *and* BRIDGET.

Kit. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
Fair disposition! excellent good parts!
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;
It is too plain, too clear.—Thomas, come hither.
What! are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister—

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much.
I'll die, but they have hid him in the house
Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

The Lane before COB'S *House.*

Enter COB.

Cob. [*knocks at the door.*] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [*within.*] How now! what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

Enter TIB.

Oh, husband! is it you? What's the news?

Cob. When was Bobadill here, your captain? That rogue, that foist,[1] that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i'faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. Oh, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white—[*pulls out the warrant*]—for his black and blue, shall pay him. Oh, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear. Marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door. I charge you let nobody in to you, wife—nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, *sweet.*

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *slops*—the large loose breeches fashionable during Elizabeth's reign.

[2] *coystril*—prob. from old Fr. *coustillier*, an esquire's groom; although Gifford thinks it is the same as *kestril*, a degenerate hawk, often used as a term of contempt; here it means a mean, dastardly trick.

[1] *foist*—sharper. *Burgullion* is supposed to mean a bully or braggadocio, and is conjectured to be a term of contempt invented upon the overthrow of the Bastard of Burgundy in a contest with Anthony Woodville, in Smithfield, 1467.—NARES.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

A Room in the Windmill Tavern.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM *disguised as before.*

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother, for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing. I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phantasy by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possessed[1] me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

[*Exit.*

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and, as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by —, what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am—

E. Know. Prithee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see and know I will not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

THE OLD JEWRY.

Enter FORMAL *and* KNOWELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave,
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

Oh, here he is!—You've made fair speed, believe me:
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. Oh, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch,—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain Brainworm
Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?
'Tis so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell, unless it be by the black art. Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes; but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice. If it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men,[1] and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must have dissected and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them), they lock'd me up into a room in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast; and your son, Master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house,
say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit* KNOW.] Yes—invisible! Much wench or much son![2] 'Slight, when he has stayed there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! Oh the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. Oh that I were so happy as to light on a nupson[3] now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost.

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[1] *possessed me*—informed me of.

[1] *men* seems here to be contrasted with voice.—WHALLEY.

[2] *Yes—invisible!* &c.—*Invisible* seems to be a humorous addition to Brainworm's speech, after his master was out of hearing—'there you shall have him—yes, invisible!' *i.e.* not at all. *Much!* is an ironical expression for *little* or *none*, in which sense it occurs frequently in our old dramatists.—GIFFORD.

[3] *to light on a nupson—i.e.* Oh that I might happily find this justice's man to be a *nupson! i.e.* an oaf, a simpleton.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it—

Brai. Oh, sir—

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.[1]

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too somewhat.

[*Aside.*

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist,[2] we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir;—and make grist of you, if I have good luck. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE V.

Moorfields.

Enter Mathew, E. Knowell, Bobadill, *and* Stephen.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. Oh ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

[*Fences.*

Bob. Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh, it must be done like lightning, hay![3]

[*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*

Mat. Rare, captain.

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a —punto.

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. Oh, good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but, if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried; you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no! What's a peculiar[1] man to a nation?—not seen.

E. Know. Oh, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal: I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords—observe me—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three-parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto;[2] till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred;[3] two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

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[1] *Mile-end* was the usual training ground of the city.

[2] *grist*—apparently some kind of drink; grist in the next sentence of course means meal.

[3] *hay*—*i.e.* a hit.—Gifford.

[1] *peculiar*—particular, single.

[2] These are all fencing terms, which it is unnecessary to explain here.

[3] *two hundred.*—Gifford thinks this error is probably intended.

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. Ods so, look where he is! yonder he goes. [Downright *crosses the stage.*

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

Step. Upon my reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter Downright.

But see, he is come again.

Down. Oh, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall[1] man, I never thought on it till now—Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Down. 'Sdeath! you will not draw, then?

[*Disarms and beats him.* Mathew *runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you! You'll control the point,[2] you! Your consort is gone; had he stayed he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell,[3] sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantoes, I'll none of them. [*Exit* Bobadill.] Oh, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz.

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not have it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE VI.

A Room in Kitely's *House.*

Enter Kitely, Wellbred, Dame Kitely, *and* Bridget.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T'incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels,
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection[1]
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you. Since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, as it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? So might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome wine he drank, even now at the table.

Kit. Now, God forbid! Oh me! now I remember
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade we wear this cursed suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,[2]
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
Oh, I am sick at heart! I burn, I burn!
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. Oh strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poison'd? Am I not poison'd? how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter Brainworm, *disguised in* Formal's *clothes.*

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, Justice Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick! Well, I will wait upon his worship. —Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out, and set them sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas. [*Exit*

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[1] *Tall* was frequently used by our old writers in the sense of bold or courageous.

[2] To *control the point* is to bear or beat it down.—Gifford.

[3] *I cannot tell*—I know not what to say about it.—Gifford.

[1] *adjection*—addition.

[2] *mithridate*—an antidote against poison, called also confection of Damocrates.

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm [*takes him aside*]; but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay long asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower[1] I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away.

[*Exit* BRAI.

Re-enter KITELY, *talking aside to* CASH.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both mine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow them, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot; or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; oh, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas; mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee. Where is Cob, now? Cob! [*Exit.*

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob. I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [*Exit* CASH.] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for, indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse,[1] says I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the— Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

Re-enter KITELY.

Kit. What villany is this? call'd out on a false message!
This was some plot; I was not sent for.—Bridget,
Where is your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain dors me:[2]
He hath discovered all unto my wife.
Beast that I was, to trust him!—Whither, I pray you,
Went she? [

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell your brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will. To Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's? [*Exit.*

Wel. Come, he is once more gone,
Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE VII.

A Street.

Enter MATHEW *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a

[1] *the Tower.* As the Tower was extra-parochial, it probably afforded some facility to private marriages. —GIFFORD.

[1] *ceruse*—a wash for the face and neck.

[2] *dors*—befools. See note 1, p. 186, col. 2. *Buzz* and *hum* were used in the same sense last century.

kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no. You shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the asaulto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter,—fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is it not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before Justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Enter BRAINWORM *disguised as* FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir!

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law. Now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels; you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross,[1] by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. Oh, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be missed: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off. [*Withdraws.*

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it despatch'd ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [*returning.*] And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain; that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets of the city,[1] a serjeant. I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt* BOB. *and* MAT.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright for the arrest. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE VIII.

The Lane before COB'S *House.*

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now.—
Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [*within.*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within beside yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. Oh, fear you the constable? then I doubt not
You have some guests within deserve that fear:
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you.
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[*Exit, and claps to the door.*

Enter DAME KITELY *and* CASH.

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. Oh, this is the female copesmate[2] of my son:
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

Re-enter TIB.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband?

Dame K. My tried husband, Master Kitely?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

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[1] *cross.* The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in the midst, or in the four quarters. Hence it became a common phrase when a person had no money about him, to say he had not a *single cross.*—GIFFORD.

[1] *varlets of the city*—bailiffs or serjeants at mace.—GIFFORD.

[2] *copesmate*—companion; *cope* is the same as the *cope* in *copesman*, the old word for chapman, and means to exchange.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.
Know. This is but a device to baulk me withal:

Enter KITELY, *muffled in his cloak.*

Soft, who is this? 'tis not my son disguised?
Dame K. [*spies her husband, and runs to him.*]
Oh, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market,
Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change,.
She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! Oh, you treachour![1]
Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
Oh, old incontinent [*to* KNOWELL], dost thou not shame,
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?
Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!
Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?
Know. Why, hear you, sir.
Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.
Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?
Kit. Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
And you, young apple-squire,[2] and old cuckold-maker;
I'll have you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.
Kit. Come, will you go?
Dame K. Go! to thy shame believe it.

Enter COB.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here, what's here to do?
Kit. Oh, Cob, art thou come? I have been abused, and in thy house; was never man so wrong'd!
Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my Master Kitely! Who wrongs you in my house?
Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken them.
Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I preferr'd thither? Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel? and — you let them lie open for all comers! [*Beats his wife.*
Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.
This is madness in thee.

[1] *treachour*—traitor. [2] *apple-squire*—pimp.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?
Kit. Yes, I'll show cause before the justice, Cob. Come, let her go with me.
Cob. Nay, she shall go.
Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle of hemp of your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?
Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we will have you tamed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE IX.

A Street.

Enter BRAINWORM, *disguised as a City Serjeant.*

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATHEW *and* BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.
Bob. Let's go in quest of him.
Mat. 'Save you, friend! are not you here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?
Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.
Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.
Bob. Bear back, Master Mathew.

Enter STEPHEN *in* DOWNRIGHT'S *cloak.*

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.
Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am Master Stephen. You do not well to arrest me, I tell you truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!
Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.
Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us. But see, here acomes indeed; this is he, officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Down. Why, how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.
Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.
Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.
Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!
[*Offers to beat them.*
Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.
Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?
Brai. Go before Master Justice Clement, to answer that they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice,[1] captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[*Exeunt* Bob. *and* Mat.

Down. Gull, you'll give me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll have you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll have no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

Down. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case; here's your money again.

Down. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Down. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't. [*Aside.*

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

Down. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he, fellow?

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why, then, let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Coleman-street. *A Hall in* Justice Clement's *House.*

Enter Clement, Knowell, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cash, Cob, *and Servants.*

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, Master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you hither?

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master Kitely?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good. But, Mistress Kitely, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when,[1] knaves? Come on, come on [*arms himself*]. Hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword. Stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bobadill, *followed by* Mathew.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me?

Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. Oh, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

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[1] *make the justice*—*i.e.* acquaint him with our business. —Gifford.

[1] *when*—a common exclamation of impatience in our old dramatists.—Gifford.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit* Servant.] Set by this picture.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, *and* BRAINWORM, *disguised as before.*

What, Master Downright! are you brought at Master Freshwater's suit here?

Down. I'faith, sir: and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. Oh, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. Oh, did you find it now? You said you bought it erewhile.

Step. And you said I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion[1] so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant—officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

Clem. Oh, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah [BRAINWORM *kneels*]; nay, stand up, *I'll use you kindly;* I *must* cut off your legs, I say.

[*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*

Brai. Oh, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good Master Justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah; I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it; I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off your head.

Brai. Oh, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must,* sirrah! Away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your *must,* sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*

[1] *in passion*—in so melancholy a tone, so pathetically. —GIFFORD.

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. Oh yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack. If he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. Oh, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, Master Kitely, a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out of the way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope!

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't.—Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. [*Exit* Servant.] Neither friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine (but all in kindness), and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which, having drunk off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine,[1] while I know him, for't.—How now! what noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL *in a suit of armour.*

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

[1] *ingine*—from Lat. *ingenium*, wit, understanding.

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me. I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript: and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, *and* BRIDGET.

Who be these? Oh, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy. Nay, Mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in them, they are no part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify,
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. [*They search* MATHEW'S *pockets.*

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ of rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? Body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in his hose: let us see some of his subjects. [*Reads.*

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face, [*eyes.*
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [*Sets the papers on fire.*] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! Oh, now it is at the highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi!*[1]

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

[1] 'so vanishes the glory of the world.'

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me!—though I live in the city here amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact.

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to despatch away these, you sign o' the soldier, and picture of the poet (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight), while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. Oh! I had lost a sheep an' he had not bleated. Why, sir, you shall give Master Downright his cloak; and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep them so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, Master Downright, your anger; you, Master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,
See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!
Oh, what a plenteous world of this wilt come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master Bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[All who are acquainted with the history of the English drama know that it was a common thing for two or more of the Elizabethan dramatists to join their wits in the manufacture of a play: thus *A Looking-Glass for London and England* was the joint production of Greene and Lodge; and Jonson, Chapman, and Marston were nearly losing their ears for being all three concerned in the manufacture of *Eastward Hoe*. No doubt they were frequently urged to enter into these literary partnerships by a desire to get their ware ready for the market as soon as possible, and thus speedily replenish their generally empty purses. Poverty, however, can have had nothing to do with the illustrious literary union formed by Beaumont and Fletcher, as both these dramatists were well connected, and apparently were quite independent of the proceeds of their pens.

John Fletcher, the elder of the two, was born at Rye, in Sussex, 1576 (1579 according to Dyce), his father being Dr. Richard Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of London, and a favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Fletcher was educated at Bennet College, Cambridge, but appears never to have taken his degree, although, it is said, he acquired much classical erudition; he must, at any rate, have had considerable acquaintance with French, Spanish, and Italian, as many of his plots are taken from then untranslated dramas in these languages. At what time he commenced writing for the stage is uncertain; but it is probable that in 1606 or 1607, somewhat before his partnership with Beaumont, he produced the comedy of *The Woman Hater* and the tragedy of *Thierry and Theodoret*. Little more is known of the details of his life, except that he died in August 1625 of the plague, while being detained in London waiting for a new suit of clothes. He appears to have been of a social, generous disposition, and somewhat more correct in his conduct than the majority of his brother dramatists. John Fletcher was cousin to Giles and Phineas Fletcher, two poets of considerable credit.

Francis Beaumont, like his literary partner, was well connected, belonging to an ancient and honourable family, which had been seated at Grace-Dieu, in Liecestershire, for many generations. He was the eldest son of Francis Beaumont, a judge of the Common Pleas, and was born in 1586, perhaps earlier, and became a gentleman-commoner of Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, in 1596. After leaving college, he attempted to study law in the Inner Temple, but soon gave it up, his tastes lying in quite another direction. When only sixteen he translated one of Ovid's fables into English rhyme, and must have become intimate with Ben Jonson before he was nineteen, as at that age he addressed some verses to the latter on his comedy of *The Fox*, produced in 1605, Jonson afterwards returning the compliment by some laudatory lines, beginning—

> 'How do I love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
> That unto me dost such religion prove!'

Beaumont, unlike his friend, did not die a bachelor, but married, in what year is not known, Ursula, daughter and co-heir of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, by whom he left two daughters. One of these, Frances, was alive in 1700, enjoying a pension of one hundred pounds from the Duke of Ormond, in whose family she had been a domestic. Beaumont died ten years before his friend Fletcher, in March 1615–16, at the premature age of twenty-nine, and was buried near the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, his grave, like that of his friend's, being unmarked by slab or epitaph. It is not known that

Beaumont wrote any drama previous to his connection with Fletcher. To judge from their portraits, both Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have been handsome and good-looking; and Beaumont, at least, was a member of the famous club which met at the Mermaid Tavern, he having written a lively poetical description of the 'wit-combats' which took place there.

> 'What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life.' . . .

It has been conjectured that Beaumont and Fletcher commenced their literary partnership about 1608, and it continued till the former's death in 1616. Their union seems to have been one not of mere convenience, but of fast friendship; and, according to Aubrey, they lived together in one house 'on the Bankside,' and were on the most intimate and familiar terms. What was their *modus operandi* in the manufacture of their dramatic productions, we have no means of ascertaining, although there is an amusing story told of the two, which, if true, affords us a slight glimpse into their method of procedure. 'At a tavern, as our poets choose each his share of some future dramatic task, a fierce ejaculation is heard from their chamber: "I'll undertake to kill the king!" One who stood outside, readier to catch up a treasonable than a poetic idea, gives information of this regicide plot; and the poor dramatist, till he can explain, has a prospect of the block, which better befitted the blockhead than the betrayer.' All the works together attributed to 'Beaumont and Fletcher' amount to about fifty-two, of which, it has been conjectured, about seventeen were the joint production of the two friends, the remainder being mostly written by Fletcher, principally after the death of Beaumont. The first drama written by the two in conjunction is probably *Philaster*, produced some time previous to 1611. The other chief joint productions are *The Maid's Tragedy* (written before 1611), *King and No King* (1611), *The Honest Man's Fortune* (1613), *The Coxcomb* (1613), *The Scornful Lady* (printed 1616), *The Little French Lawyer*, *The Laws of Candy*, *The Knight of Malta*. Fletcher himself, before the death of his friend, wrote *The Faithful Shepherdess* (before 1611), an exquisite but not very pure pastoral, from which Milton is supposed to have borrowed the design of his *Comus*. His principal productions after Beaumont's death were *The Loyal Subject* (about 1618), *The Chances* (before 1621), *The Spanish Curate* (1622), *The Beggar's Bush* (1622), *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (1624), and *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (1625–6). Shakespeare is said to have assisted Fletcher in the composition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

We have no means now of apportioning to each of these authors his share in their joint compositions, and to hazard a guess would be idle and profitless. The general opinion seems to be that Beaumont was the graver of the two wits, the deeper scholar, and more acute critic, while Fletcher had the more brilliant wit and loftier genius. Beaumont, according to quaint Tom Fuller, brought 'the ballast of judgment, and Fletcher the sail of phantasy, both compounding a poet to admiration.' 'Beaumont,' says Langbaine, 'was master of a good wit and a better judgment; he so admirably well understood the art of the stage that even Jonson himself thought it no disparagement to submit his writings to his correction. Mr. Fletcher's wit was equal to Mr. Beaumont's judgment, and was so luxurious that, like superfluous branches, it was frequently pruned by his judicious partner.' While this may be true in the main, still, if we may judge from those dramas which are the undoubted composition of each singly, both could manifest on occasion an equal degree of good taste, sound judgment, and brilliant fancy. Beaumont and Fletcher are generally allowed to have made a nearer approach to Shakespeare than did any other dramatist either before or after. This may be true in the general. No doubt in the construction of their plays, the smoothness, correctness, and general richness of their language, the reckless abundance of their fancy, and the occasional depth of passion, they do often remind one of the unapproachable master; as they likewise do by the occasional cropping out of an everlasting thought divinely worded.

Still, the intelligent reader must feel that their dramas are characterized by weakness, crudeness, want of strength and point, and a certain effeminate softness often not unpleasing. Nearly all their productions bear the marks of haste and carelessness; they seem to have revelled in composition, to have delighted in throwing off drama after drama, giving themselves little trouble about perfection in details. So far as genuine comedy is concerned, as well as perfection of dramatic construction, we are inclined to give the palm to Ben Jonson; and in respect to the power of depicting deep passion, and giving utterance to genuine pathos, perhaps Marlowe and Webster were their superiors. One of the greatest blots on the writings of these dramatists is the disgusting abundance of obscene language; for although, as we have said, they seem to have led more correct lives than most of their contemporaries, nearly every play is disfigured by *ad nauseam* language, having 'all the indecency and familiarity of a brothel.' In this respect they excel most of their contemporaries, none of whom are noted for the exceptional purity of their language.

We conclude by quoting Hazlitt's estimate of these dramatic partners; it seems to us to be, on the whole, just and discriminating:—

'We find all the prodigality of youth, the confidence inspired by success, an enthusiasm bordering on extravagance, richness running riot, beauty dissolving in its own sweetness.

'It cannot be denied that they are lyrical and descriptive poets of the highest order; every page of their writings is a *florilegium:* they are dramatic poets of the second class in point of knowledge, variety, vivacity, and effect; there is hardly a passion, character, or situation, which they have not touched in their devious range, and whatever they touched they adorned with some new grace or striking feature: they are masters of style and versification in almost every variety of melting modulation or sounding pomp, of which they are capable: in comic wit and spirit they are scarcely surpassed by any writers of any age. There they are in their element, "like eagles newly baited;" but I speak rather of their serious poetry, and this, I apprehend, with all its richness, sweetness, loftiness, and grace, wants something—stimulates more than it gratifies, and leaves the mind in a certain sense exhausted and unsatisfied. Their fault is a too ostentatious and indiscriminate display of power. Everything seems in a state of fermentation and effervescence, and not to have settled and found its centre in their minds. The ornaments, through neglect or abundance, do not always appear sufficiently appropriate: there is evidently a rich wardrobe of words and images to set off any sentiments that occur, but not equal felicity in the choice of the sentiments to be expressed; the characters in general do not take a substantial form, or excite a growing interest, or leave a permanent impression; the passion does not accumulate by the force of time, of circumstances, and habit, but wastes itself in the first ebullitions of surprise and novelty.

'Besides these more critical objections, there is a too frequent mixture of voluptuous softness or effeminacy of character with horror in the subjects, a conscious weakness (I can hardly think it wantonness) of moral constitution struggling with wilful and violent situations, like the tender wings of the moth, attracted to the flame that dazzles and consumes it. In the hey-day of their youthful ardour, and the intoxication of their animal spirits, they take a perverse delight in tearing up some rooted sentiment, to make a mawkish lamentation over it; and fondly and gratuitously cast the seeds of crimes into forbidden grounds, to see how they will shoot up and vegetate into luxuriance, to catch the eye of fancy. They are not safe teachers of morality: they tamper with it like an experiment tried *in corpore vili*, and seem to regard the decomposition of the common affections, and the dissolution of the strict bonds of society, as an agreeable study and a careless pastime. The tone of Shakespeare's writings is manly and bracing; theirs is at once insipid and meretricious in the comparison.']

PHILASTER; OR, LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

AS IT HATH BEEN DIVERS TIMES ACTED AT THE GLOBE AND BLACK FRIARS BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER, GENT.

The Second Impression, Corrected and Amended. London. 1622.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING.
PHILASTER, *Heir to the Crown of Sicily.*
PHARAMOND, *Prince of Spain.*
DION, *a Lord.*
CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, } *Noble Gentlemen, his Associates.*
An old Captain.
Five Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
The King's Guard and Train.

ARETHUSA, *the King's Daughter.*
GALATEA, *a wise modest Lady, attending the Princess.*
MEGRA, *a Court Lady.*
EUPHRASIA, *Daughter of* DION, *but disguised as a Page, under the name of* BELLARIO.
Two other Ladies.

SCENE—*Messina, and a Neighbouring Forest.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

MESSINA. *The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, sir, the multitude (that seldom know anything but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was, by our late king of Calabria, unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog[1] and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member—

Meg. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Lady. What if they should?

Meg. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

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[1] *cog*—flatter, cheat, cajole.

Lady. What if they be?
Meg. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg,[1] nor say 'Excuse me.'
Gal. Ha, ha, ha!
Meg. Do you laugh, madam?
Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.
Meg. Then you must sit beside us.
Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.
Meg. Near me; perhaps. But there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.
Lady. Methinks he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.
Thra. Peace, the king!

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and Train.*

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath), we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wonder'd at: next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe), though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.[2]
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not?
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too.
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.
Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself),
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms:
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this country!
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me, in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law).
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.
Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.

Enter PHILASTER.

But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallowed quick,[1] if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.
Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, sir.
Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear!
Oh! this same whoreson conscience, how it jades us![2]
King. Speak your intents, sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still, my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends beside the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I tell thee, Pharamond,

[1] *leg*—bow. [2] *servants*—lovers.

[1] *quick*—alive.
[2] This reminds us of Shakespeare's more forcible and concise, ''Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.'

When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!

Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in 's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, prince of popinjays,[1] I'll make it well
Appear to you I'm not mad.

King. You displease us:
You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
Sails over and makes nothing.

King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure he's somewhat tainted.

Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. He has given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By these hilts, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What have you seen in me, to stir offence,
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his,[2] and couldst see no sun
Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, 'spite of all these bugs,[3]
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince: I gave you not this freedom
To brave our best friends. You deserve our frown.
Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[4]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax![5]

Gal. A dog it is.[6]

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
[*They walk apart.*

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't.
Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through. Men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant.[1] If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to!
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you are, and shall be, at our pleasure,
What fashion we will put upon you. Smooth
Your brow, or by the gods—

Phi. I am dead, sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence, speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal), tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king:'
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me.—Noble sir, your hand:
I am your servant.

King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

[*Exeunt* KING, PHARAMOND, *and* ARETHUSA.

Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger. Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely. They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor headpiece, lady! 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:[2]

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[1] *popinjays*—parrots.
[2] *him that made*, &c.—Alexander.
[3] *bugs*—bugbears, terrors.
[4] *pattern of succession*,—*i.e.* a pattern to succeeding kings.—THEOBALD.
[5] *of wax*—well made, as if modelled in wax.—DYCE.
[6] This expression is obscure; Jonson, in his *Tale of a Tub*, speaks of a 'dog of wax.'—DYCE.

[1] *recreant*—*tenant* is the reading of the old copies; the Rev. J. Mitford suggests *tyrant*.
[2] *no minion*—*i.e.* no favourite of influence enough to carry suits at court.—THEOBALD.

You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If I could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy sir?
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The king must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you. In whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted. 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father:
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord. The princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her. [*Exit* Lady.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman.
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in't. But, be what may,
Her single name hath armed me.
[*Exit* Philaster.
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the king prove false. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter Arethusa *and a* Lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him: whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? to whom? to you?—
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick[1] look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am. If a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in.—
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish. But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To anything you wish'd.

[1] *quick*—lively.

Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both?
Are. Both, or I die. By fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more—
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love: Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for 'tis of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them, and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead
(Which, know, it may), I have unript my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking. To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time,
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me. But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd: so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself.—
Bring in the prince.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?
Are. He cannot know it.
Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.
Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear. For my sake, do.
Phi. I will.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.
Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.
Pha. To what would he have answer?
Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.
Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.
Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.
Pha. But now the time is fitter. Do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable—
Phi. Good sir, let me go.
Pha. And by my sword—
Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou—
Are. Leave us, Philaster.
Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone? By heaven, I'll fetch you back.
Phi. You shall not need.
Pha. What now?
Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee.
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam. We must stop his mouth with some office when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent[1] our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the PALACE.

Enter PHILASTER *and* BELLARIO.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something,
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster[2]
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft—the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet.
But when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than time
Thou did'st attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would outdo story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.
[*Exit* PHILASTER.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

A Gallery in the PALACE.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother[1] sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!—Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter GALATEA.

Madam!
Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, sir.
Pha. Nay, nay; you are too quick. By this sweet hand—
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you; but, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: and then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apophthegms your royal blood shall manage.
Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

[1] *prevent*—anticipate. [2] *conster*—construe.

[1] *reverend mother*—*i.e.* mother of the maids.—DYCE.

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting: and for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so. 'Would you or I could help it!

Pha. You're very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being? I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine, brewed with carduus;[1] then fast till supper: about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[2] but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold.—Madam, look here: All these, and more than—

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages. You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match you. [*Apart.*

[*Exit behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions[3] as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider!

Enter MEGRA.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on.—Many fair mornings, lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.—
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh! they are two twinn'd cherries dyed in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams,
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh! delicate, sweet prince,
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation.—Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks,[1] I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not. [*Kisses her.*
I'll prompt you first: can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before;
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory. This is all—love me.

Meg. 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour. If I do not teach you to do it easily, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her anything belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time, and your good help, will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and love a dairymaid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex. She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her. Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal. Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me. Soon I will visit you. [*Gives her a ring.*

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when—

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[1] *carduus*—Latin for thistle.

[2] *tiller*—of doubtful meaning. Probably a steel bow or cross bow; also explained as a stand, a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable.

[3] *camphire constitutions.*—Camphire was anciently classed among those articles of the Materia Medica, which were *cold* in an eminent degree.—WEBER.

[1] *blanks*—blank verses.

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart, go with thee! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter GALATEA *from behind the Hangings.*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman. And, Lady Towsabel,[1] I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?
Lady. Within, madam.
Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done't?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd?
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.
Are. I pr'ythee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh! when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why thou did'st this?') have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered), yet this match shall break.—
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.[2]
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing, and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst[3] master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead,—be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy.—Do you attend me too.—
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Before Prince PHARAMOND'S *Lodgings in the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper; 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND.

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sitters up.
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of these ladies.—
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live.—Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep.
The princess does provide him for you, and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:

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[1] *Towsabel*—a jocular alteration of *Dowsabel*. See note 1, p. 161, col. 1.
[2] *disclaim'st in me*—disclaimest me.—DYCE.
[3] *curst*—cross.

They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave[1] she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you have done your dreams. [*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.—
Come, shall we to bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you!—
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life it is; and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better have embraced
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest.
[*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.
You shall be righted.—Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.—
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously [*Aside.*
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withal.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine;
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter DION.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get. In short, sir, I think she is not there.
King. 'Tis then no time to dally.—You o' the guard,
Wait at the back-door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.—
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more.—Pharamond! prince!

PHARAMOND *appears at a window.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.
King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.
Pha. The king?
King. The same, sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber.
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'You cannot.'—
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here.

Enter PHARAMOND *below.*

King. Sir, be resolved,[1] I must and will come.
[*Enter.*
Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known.—Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *appears above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready;[2] I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.—
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.—
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your hootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst. But I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not.
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness.
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.—
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.
Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant. If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety, that they be not by some trick of state mistaken.

[1] *brave*—well-dressed; Scotch, *braw.*

[1] *resolved*—assured. [2] *ready*—dressed.

Enter MEGRA.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rotteuness; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swoll'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods! all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And scar thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?

Meg. 'Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, anything.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do't to the height—

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms, far and foreign,
Shall read it there, nay, travel with't till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait
On her; a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study to forget you.

[*Exeunt* KING, MEGRA, *and* Guard.

Cler. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered such balls of wild-fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection. That boy, that princess's boy, that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else —But there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Court of the Palace.

Enter CLEREMONT, DION, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.

Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady,
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind!

Thra. That man, that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature,[1] are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess's love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.

Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly. But how shall we,
If he be curious,[2] work upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter PHILASTER.

Dion. Here he comes.—
Good morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do,
Worthy your acceptation?

Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head,
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserved none? Know, my friends
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy), I could afford
To melt myself in thanks. But my designs

[1] *against their nature—i.e.* contrary to the nature of the discordant multitude.—MASON.
[2] *curious*—scrupulous.—WEBER.

Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they loved—
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest.
Dion. My lord—
Phi. Thou liest, [*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infections sin,
Not to be pardon'd. Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend
That comes to do his service, and will show
You why he utter'd this.
Phi. I ask your pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly;
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so!
Good sir, forbear to say so! 'Tis then truth
That all womankind is false! Urge it no more;
It is impossible. Why should you think
The princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! By Heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth, speak!
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou did'st! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?
Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distract;
I have an interest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you: I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!—
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves,
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man—

Enter BELLARIO *with a Letter.*

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. Oh, Bellario!
Now I perceive she loves me; she does show it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.—

Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her; or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life.
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you! I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
[*Draws.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do. [*Kneels.*
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods,
As chaste as ice. But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass[1]
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow; and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls; think but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more; something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st[2] me,
Let me not see thee.
Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be

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[1] *bulls of brass*—an allusion to the tyranny of Phalaris, who enclosed the wretches that had offended him in a bull of brass, and burned them alive.
[2] *tender'st*—lovest.

A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*
Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st!—Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, waked, talk'd;
How I remember'd him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at his stay.

Enter KING.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self. I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away! He has done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.
Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Show it in duty. Put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand we well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly. Do it! Farewell. [*Exit* KING.
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast[1] to sink it; and, defeated
(Soul-sick with poison), strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

[1] *cast*—contrive, plot.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.
Are. Oh, my dearest servant,[1] I have a war within me.
Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again, from what I was,
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me—
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The king.
Phi. Oh, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. [*Aside.*]—Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you?
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies?
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it, till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eyelids, making me dream, and cry,
'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!'
Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal.—Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and see his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,

[1] *servant*—lover.

That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom. Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting[1] with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: how that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit* PHILASTER.
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO.

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boys looks now!
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.
Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest[2] leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole,
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.
Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. What, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King. You are cloudy, sir. Come, we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit: here's none dare utter it.—
Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.
Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. Would he would leave off poaching!
Dion. And for his horn, he has left it at the lodge where he lay late.[1] Oh, he's a precious lime-hound![2] Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' th' slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.—
King. Is your boy turn'd away?
Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd you.
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.
[*They talk apart.*
Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve[3] in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.
Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest!
Thra. 'Troth no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.
Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh,

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[1] *For bursting*—for fear of bursting. It was vulgarly supposed there were places where no venomous creature could live, Ireland being one.—MASON.
[2] *latest*—last.

[1] *late*—lately.
[2] *lime-hound*—a sporting dog, led by a kind of thing called a *lyam*, or *lyme*; Fr. *limier*.—NARES.
[3] *sick man's salve*—See note 2, p. 199, col. 2.

there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.[1]

Cle. Sure, this lady has a good turn done her against her will. Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! We lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow[2] for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say,[3] for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets;[4] marry, the steward would have had the velvet-head into the bargain to tuft his hat withal. I think he should love venery: he is an old Sir Tristrem;[5] for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once, to strike a rascal[6] mitching[7] in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker,[8] i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh that I had been nourish'd in these woods,
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains[1]
Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body.—Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are grieved, can pity: hear, my lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone!
Go sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How, should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untried for me;
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,
I took thee up: [when first
Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears
Can work on any other, use thy art,
I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take,
That I may shun thee? for thine eyes are poison
To mine; and I am loath to grow in rage.
This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt* Philaster *and* Bellario *severally.*

Enter Dion *and the* Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You woodmen!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse, studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* 'Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter Cleremont.

Dion. Pox of your questions, then!—What! is she found?

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[1] *carriage*—baggage.

[2] *stone-bow*—a cross-bow, which shoots stones.—Dyce.

[3] *since he forsook the say* (*i.e. assay*). When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may cut up the belly, and take an *assay* of the plight and fatness of the game. But this Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings.—Theobald.

[4] *dowcets* or *doulcets*—the testes.

[5] *Sir Tristrem.* This hero in romance is reputed the patron saint of the chase.

[6] *rascal*—a lean deer or doe.

[7] *mitching* or *miching*—skulking, creeping, solitary. The reading here is doubtful: Dyce suggests *walking.*

[8] *firker.* To firk is to quirk, truck; here it is used in a bad sense.—Weber.

[1] *trains*—artifices.

Cle. Nor will be, I think.
Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms. When she has done we shall have peace.
Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter KING, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants.

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How is that?
Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lie?
King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!—
Sir, speak you! Where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and by Heaven,
It is thy last.—You fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me all; I am your king;
I wish to see my daughter; show her me:
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your king?
If 'ay,' then am I not to be obeyed?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou,
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; show her to me,
Or, let me perish if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life: go bring her me,
And set her here, before me: 'tis the king
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No, nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!
Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers that must be just.
King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me choose
My way, and lay it on.
Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them! [*Aside.*

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA.

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse,
He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! You should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my king.
King. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand there shall be no more Sicily.
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yet you may do well to spare your lady bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.
Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way;
Here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter ARETHUSA.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.
[*Sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO.

Bel. Yonder's my lady; Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity.—
Oh hear, you that have plenty: from that flowing store,
Drop some on dry ground.—See, the lively red
Is gone to guard her heart! I fear she faints.—
Madam, look up!—She breathes not. Open once more
Those rosy twins, and send unto my lord
Your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs!—How is it, Madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I pr'ythee let me go;
I shall do best without thee: I am well.

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act: hear me, you wicked ones;

You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What! before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.

Phi. I have done:
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust without control. Wilt thou, Bellario?
I pr'ythee kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you?

Bel. Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Be-
Leave me without reply; this is the last [gone;
Of all our meeting. [*Exit* Bellario.]—Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow. We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me, then, the way.

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand, [*Draws.*
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice!—If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest. I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!
[*Wounds her.*

Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loath to play half a dozen of venies at wasters[1] with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

Coun. God uds[1] me, I understand you not; but
I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman. [*They fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my lord!

Coun. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me. Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.
[*Exit* Philaster.

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, *and* Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I' faith she lies; he has hurt her in the breast; look else.

Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

Coun. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far. I made my father's old fox[2] fly about his ears.

Pha. How, will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick[3] to me,
And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love, I will.—Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear the wounded fellow to dressing.—Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt all but second* Woodman *and* Countryman.

Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *venies at wasters*—bouts at cudgels.

[1] *uds*—judge. (?)
[2] *fox*—broadsword.
[3] *quick*—alive.

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Another part of the same.

Enter BELLARIO, *and lies down.*

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!
[*Falls asleep.*

Enter PHILASTER.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her, that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathed villain. If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.—
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
[*Cry within.*
So broken.—Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
(*Wounds* BELLARIO.
Bel. Oh! death, I hope, is come. Blest be that hand.
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
Phi. I have caught myself: [*Falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers,[1]
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.
Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes. Who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts. Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her. 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation! What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The stream she had bestow'd; leaving me worse
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
[PHILASTER *creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the Lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramid,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not.—Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.

[1] *followers*—pursuers.

Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then show it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me. This had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em.—Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, *and a* Guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure
It was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us that.
Are. Ah me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised.
Phi. I was so.—Oh, my stars!
That I should live still.
King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou hast laid a train for thy own life!—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.
Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping. Grant me, then
(By all the love a father bears his child),
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.
Dion. Death? Soft! our law will not reach that for this fault.
King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.—
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.
Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.
Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

MESSINA. *The Court of the Palace.*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Thra. Has the king sent for him to death?
Dion. Yes; but the king must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.
Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.
Thra. Are all his wounds well?
Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.
Cle. We dally, gentlemen.
Thra. Away!
Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

The Prison.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.
Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.
Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario!
Leave to be kind:
I shall be shut from heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death; oh, show it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts. 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing!
Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear
To tell no hours beyond it.
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths.
Phi. People will tear me, when they find ye true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults!
Every just servant,[1] every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart
Will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
Your life no price, compared to mine? For love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.
Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

A State-room in the Palace.

Enter KING, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city,

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[1] *servant*—lover.

And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.
Dion. King, you may be deceived yet: [*Aside.*
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and, in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter PHILASTER, ARETHUSA, *and* BELLARIO *in a robe and garland.*

King. How now! what a masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the Sirian[1] star, and the fell thunderstroke,
Free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and deliver'd,
In thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns, and thistles, till the sun
Scorch'd them, even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it, in plain truth
(For now there is no masking in't) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband!
Call in the captain of the citadel;
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls. Blood shall put out
Your torches; and, instead of gaudy flowers
About your wanton necks, an axe shall hang
Like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Chaf'd among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are, living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) shall be able
To cover this base murder. Make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far outshine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something like
Yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing[1] the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen,[2] show your
In honour of your mistresses. [weapons

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!
Mes. Arm, O king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster. [*Exit.*
King. Away to th' citadel: I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exit with* ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO, *guarded.*
Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!

[1] *Sirian star*—*i.e.* Sirius.

[1] *Fearing*—Fearing for.—DYCE.
[2] *foremen*—see note 9, col. 1, next page.

Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lacks,[1] if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken skin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved[2] in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule[3] you *in sæcula sæculorum*,[4] my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What if a toy[5] take 'em i' th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry, 'The devil take the hindmost?'

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch[6] their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels; unless it be the goatish[7] Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the KING.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them; how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat. They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster. Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT.

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this. Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil[8] you every long vacation a brace of foremen,[9] that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce,[10] and hang him up for a sign.

Enter CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER.

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to. Take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speak this;
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens, *with* PHARAMOND.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on!
Let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother gibberish, of 'what do you lack,'
And set your mouths up, children, till your palates
Fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry
Philaster! brave Philaster! Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,[1]
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted[2] with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your brauch'd cloth of bodkin,[3] or your tissues,
Dearly beloved of spiced cake and custard,
Your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns,[4] tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,[5]
Up with your three-piled[6] spirits, your wrought valours;
And let your uncut choler make the king feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles,[7] cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you: these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist;[8]
And let a man-of-war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

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[1] *What-ye-lacks*—*i.e.* shopkeepers, from the phrase they used to passers-by.
[2] *graved*—Dyce reads *bawled.*
[3] *troule* or *trowl*—to push about the glass in drinking; here to sing, or push about the song.
[4] 'To all eternity.'
[5] *toy*—whim.—DYCE.
[6] *branch*—cut into branches or figures.
[7] *goatish.*—*Gothic* is another reading; *goatish* means rank, barbarous.
[8] *soil*—fatten.
[9] *foremen*—Dyce thinks this a cant term for geese.
[10] *sconce*—head.

[1] *clubs*—the favourite weapons of the apprentices.
[2] *Spitted*—grossly stitched.—COTGRAVE.
[3] *cloth of bodkin* (or *bandkin*)—the richest kind of stuff, the web being gold, and the woof silk, with embroidery.—NARES, who derives it from *Bagdad.*
[4] *Scarlet and John* were two of Robin Hood's favourite dependents.
[5] *duckers*—those who duck or bow, cringers.
[6] *three-piled*—applied originally to velvet, and used metaphorically for anything of superior quality.
[7] A *rose-noble* was a gold coin, originally struck in Edward III's reign, and stamped with a rose, worth 6s. 8d.; in our author's time worth far more.—WEBER.
[8] *foist*—a small vessel with sails and oars; *fuste* in French. The text evidently alludes to the Lord Mayor's, or any other barge gorgeously painted, in reference to the gaudy apparel and effeminacy of Pharamond. *To cry cockles*, according to Grose, is to be hanged. *Hull* means to float.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?
Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning, that you talk
No more such bug-words,[1] or that soldered crown
Shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood; or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.—Let him loose, my spirits!
Make us a round ring with your bills,[2] my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! Here I lie,
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)
I could hock your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd,
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.
Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?
1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir. We have not seen one for a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a sattin,
And between every flower a mortal cut.
Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen:
I'll have him cut to the kell,[3] then down the seams.
Oh, for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.
Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear, and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seel'd[4] up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See heaven, and think whither he's going. Nay,
My beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you. You would be king!
Thou tender heir-apparent to a church-ale,[5]
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet;
Thou royal ring-tail,[6] fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels.[7]
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.
2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.
3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college, and clap it upon the gate.
4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit[8] with;
For, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.
1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimmings of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2 *Cit.* He has no horns, sir, has he?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard. What wouldst thou do
With horns?
1 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made
Rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones,
If they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosiclear,[1]
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions[2] on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied; I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are. By the gods, I am.
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gumm'd golls,[3] and cry, 'We are your servants?'
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.
Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery. Set me safe abroad
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you.—Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you:
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,[4]
And mail you like a hawk.

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[1] *bug-words*—ugly words, calculated to frighten and disgust; same as *bug* in bug-bear.
[2] *bills*—pikes or halberds.
[3] *kell*—caul.
[4] *seel'd*—a term in falconry. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood.—THEOBALD.
[5] *church-ale*—a church festival.
[6] *ring-tail*—a sort of kite with a whitish tail.—THEOBALD.
[7] *donsels*—youths; old Fr. *damoisel*, low Lat. *domicellus*.
[8] *kit*—a small violin.

[1] *Rosiclear* was a knight of romance, brother to the Knight of the Sun.
[2] *murrions* or *morions*—steel caps or plain open helmets.—NARES.
[3] *golls*—hands or paws, which they gummed with some kind of perfume.
[4] *surcingle* generally means the cincture or girdle of a cassock, but Weber thinks it here means the hood in which the hawk was *mailed* or shrouded; Dyce thinks the Captain merely means to say he would pinion him.

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince! brave prince! brave prince!

[*Exeunt* PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cap. Go thy ways! Thou art the king of courtesy!—
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE V.

The Palace.

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, CLEREMONT, DION, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentlemen!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND.

Cle. My lord is come.

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten.—For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking.
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.

Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions! Hear me, sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.[1]

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[*Offers to kill himself.*

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No!—Help, sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there!
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts

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[1] *will sadly be denied*—shall be very sorry to be denied. —THEOBALD.

My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.
King. Walk aside with him.—
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.
Dion. By heaven! and so there is.
Bel. For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the springtime of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king
That I may 'scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? Shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman. Let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? That again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Bless'd be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
[Megra *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Though didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive,[1] I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow.
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her!
Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince.—When you come there,

[1] *apprehensive*—quick to apprehend or understand.—Weber.

Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A KING AND NO KING.

ACTED AT THE GLOBE BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER.

At London, printed for Thomas Walkley. 1619.

Dramatis Personæ.

ARBACES, *King of Iberia.*
TIGRANES, *King of Armenia.*
GOBRIAS, *Lord-Protector, and Father of Arbaces.*
BACURIUS, *a Lord.*
MARDONIUS, } *two Captains.*
BESSUS, }
LYGONES, *Father of Spaconia.*
Three Gentlemen.
Two Swordmen.
Three Men.
PHILIP, *a Servant.*
A Messenger.
A Servant to Bacurius.
A Boy.

ARANE, *the Queen-Mother.*
PANTHEA, *her Daughter.*
SPACONIA, *a Lady, Daughter of Lygones.*
MANDANE, *a Waiting-woman; and other Attendants.*
Two Citizen's Wives, and another Woman.

SCENE—*During the First Act, on the Frontiers of Armenia; afterwards in the Metropolis of Iberia.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Camp of Arbaces, on the Frontiers of Armenia.

Enter MARDONIUS *and* BESSUS.[1]

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We, that are commanders, shall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may. I had as lieve set thee *perdu*[2] for a pudding i' th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou would'st kill any man that stopp'd thee, an[3] thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they strake.[1]

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand. But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles[2] at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think it is a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. I famed? Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I am very heartily glad on't. I have been with thee ever since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Pr'y-thee, who fames thee?

[1] *Bessus* is by Theobald considered a fine copy of Shakespeare's inimitable Falstaff.
[2] *perdu*—from the French *enfans perdus*, 'forlorn hope.' Here it means in ambush.
[3] *an*—if.

[1] *strake*—old past tense of *strike.*
[2] *cruddles*—curdles.

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of[1] a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

Mar. Bessus' Desperate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Pr'ythee, who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldier.[2]

Mar. If I were not a very merrily disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field. Did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou com'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vainglorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, two Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory. Am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that placed me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? You are free as I.
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man I held worthy to combat me
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is
To take my only sister to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady, that the neighbour princes send
Blanks[3] to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes. She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since. Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is it the course of
Iberia to use their prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd; for in Armenia,
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering. Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vainglory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none! [*Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do. [*Aside.*

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast. After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
'Is well becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*

Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer,
I do insult. A lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spoke before, it strikes not me;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I insult
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn!
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness.[1] Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world.
Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,

[1] *of*—on.

[2] *The soldier*—*i.e.* soldiers or soldiery.

[3] *Blanks*—*i.e.* blank bonds to fill up with whatever conditions Arbaces may please to invent.—WEBER.

[1] *foulness*—ugliness.—DYCE.

And make no man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me. But you will think I brag.
Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions severed, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate. 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*
Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want; had she to tempting fair,[1]
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me;
I am not fickle.
Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight.
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.
You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.
Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.
Arb. Some two await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.

[*Exit* TIGRANES *with* Attendants.

This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.
Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.
Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done,
Hadst thou joined with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely; did I not?
Bes. An' please your majesty, I was afraid at first—
Mar. When wert thou other?
Arb. Of what?
Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.
Mar. Like a tailor at a wake.
Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at one time—by my troth, I wish'd myself wi' you.
Mar. By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' lists.
Arb. What to do?
Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipped up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.
Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?
Arb. Puff! Did not I take him nobly?
Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.
Arb. Talk enough!
Will you confine my words? By heav'n and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute. Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.—
Bessus, he said I bragg'd.
Bes. Ha, ha, ha!
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said I boasted: speak, Mardonius,
Did I?—He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by heaven—
1 *Gent.* So please your—
Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please—
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown
To talk but idly: let another speak.
2 *Gent.* I hope your majesty—
Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants. Throw your words away,
Quick, and to purpose; I have told you this.
Bes. An't please your majesty—
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never show'd me. And I want
Power to command too; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, propp'd by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventured lives?
Arb. Oh that thy name
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword,

[1] *fair*—beauty.

Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of. There, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The king rages extremely: shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.
2 *Gent.* Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Moved you like wheels; it moved you as it pleased.—
Whither slip you now? What, are you too good
To wait on me? Puff! I had need have temper,
That rule such people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death:
My words move nothing.
1 *Gent.* Must we go?
Bes. I know not.
Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this.
That you will be entreated from my sight.

[*Exeunt all but* ARBACES *and* MARDONIUS.

Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!
Mar. Sir.
Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.
Mar. Sir, shall I speak?
Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce entreat
What I would have. Do, speak.
Mar. But will you hear me out?
Arb. With me you article, to talk thus. Well, I will hear you out.
Mar. [*kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men I should have chose you out, to love above the rest. Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I should have done it, because I would have loved the most deserving man; for so you are.
Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe,
It shall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!
Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.
Arb. And so I will: speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.
Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.
Arb. Eclipse my virtues?
Mar. Yes, your passions, which are so manifold, that they appear even in this. When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing. But—
Arb. When you commend me! Oh that should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise, that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise,
I hug you! 'Tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death
From me! But thou shalt understand thy lies,
For shouldst thou praise me into heaven, and there
Leave me enthroned, I would despise thee though
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.
Mar. However you will use me after, yet, for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.
Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!
Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then you would shine indeed.
Arb. Well.
Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.
Arb. Why, now you flatter.
Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke. Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.
Arb. Is not material! more than ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius. It was nobly said;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!
Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.
Arb. 'Faith, but it is. But thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with love;
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately. Pr'ythee tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?
Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.
Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.
Mar. Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses,

I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, 'faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take 'm up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen *and* Bessus.

Mar. Your price?

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?

1 *Gent.* I think not.

Bes. He is, he is. We'll show ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bade you haste. Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

Bes. I know not that, sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. 'Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it; 'tis whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you. Do you see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my backbiters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty! [*Delivers a letter.*

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news. [*Gives money.*

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not,
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*

1 *Gent.* The king starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me. Be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast;
Which, once perform'd, oh! give me leave to stand
As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me!

Mar. This is strange!—Sir, how do you?

Arb. Mardonius! my mother—

Mar. Is she dead?

Arb. Alas! she's not so happy. Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hired a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath saved my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here. My sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender, spotless maid. She stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—
If I have lost the duty of a son;
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you[1] direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer. For, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my dangers off with mother's blood.

Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Another part of the same.

Enter Tigranes *and* Spaconia.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia?
What should I do?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that either loves me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That place their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

[1] *you—i.e.* you gods.

Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his. His will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see and like, I fear. Perhaps the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!
Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me, that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he would place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offered me.
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.
Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?
Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.
Spa. Why, I had rather lose you. Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie!
Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?
Tigr. There is the lady, captain.
Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship[1] for your fair sake.
Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.
Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more haste than I expected. He will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.
Tigr. He shall not do so long.
Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?
Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir; you shall call me what you please.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, *and* MANDANE, Waiting-women *and* Attendants.

Gob. My lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril if she make escape.
Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed. Yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.

[1] *courtship*—courtly breeding, the behaviour of a courtier.—WEBER.

Gob. So do I, my lord.
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her king; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think[1] the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears paid down his sins.[2] Mark how she weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think how this want of grief discredits you,
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.
Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urged
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about her. Should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me. If I seek to save
That life so loved, I lose another life,
That gave me being; I should lose a mother;
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!
Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know this fault
Is not in me as in another woman.
[*They walk apart.*
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it so.
Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believed?
Ara. I know it would not.
Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn,[3] and yet both die
Uncredited?
Ara. I think we should.
Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.
Ara. The king!
Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my power.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done,
I must preserve mine own;[4] but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.
Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive, to my disgrace!
Bac. My lord-protector, they say there are

[1] *think*—intend.
[2] *paid down his sins*—*i.e.* paid the forfeit of his sins, were sufficient to balance them.—WEBER.
[3] *torn*—*i.e.* torn to death, racked.
[4] *mine own*—*i.e.* Arbaces.

divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour. Received you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I am sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward. He did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter BESSUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector! From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

Gob. How does his majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him. Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health. Good captain, is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace? Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st: is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care; I'm glad that thou art
I pr'ythee is he so? [well;

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely.
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

Gob. You will be ready
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. [*Exit* ARANE.

Gob. Good Captain Bessus, tell us the discourse[1]
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I pr'ythee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth, and thus it was: they fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this: the enemy had made trenches—

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt,
Be much material to this business,
We'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I pr'ythee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: and 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I—

Pan. All this is of thyself; I pr'ythee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which, for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

Bes. Ay, but I—

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, 'Give the word;' when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping: but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us martialists, as, 'I will fight with you.' I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done—

Pan. He slips over all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me: 'Cosroes,' said I—

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lie.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. 'Captain,' said I; so 'twas.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she.—
Charge, will you come nearer the princess?

Pan. You are welcome from your country; and this land
Shall show unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome. You have got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal.

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her, and for her honesty. She came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from

[1] *discourse* was formerly used with great latitude. Weber says it here means transaction; but Dyce thinks it is equal to story, full particulars of what took place.

Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touched any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge whilst I live. Your grace shall understand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, Captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit* Bessus.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius. [*Exit* Bacurius.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for anything, and feels more heat
And cold within her breast than I do now
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: he writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a show,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I choose him.

Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours; if I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offered.

Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would he would seem less! [*Apart.*

Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and, more I fear,
Another lady will. [*Apart.*

Pan. 'Would I might see him!

Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are
I will attend you when it is his pleasure [great:
To see you, madam.

Pan. I thank you, good my lord.

Gob. You will be ready, madam?

Pan. Yes. [*Exit* Gobrias.

Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.

Pan. Sirs,[1] leave me all. [*Exeunt* Women.

Spa. I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant. [*Kneels.*
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should entreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then do not utter it.

Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it. I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Pr'ythee speak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: and so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire too, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer. If he shall woo me,
His worth may be such that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire: but when he sees your face,
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: for as fast
As oaths without a formal ceremony
Can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him (if I knew it sin
To love him) without passion. Dry your eyes:
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive
You are not what you seem: rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed it is not;
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.

Pan. Why, by me

[1] *sirs*—formerly used in addressing women as well as men.

You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can I will. Think not my birth
Or education such that I should injure
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded;
But when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

An open Place before the City. A great Crowd.

Enter three Men *and* a Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come! run, run, run!

2 *Man.* We shall outgo her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than carry women out fiddling to these shows.

Wom. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink! What to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places quickly; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man.* The man told us he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter PHILIP *with* two Citizens' Wives.

1 *Cit. W.* Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the countryl

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit. W.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit. W.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit. W.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit. W.* Wilt thou go with me down this summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit. W.* Alas, 'tis no place for us!

1 *Cit. W.* Why, pr'ythee?

1 *Cit. W.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit. W.* No.

2 *Cit. W.* No, truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit. W.* Nor milk, how do they?

2 *Cit. W.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit W.* Good Lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit. W.* Do they not? Alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, choose us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit. W.* By your leave, good people, a little.

1 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phil. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herself, then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box?

[*Strikes him.*

1 *Cit. W.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip!—Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit. W.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit. W.* As God save me, la, thou art as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou art at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit. W.* Well, slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit. W.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Flourish. Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and* Soldiers.

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expenses to maintain my war,
Is but a little word. You will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows. For ourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears;
And may you all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!

All. God bless your majesty!

Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1 *Cit. W.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit. W.* How he looks!

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tig. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me
To mean it so. If I have aught deserved,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Wherever there is sun. And yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too.
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbelieved a height, to fall

Beneath mine. This, inspired with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.
All. The Lord bless your majesty!
Tigr. So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vainglorious.
Arb. If there be anything in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out,
For I must leave you. And it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: else, my joy
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You show your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of anything, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!
[*Flourish. Exeunt* Kings *and their Train.*
All. God bless your majesty! God bless your majesty!
1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.
Wom. Ay, for God's sake. I have not made a fire yet.
2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.
3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.
1 *Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack,[1] you!
2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.
Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?
3 *Man.* Thou would'st be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.
[*Exeunt the* three Men *and* Woman.
1 *Cit. W.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come, Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?
2 *Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did he.
1 *Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?
2 *Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

IBERIA. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill.
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her. I must have her know
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What! will she marry with some slave at home?
Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like
Where you will have her. But, when you behold her,
You will be loath to part with such a jewel.
Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.
Gob. Sir, I know she is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.
Arb. Pish! Will she have him?
Gob. I do hope she will not.— [*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.
Arb. Were she my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say she's loath.
Gob. Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass; [*Aside.*
You know 'tis just.—She will not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me? Speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little scratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well: and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be ruled.
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her. Have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter one Gentleman *and* TIGRANES.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.
Arb. He's welcome.
1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princess wait
Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.—
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived
In a strange land, where mothers cast[1] to poison
Their only sons. Think you, you shall be safe?
Tigr. Too safe I am, sir.

Enter GOBRIAS, ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and* two Gentlemen.

Ara. [*kneels.*] As low as this I bow to you; and would
As low as is my grave, to show a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother. Rise!
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to show my duty and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins. Longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. [*Exit* ARANE.
Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return

[1] *halter-sack*—equivalent to 'gallows-bird.'—WEBER.

[1] *cast*—contrive, plot.

In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can show me. I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.
Arb. Ha?
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you. [*Kneels.*
Tigr. Will you speak, sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Show forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there!
Up, and begone; if you be'st love, begone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing-mother[1] in thy blood,
That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away!
Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so slow?
[*Apart.*
There can no falsehood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.
I would he would present me to her quickly.
Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger that may strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.
Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the earth:
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas!
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?
I bade she should be brought.
Mar. What, is he mad?
Arb. Gobrias, where is she?
Gob. Sir!
Arb. Where is she, man?
Gob. Who, sir?
Arb. Who? hast thou forgot? my sister.
Gob. Your sister, sir?
Arb. Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer, where is she?
Gob. Do you not see her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There? where?
Mar. 'Slight, there! Are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?
Gob. No, sir.
Arb. No, sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As hell! By heaven, as false as hell!
My sister! Is she dead? If it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see you are all mute and stand amazed,
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is.
I know she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die,
And she has taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, dost thou mean?
Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious: [*Apart.*
I cannot hold; I must present myself.
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder clap
Does one that is about to sin.
Arb. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister. 'Tis a lie,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheathe it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now. Is that my sister?
Mar. Oh, this is fine! [majesty,
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd. [*To* Bessus.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once. By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more.—
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this; and[1] 'tis damnation

[1] *laughing-mother*—Venus.

[1] *and*—and yet.

For me to do so.—You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blessed
That is so near you as your brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me.—No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.
Pan. I would I were past speaking.
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter. 'Tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray heaven it do!
Tigr. [*Aside.*] Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.—
[*Comes forward.*
Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you. We know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that misbecome your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? That's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it? Why, you brought me hither, sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps, I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Blest be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius!—You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with
Are like the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by anything.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,
Or that famed tyrant's bed.[1] Thou might'st as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee
To show 'em fire and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exit* TIGRANES, *led off by* BACURIUS *and* Gentlemen.
Spa. I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment. What shall become
Of me forsaken?
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?
Arb. By no means, Gobrias. I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself,
That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. [*Kneels.*]—Behold, I kneel to you:
Show a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.
Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did. You mock me now.
Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worst
Can happen to me.
Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in heaven.
Arb. Rise you then, too. Here I acknowledge thee,
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!

[1] The allusions are to the burning bull of Phalaris, in which he roasted his victims alive, and to the bed of Procrustes, who made all his prisoners fit it either by stretching them on the rack, or lopping off their feet.

Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frowned; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block. And when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!
Arb. Then thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin,
[*Aside.*
And foolishly entice myself along!—
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!
Pan. Alas, sir, why?
Arb. I must not stay the answer. Do it.
Gob. Good sir!
Arb. No more! Do it, I say!
Mar. This is better and better
Pan. Yet, hear me speak.
Arb. I will not hear you speak.—
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor!
Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.
Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The king is pleased with it.
Arb. Bessus, go you along too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long. But I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!
[*Exeunt* Gobrias, Panthea, Bessus, *and* Spaconia.
Why should You,[1] that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me! If my secret thoughts
Have ever harboured swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins.—
Where art, Mardonius?
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh no, 'tis past.
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.
Arb. I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never see
Me so again.
Mar. I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Bessus.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, 'Rail still.' Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd somebody with me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly. For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled[1] whipp'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company: and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgell'd me. Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved. A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account (worthily as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter the third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.
Bes. Good-morrow, sir.
3 *Gent.* I come to speak with you—
Bes. You're very welcome.
3 *Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he does nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.
Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all!
3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives him a letter.*
Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?
3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.
Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. [*Reads.*] Um, um, um—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction.*—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.
3 *Gent.* Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

[1] *You*—the gods.

[1] *baffled*—unknighted.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve. And I have a spent body, too much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit* Gentleman.

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living. I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles. I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, 'My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction.'—Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my Lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, Captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I pr'ythee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Best. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift.

[*Gives him his sword, with a knife in the scabbard.*

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives him back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit* Bacurius.

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eat my sword to a knife. How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence. Therefore I will outswear him, and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword. [*Exit* Bessus.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. I'll move the king; he is most strangely alter'd. I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i' their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why should I keep
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius.
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

Arb. I hope thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure:
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is: but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service: I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. Oh, say not so; you had an answer of all this before. Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee,
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange! Shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true! [*Gives him a ring.*
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her. Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That is all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been delivered with such caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet. Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope I do not, sir.

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And never rise again till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But, better than she does: another way;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me! Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as 'tis; I would desire her love
To do a sin that needs must damn us both,
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do it?

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it. But if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In such a cause to save my last life.

Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man, that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him.—Dear Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heaven grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince: but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more: for you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve you, and mend you.

Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act, yet who does know
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope I may; I pr'ythee leave me not.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. Where is the king?

Mar. There.

Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well. I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you!

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius; let him stay;
I have occasions with him very weighty.
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state affairs.

Mar. Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee. Wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you? By this air, I will do anything, without exception, be it good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; anything whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name a thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me.—
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner.

Bes. I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith!

Arb. Wilt thou? Dost thou make no more on't?

Bes. More? No. Why, is there anything else?
If there be, tell me, it shall be done too.
Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and may'st yet
Corrupt me further! Pr'ythee answer me,
How do I show to thee after this motion?
Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.
Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.
Bes. I feel no such thing. But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better.
Arb. Heaven forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away! [*Beats him.*
Bes. What do you mean, sir?
Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the deserts, where, 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent!
Bes. Good sir—
Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,
We kings could never act such wicked deeds!
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him; for him thou canst not spoil.
Away, I say!— [*Exit* Bessus.
I will not do this sin.
I'll press it here, till it do break my breast:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Apartment of the Princess in the Palace.[1]

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, *and* Spaconia.

Gob. Have you written, madam?
Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.
Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?
Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,
That if he be but gracious and receive 'em—
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful. Though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience),
All those contents your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, straight as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to understand it.
Pan. I believe it;
But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if anything I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story
With this hand to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good man.— [*Exit* Gobrias.
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. Oh, dear lady!
Pan. Pr'ythee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cured.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?
Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.
Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet a virtue,
No ill demand has issue.
Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the Prince Tigranes;
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.
Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little famed,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority.[1] But in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.

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[1] Dyce locates this scene in *A room in the house of* Gobrias.

[1] *That tame authority—i.e.* that can have any control over people in office and power.—Theobald.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!
Pan. Pray Heaven I find it! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Prison.

TIGRANES *is discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;
Thou hast deserved it. Couldst thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much loved thee, that, in honesty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgot the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as woman's! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief and that would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it.
[*Exit* BACURIUS.
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
'Would I were buried, or so far removed
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! for, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you:
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,
And only mighty in the wickedness
Of wronging women! Thou art false, false, prince:
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more!
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant
Than all ill women ever were together;
Thy faith as firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; and as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and broken.
The wind is fix'd to [1] thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any. Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh, oh!
Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it!—Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it.—He's ashamed!
Alas, I have been too rugged.—Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken anything,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.
I do and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe me.
Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous woman!
Spa. No more; the king, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?
Bar. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.
Arb. 'Tis well.—Royal Tigranes, health!
Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.
Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person. Your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy,
And shall not outlast two days.
Tigr. I thank you.
My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd for;
But I must bear it.
Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?
Bac. One of the princess's women, sir.
Arb. I fear'd it.
Why comes she hither?
Bac. To speak with the Prince Tigranes.
Arb. From whom, Bacurius?
Bac. From the princess, sir.
Arb. I knew I had seen her.
Mar. His fit begins to take him now again.
'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cured of this raging folly. Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting [2] prating peace is good for nothing: drinking's a virtue to't.
Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends. Why did you let her in?

[1] *to*—*i.e.* compared to.—DYCE.
[2] *pelting*—despicable, paltry.

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.
Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sir, tell truth.
Bac. I do not use to lie, sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think
This is no token, sir.
Mar. This combat has undone him. If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have a horseman's staff poked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.
Arb. I am trifled with.
Bac. Sir?
Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.
Mar. Now the clap comes.
Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And, durst a worse man tell me, though my better—
Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.
Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.
Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.
Arb. I say, sir, once again—
Bac. You may say what you please, sir—
Mar. 'Would I might do so.
Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,
This woman carries letters. By my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.
Mar. 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.
Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.
Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.
Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.
Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.
Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.
Tigr. Serve my turn, sir?
Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.
Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.
Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heaven she shall not! I say she shall not.
Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.[1]
Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.
Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them be prisoners, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.
Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.
Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would choose.

[*Exeunt* TIGRANES, SPACONIA, BACURIUS.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?
Arb. Dare you reprove it?
Mar. No.
Arb. You must be crossing me.
Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's,
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.
Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.
Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.
Arb. Why?
Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish follies, when I am dead? who shall put-to his power to draw those virtues out of a flood of humours, when they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again? No, cut my head off: Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse, and have your too self-glorious temper rock'd into a dead sleep, and the kingdom with you; till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter be everywhere about you, like your flatterers. Do, kill me!
Arb. Pr'ythee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me,
Wo't thou bear with me, good Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate; you may live to have need of such a virtue. Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.
Gob. My service, and this letter, to your grace.
Arb. From whom?
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and all beauty,
Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. [*kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.
Arb. Pr'ythee, stand up. 'Tis true, she is too fair,
And all these commendations but her own:
'Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell. Oh, my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart! How think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false!
Good sir, read her letter. [ARBACES *reads.*
Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He, that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.
Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty!

[1] *Termagant*—or *Tervagant*, Ital. *Trivigante*—was supposed by the Crusaders and romance writers to be a Mohammedan deity, worshipped by the Saracens, and was frequently represented in the old Moralities as of a most violent character; gradually it came to mean fiery and violent, but is now applied only to a scolding woman.

And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtue for it,
And me, though she were closer. She would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed, she would.
Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reason, make her know
Why she must live thus from you.
Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

A Room in the House of BESSUS.

Enter BESSUS, two Swordmen,[1] *and* a Boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Begone, child!
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.
1 *Sw.* We understand ourselves, sir.
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few,[2] is my honour.
2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.
But to your cause: be wise, and speak truth.
Bes. My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.
1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, sir: Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?
Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, my prince has beaten me.
2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case?
1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear.
2 *Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.
But how?—we cannot be too subtle in this business,—
I say, but how?
Bes. Even with his royal hand.
1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;
Besides two blows o' th' face.
2 *Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.
2 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as we swordmen say, had turn'd
The business. Mark me, brother, by a worse man:
But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favours.
This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.
2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.
Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?
1 *Sw.* There's another;
A new cause rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance;
The time, ten miles a day, I take it.
2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.
Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—
1 *Sw.* Be subject to it. You are wise and virtuous.
Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' sword.
2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding. We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly, and discreetly.
Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.
2 *Sw.* How far, sir?
Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:
My sword lost, but not forced; for discreetly
I render'd it, to save that imputation.
1 *Sw.* It showed discretion, the best part of valour.
2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty cause; pray ponder on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.
1 *Sw.* He has so, brother.
2 *Sw.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he set down here,
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.
1 *Sw.* I think it had been cowardly, indeed.
2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
He should have kick'd him after the delivery,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.
1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For, say that I were kick'd.
2 *Sw.* I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! You are merry.
1 *Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.
2 *Sw.* Let them put it
That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!
1 *Sw.* I do not say I was kick'd.
2 *Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.
You kick'd, dear brother!
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.
1 *Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.
2 *Sw.* The boy may be supposed, he's liable.
But, kick my brother!
1 *Sw.* A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my friend.
But to the boy. Suppose the boy were kick'd.
Bes. I do suppose it.
1 *Sw.* Has your boy a sword?
Bes. Surely no; I pray, suppose a sword too.
1 *Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant your boy was kick'd then.

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[1] *Swordmen*—men whose profession it was to instruct in arms, settle duels according to proper punctilio, assist the timorous, &c.

[2] *in few*—in few words, in brief.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be supposed still;
The word 'grant' makes not for us.
1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.
2 *Sw.* This *must* be granted, brother?
1 *Sw.* Ay, this *must* be granted.
2 *Sw.* Still, this *must?*
1 *Sw.* I say, this *must* be granted.
2 *Sw.* Give me the *must* again! Brother, you palter.
1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.
2 *Sw.* Brother,
I say you palter; the *must* three times together!
I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox[1] bites as deep. *Musted*, my dear brother!
But to the cause again.
Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!
2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.
1 *Sw.* A tall[2] man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity.
Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.
2 *Sw.* Forward.
1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.
2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed.
1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i' the beating, sir: I found it four days since.
2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore, indeed, sir.
1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.
2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch. Whose was the foot?
Bes. A lord's.
1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.
Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?
2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.
1 *Sw.* My reason now. The valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked
With pots of all size, daggers, stools, and bedstaves:
This shows a valiant man.
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money;
All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.
2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
Abide upon't, a very valiant man.
Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request
Your hands to this.
2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be.
Bes. Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the Lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my cause.
2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled;
Or there be those abroad will rule his lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *fox*—a common term for the English broadsword. See *Philaster*.
[2] *tall*—bold, brave.

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *at one door, and* GOBRIAS *with* PANTHEA *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[*Exit* GOBRIAS.
You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven
I could so bid you by another name.—
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.
Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?
Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.
Pan. Be it so; I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely. But I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.
Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?
Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As nature can make. Yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee. I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.
Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.
Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By heaven, 'tis true! believe it if thou canst.
Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe,
If you dissemble, be it on your head!

I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.
Arb. Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? Why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.
Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you!
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it. Know I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.
Pan. Heaven forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: for Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!
Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me
(Thy prayers are pure), that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending. If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.
Pan. Sir, I will pray for you! yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us;
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.
Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?
Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.
Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else;
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd. Let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be anything but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious[1] rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise. Brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so shall we.
Come nearer: is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. 'Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heaven.
Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.
Pan. True,
But for another. For the truth—
Arb. No more,
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie.
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we.
[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit Prince Tigranes, your noble master.
Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.
Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?
Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am ashamed! It is a business—
Mar. You seem a worthy person; and a stranger I am sure you are. You may employ me,

[1] *curious*—scrupulous, strict.

if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.

Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.

Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though she were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too; but this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus;
And, now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age. A pox upon him!
For that must be the end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir?

Lyg. No; 'would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.

Mar. I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves; and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth: this rascal
Fears neither God nor man; has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,
At least three hundred daggers set in's head,
As little boys do new knives in hot meat.
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows[1] in his forehead.
He is of so base a sense,
I cannot in a week imagine what
Shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure I have committed some great sin,
That this base fellow should be made my rod.
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter if you have not. If a laming of him, or such a toy,[2] may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it: we use him i' th' wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him; do as you shall find your temper; I must leave you. But if you do not break him like a biscuit, you're much to blame, sir. [*Exit* Mardonius.

Enter Bessus *and the* Swordmen.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?

Bes. Men call me Captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then, Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty, frozen slave; and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. [*Beats him.*] Thus, Captain Bessus, thus! Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he should indeed; he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward,
And such a one— [*Beats him.*

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir;
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. I know you dare lie.

Bes. With none but summer whores, upon my life, sir;
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.[1]

Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge: the Prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I used her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now.
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which she will testify, I am sure; if not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now, to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodness can forget twenty beatings. You must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. Yet I will see her; [*Aside.*
Discharge myself of being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.—
Farewell, captain.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. [*Exit* Lygones.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, your hands once more. I have been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent, has ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have kick'd his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let

[1] *stone-bows*—cross-bows.

[2] *toy*—trifle.

[1] Dyce reads, *Wash 'em and put 'em in again that will.*

him come, and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; these courses will undo him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

The Prison.

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king. I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.
Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty!
Tigr. What, good Lygones! welcome!
What business brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several businesses! [*Gives a paper.*
My public business will appear by this;
I have a message to deliver, which,
If it please you so to authorize, is
An embassage from the Armenian state
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.
Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?
Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well? [*Reads.*
Lyg. All very well.
Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father. It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me.
Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I?
Spa. Should it be measured by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate, unhappily,
Ere thou couldst go; 'would thou couldst do as well.
And how does your custom hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?
Spa. What do you mean?
Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps I can help you to liberal clients. Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it!
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.
Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.
Tigr. Speak; what is't?
Lyg. How has my age deserved so ill of you?
Methinks, my daughter
Might have been spared; there were enow besides.
Tigr. May I not prosper, but she's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen, I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou seest thy queen there.
Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen.
Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces; Now you talk idly.
Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? She had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away.
Shall she be a queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine!
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not, sir?
Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.
Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes[1] bear my body
Two hours together above ground.
Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.
Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent king.
Spa. Farewell, good father.
Lyg. Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lied that said so.
[*Exit* LYGONES.
Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it. Let that suffice.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

The House of BACURIUS.

Enter BACURIUS *and a* Servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS, *with the* two Swordmen.

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.
Bac. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' th' sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have beaten you,
But beaten one that will be beaten;

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[1] *kexes*—dry stalks, generally of hemlock; of course Lygones means his legs.

One whose dull body will require a lamming,[1]
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your swordmen:
What come they for, good Captain Stockfish?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are
Things fitter, I must confess, for anything
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:
What shall these billets do? be piled up in my woodyard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still; Heaven continue it!
But, for these gentlemen, they come—
Bac. To swear you are a coward? Spare your book;
I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide;
They come to vouch, under their valiant hands,
I am no coward.
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirrah,
Be wise and take money for this motion,[2] travel with't;
And where the name of Bessus has been known,
Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than
A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,
If you be thrifty, than your captainship,
And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,
Is this true?
2 *Sw.* It is so, most renowned.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
1 *Sw.* Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examined, from your lordship's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off.
Clean and sufficient. This, as our swords shall help us.
Bac. You are much bound to your bilbo-men;[3]
I am glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good
You would think on some way to gratify them;
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
2 *Sw.* Your lordship must understand we are no men
Of the law, that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for their pains.
2 *Sw.* Oh, lord! my good lord!
Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.
Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,[4]
Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?
[*Kicks them.*
1 *Sw.* I do beseech your lordship.
2 *Sw.* Oh, good lord!

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here!—
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.
[*Exit* Servant.
2 *Sw.* More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship.
Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.
1 *Sw.* O' this side, good my lord.
Bac. Off with your swords;
For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flay'd,
You rascals.
1 *Sw.* Mine's off, my lord.
[*They take off their swords.*
2 *Sw.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point. Now, when you please.
Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends;
You long for a little too?
Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.
Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mongrel?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't quickly.
2 *Sw.* [*Takes out a pistol.*] Here 'tis, sir; a small piece of artillery,
That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,
Sent me with, to get it mended, sir; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.
Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal?
I was never wearier of doing nothing,
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.
Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.
2 *Sw.* My lord, this is foul play,
I'faith, to put a fresh man upon us:
Men are but men, sir.
Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather thrash than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cried, 'Ho!' Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.—Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good breath. [*Exit.*
2 *Sw.* He has a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.
1 *Sw.* Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.
2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-foundred.
What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?
Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?
2 *Sw.* Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache;
Sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone.
1 *Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.
Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter:
Probatum est.
2 *Sw.* Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.
Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye;
And then let all the world come, we are valiant
To ourselves, and there's an end.
1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!
2 *Sw.* Oh, my small guts!
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *lamming*—beating.
[2] *motion*—puppet-show.
[3] *bilbo-men*—swordmen.
[4] *apple-squires*—pimps.

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolved: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: if they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine; I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
And end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cried 'dead' to something.
Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?
Mar. How do you, sir?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?
Why does your hand proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?
Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another:
Is Gobrias coming?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions then. Begone!
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd—
Arb. Mark less! it troubles you and me.
Mar. You are more variable than you were.
Arb. It may be so.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I pr'ythee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will speak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourself; I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.
Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius. Kill myself! by Heaven,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees: I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do. I shall come to't at last;
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.
Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.
Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.
Mar. I pray you let me see your sword put up
Before I go; I'll leave you then.
Arb. [*Puts up.*] Why, so.
What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys
For children to be pleased with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here: my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new,
For other fortunes; mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?
Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.
Arb. Go; thou art honest.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the king;
Now it is ripe.
Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!
Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?
Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.
Gob. How, sir? Have I preserved you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hardened murderers
Of infants and their mothers! Thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she loved me!
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbelieved affection,
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more.
I think thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lie.
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, sir, to die?
Arb. Why shouldst thou live? Was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.
Gob. Now is the time.—Hear me but speak.
Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,
And never gavest me warning. So much time

As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.
Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em:
If you kill me—
Arb. I will not stay then.
Gob. Know—
You kill your father.
Arb. My father? Though I know it for a lie,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very reverence of the word comes 'cross me,
And ties mine arm down.
Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again: I am thy father;
I charge thee hear me.
Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions! But another truth[1]
Shall be wrung from thee. If I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lies
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!
Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.
Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than anything!
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! [*Draws.*
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt! Though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why, you are his son.
Arb. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are.
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me:
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,
Show me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust, recompense thy deed!

[1] *another truth—i.e.* a truth of a different nature.—MASON.

Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.
Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that?
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel, [*Kneels.*
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last king, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injured me? Let fire consume me
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now. If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father. [*Lies down.*
I'll lie and listen here as reverently
As to an angel. If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our queen
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband,
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think she would not: if she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,
She hardly could have been. But yet her cunning
Found out this way: she feign'd herself with child,
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,
That so had blessed the queen; and prayers were
For her safe going and delivery. [made
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceived
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power increase, and was resolv'd,
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well! Nay, I will make
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can!
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you. This the queen hearing of,
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons
She showed me, as she knew well would tie
My secrecy. She swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.

That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was delivered of you. You grew up,
As the king's son, till you were six years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor, and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or anything rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now? Is this
If not, I will be still till I be aged, [all?
Till all my hairs be silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true, say you too, madam?

Ara. Yes,
Heaven knows, it is most true.

Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it?

Arb. Give consent!
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em.—All that wait without
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!—Oh, you are welcome!

Enter BESSUS, Gentlemen, MARDONIUS, *and* other Attendants.

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.

Mar. Is that so good news?

Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.

Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.

Arb. One call the queen.

Mar Why, she is there!

Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Pauthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces.—Go some one.
She is in Gobrias' house.— [*Exit* a Gentleman.
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of.

Mar. So it should seem.—My lord,
What fury's this?

Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.

Mar. 'Tis very strange.

Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me? I swear it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be.
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.

Mar. We will. But you are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?

Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.

Mar. Where?

Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness to lose thyself
For ever.—Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister: Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good Captain Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the swordmen, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved No King.

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he?—I know your business, good Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your business. You shall have
Your king again; and have him so again,
As never king was had.—Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.
[*Exeunt* two Gentlemen.

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.

Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. She is so. I could now tell anything
I never heard. Your king shall so go home
As never man went.

Mar. Shall he go on's head?

Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They belied this king with us,
And said he was unkind.

Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing: we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other.—See the virtuous queen!—

Enter PANTHEA *and* one Gentleman.

Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?

Arb. Grant me one request.

Pan. Alas, what can I grant you? what I can I will.

Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.

Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.

Arb. I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it strange,[1] at first,
To see the princess any more.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st.—Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!

[1] *made it strange*—made it a matter of nicety, scruple.

Tread on my neck: I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injured thee.
Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance
Than I my liberty.
Arb. May'st thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take then your fair one with you.—And you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine! Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me that I am proved No King!
[*Exeunt.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

London. 1613.[1]

PROLOGUE,

FROM THE SECOND EDITION (1635).

WHERE the bee can suck no honey, she leaves her sting behind; and where the bear cannot find *origanum*[2] to heal his grief, he blasteth all the other leaves with his breath. We fear it is like to fare so with us; that, seeing you cannot draw from our labours sweet content, you leave behind you a sour mislike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, because you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightness; and to breed (if it might be) soft smiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wise, to be a great pleasure to hear counsel mixed with wit, as to the foolish to have sport mingled with rudeness. They were banished the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hissed, that brought parasites on the stage, with apish actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtezans with immodest words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unseemly speeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or mistaking the author's intention, who never aimed at any one particular, in this play, to make our cheeks blush. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own censure, to like or dislike.—VALE.

Dramatis Personæ.

SPEAKER OF THE PROLOGUE.
THE CITIZEN, } *sitting below amidst the Spectators.*
THE CITIZEN'S WIFE, }
RALPH, *his Apprentice*, }
VENTERWELS, *a rich Merchant, Father of* LUCE.
JASPER, *his Apprentice.*
MASTER HUMPHREY, *a Friend to the Merchant.*
OLD MASTER MERRYTHOUGHT, *Father of* JASPER *and* MICHAEL.
MICHAEL, *Second Son of* MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT.
TIM, *acting as Squire* } *to* RALPH.
GEORGE, *acting as Dwarf* }
Host.
Barber.
Tapster.
Three supposed Knights.
A Captain.
WILLIAM HAMERTON.
GEORGE GREENGOOSE.
Sergeant.
Soldiers.
Boy, that danceth and singeth.

LUCE, *the Merchant's Daughter, beloved of and loving* JASPER.
MISTRESS MERRYTHOUGHT, JASPER'S *Mother.*
Woman Captive.
POMPIONA, *Princess of Moldavia.*

SCENE—*London, and the neighbouring Country, excepting* Act IV., Scene II., *where it is in Moldavia.*

[1] It is uncertain whether this excellent burlesque comedy was the joint production of both Beaumont and Fletcher, or whether only one of them should get the credit of it. It is generally supposed that the idea of the burlesque was suggested by *Don Quixote*. A. W. Schlegel calls it 'an incomparable and singular work of its kind,' and that although 'the thought is borrowed from *Don Quixote*, the imitation is handled with freedom, and so particularly applied to Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, that it may pass for a second invention.'

[2] *origanum*—wild marjoram.

INDUCTION.

Enter Speaker of the Prologue. *The* Citizen, *his* Wife, *and* Ralph, *sitting below the stage among the* Spectators. *Several* Gentlemen *sitting upon the Stage.*[1]

Prologue. From all that's near the court, from all that's great
Within the compass of the city walls,
We now have brought our scene—

Citizen *leaps upon the Stage.*

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!

Prol. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds[2] at citizens; and now you call your play *The London Merchant.* Down with your title, boy, down with your title!

Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Prol. So, grocer; then, by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? yes, sir; if you were not resolved to play the Jacks,[3] what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington, or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Gresham, with the building of the Royal Exchange? or the story of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London Bridge upon woolsacks?[4]

Prol. You seem to be an understanding man; what would you have us do, sir?

Cit. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you say to the Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Privies?[4]

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him—

Wife. [*Below.*] Husband, husband!

Ralph. [*Below.*] Peace, mistress!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant thee. Husband, husband!

Cit. What say'st thou, cony?

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Pestle, husband! let him kill a lion with a Pestle!

Cit. So he shall; I'll have him kill a lion with a Pestle.

Wife. Husband! shall I come up, husband?

Cit. Ay, cony.—Ralph, help your mistress this way.—Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife. I thank you, sir; so!

[Wife *comes upon the Stage.*

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm something troublesome. I'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen Jane Shore[1] once; and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchamps,[2] but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

[*Stools are brought, and they sit down.*

Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him. Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! Beshrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife.—Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a suit of reparrel,[3] and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged! [Ralph *comes on the Stage.*

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparrel. I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true. He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared, I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, 'Ralph comes, Ralph comes!' to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs.—Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the gentleman what thou canst do; speak a huffing[4] part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you, gentlemen? is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, Musidorus,[5] before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he should have played Jeronimo[6] with a shoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph! in, Ralph! and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lovest me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dress'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. The Grocer's Honour.

Prol. Methinks *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be so; begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down.

Prol. I pray you, do.

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[1] The practice of accommodating gallants with seats on the stage, is often alluded to in old plays; and they commonly paid from a sixpence to a shilling for a stool, according to the value of the seat.—Weber.

[2] *girds*—gibes, sarcasms. See note 7, p. 49, col. 1.

[3] *play the Jacks.* This seems to have been a proverbial expression at the time.

[4] They were all probably names of contemporary plays.

[1] There was more than one play referring to *Jane Shore;* this may refer to the one composed by Chettle and Day, acted in 1602.

[2] *the Bold Beauchamps.* This was one of the ancient heroic plays, probably now lost.—Weber.

[3] *reparrel*—apparel.

[4] *huffing*—heaving or swelling with anger, swaggering.

[5] *Musidorus*—a play printed in 1598.

[6] *Jeronimo*—the name of a play, said to be by Thomas Kyd, which was continually made a butt of by contemporary dramatists.

Cit. What stately music have you? you have shaums?[1]

Prol. Shaums? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he must needs have shaums. I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them.

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be. There's two shillings; lets have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit down then?

Cit. Ay.—Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

Prol. From all that's near the court, from all that's great
Within the compass of the city walls,
We now have brought our scene: Fly far from hence
All private taxes,[2] *[all] immodest phrases,*
Whatever may but show like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.—

Thus much for what we do; but, for Ralph's part, you must answer for yourself.

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll discharge himself, I warrant you.

Wife. I' faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* JASPER.

Vent. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new-cast thee;
Adding the trust of all I have, at home,
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours;
So fair were thy beginnings. But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge
To love your master's daughter; and even then
When I had found a wealthy husband for her;
I take it, sir, you had not. But, however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you're but a merchant's factor.

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labour hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back;
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consumed your stock:
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes:
She is private to herself, and best of knowledge
Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'Tis very well, sir; I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cured.

Jasp. Your care becomes you.

Vent. And thus it must be, sir: I here discharge you
My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son, I'll send for you. [*Exit.*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them that love.
Oh, you that live in freedom never prove
The travail of a mind led by desire!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Why, how now, friend? struck with my father's thunder?

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine?

Jasp. But yours, and only yours, I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!
In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

Jasp. You know my rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly;
Even as I love an ague, or foul weather:
I pr'ythee, Jasper, fear him not!

Jasp. Oh, no;
I do not mean to do him so much kindness.
But to our own desires: you know the plot
We both agreed on?

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.

Luce. I take it;
He must do miracles, makes me forsake it.
[*Exeunt.*

'*Cit.*[1] Fy upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a halfpenny, it there be not some abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to't; Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing—

'*Wife.* Let 'em brew and bake too, husband, a' God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are.—I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

'*Boy.* He will be presently.

'*Wife.* Now, I pray you, make my commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this stick of liquorice; tell him his mistress sent it him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, say.' [*Exit* Boy.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* Master HUMPHREY.

Vent. Come, sir, she's yours; upon my faith, she's yours;
You have my hand: for other idle lets[2]
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scattered, and no more. My wanton prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love,

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[1] *shaums*—see note 3, p. 64, col. 2.

[2] *All private taxes*—*i.e.* 'all private taskings,' or reflections on individuals.—WEBER.

[1] To distinguish the speeches of the supposed spectators from those of the real *dramatis personæ*, the former are included in inverted commas.

[2] *lets*—hindrances.

I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.
Hum. I thank you, sir,
Indeed I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle seem.
Vent. Oh, sir, I know it certain.
Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although, as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile I put
My love, more endless than frail things or gut.
'*Wife.* Husband, I pr'ythee, sweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beseech you, till I question my husband.
'*Cit.* What is it, mouse?
'*Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? How it behaves itself, I warrant ye! and speaks, and looks, and perts up the head! I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Master Moncaster's[1] scholars?
'*Cit.* Chicken, I pr'ythee heartily contain thyself; the childer[2] are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb—
'*Wife.* Ay, when Ralph comes, cony!—Well, my youth, you may proceed.'
Vent. Well, sir; you know my love, and rest, I hope,
Assured of my consent; get but my daughter's,
And wed her when you please. You must be bold,
And clap in close unto her; come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.
'*Wife.* A whoresome tyrant! 'hath been an old stringer[3] in his days, I warrant him!'
Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.
Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter LUCE.

Luce. Call'd you, sir?
Vent. I did;
Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward.—To her, sir!
My presence will but be an eyesore to you.
[*Exit.*
Hum. Fair Mistress Luce, how do you? are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little sister, and your brother?
And whether you love me or any other?
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered.
Hum. So they are,
Where women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant from the place we are in,
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?
Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?
Hum. Even that face;
For stealing rabbits whilome in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began—
Luce. Your game, sir?
Hum. Let no game,
Or anything that tendeth to the same,
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,
For whom I sate me down and brake my tiller.[4]

'*Wife.* There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, George?'
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I'm sorry for your losses;
But, as the proverb says, 'I cannot cry;'
I would you had not seen me!
Hum. So would I,
Unless you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood?
Send for a constable, and raise the town.
Hum. Oh, no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of constables, and put to flight
Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at night.[1]
Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 'twere good I yielded then;
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance.
Hum. Yield then; I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth, nor the dove's,
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipt about with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F S, which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and twopence or no money.
Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:
What would you more?
Hum. Nothing.
Luce. Why, then, farewell!
Hum. Nor so, nor so; for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part for what we met together;
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather!
Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms so brief.
Hum. I shall; then first and foremost, for relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now; for love hath toss'd me
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!
Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.
Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!
Hum. So it were, beshrew me;
Then ease me, lusty Luce, and pity show me.
Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Hum. The worshipful your sire will not deny me,
For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,
'Sweet Master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy bride.'
Luce. Sweet Master Humphrey, then I am content.
Hum. And so am I, in truth.

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[1] *Moncaster*, or rather *Mulcaster*, was appointed master of Merchant Tailor's School at its original institution in 1561.—WEBER.

[2] *childer*—this old plural of *child* is still in use in Scotland.

[3] *stringer*—same as *striker*, *i.e.* libertine.

[4] *tiller*—a cross-bow.

[1] This probably alludes to a custom of celebrating the vigil of St. John the Baptist after sunset, when, among other things, 2000 men perambulated the streets. —WEBER.

Luce. Yet take me with you;
There is another clause must be annex'd,
And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever 'joy me as his wife,
But he that stole me hence. If you dare venture,
I'm yours (you need not fear; my father loves you);
If not, farewell for ever!

Hum. Stay, nymph, stay!
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.

Luce. I am satisfied;
And so I give my hand. Our course must lie
Through Waltham-Forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us.. So farewell, Sir Humphrey,
And think upon your business! [*Exit* LUCE.

Hum. Though I die,
I am resolved to venture life and limb,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim.
[*Exit* HUMPHREY.

'*Wife.* By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe-leather. Well, go thy ways; if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy fault, faith.

'*Cit.* I pr'ythee, mouse, be patient! a'[1] shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for't.

'*Wife.* That's my good lamb, George. Fy! This stinking tobacco kills men! 'Would there were none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco[2] do you? nothing, I warrant you; make chimneys a' your faces!'

ACT I.—SCENE II.

A Grocer's Shop.

Enter RALPH, *like a Grocer, with two Apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.*

'*Wife.* Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph.'

'*Cit.* Peace, fool! let Ralph alone.—Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first. Peace! Begin, Ralph.'

Ralph. [*Reads.*] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, and clasping their helmets, galloped amain after the giant; and Palmerin having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, 'Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in the world,' and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall; so that the princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, 'All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me.'[3]

I wonder why the kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicler,[4] and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in quest of their knights.

'*Wife.* 'Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins[1] will come and snatch it from him.

'*Cit.* Hold thy tongue.—On, Ralph!'

Ralph. Aud certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts, to relieve poor ladies.

'*Wife.* Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.'

Ralph. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken knights in this age. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of 'wood, and a blue apron before him, selling Methridatam[2] and dragon's water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

'*Cit.* Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

'*Wife.* They go finely, by my troth.'

Ralph. Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant; I will be the said Knight—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurnished of his squire aud dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, aud little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed a Burning Pestle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

'*Wife.* Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.'

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle;* and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if she have her desires; if not, *distressed damsel;* that you call all forests and heaths, *deserts*, and all horses, *palfries!*

'*Wife.* This is very fine!—'Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

'*Cit.* Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.'

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking,[3] and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. 'Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding?'

Ralph. No! thus: 'Fair sir! the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle* commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsels, or otherwise.'

'*Cit.* Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!

'*Wife.* I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before;

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[1] *a'*—he.

[2] *tobacco.* At the time our authors wrote, *tobacco*, wine, and beer, were the usual accommodations in the theatre.—REED.

[3] This passage is taken, with some slight variations, from *Palmerin D'Oliva, the Mirror of Nobility, Map of Honour, &c., and most accomplished Knight in all Perfections* (1588).—REED.

[4] These were characters in the celebrated *Espeio de Caballenso*, one of the romances condemned by the curate in *Don Quixote* to the flames.—WEBER.

[1] *ettins*—giants. Anglo-Saxon, *eton, eoten;* Scotch, *eyttyn;* probably connected with Icelandic *jotun.*

[2] *selling Methridatam, &c.*—*i.e.* to houses visited by the plague. For *methridate*, see p. 230, col. 2, note 2. *Dragon's water* is a ludicrous mistake for *dragon's blood*, the gum of the dragon tree.

[3] *pricking*—riding.

all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?'

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

'*Wife.* That's a good boy! See, the little boy can hit it. By my troth, it's a fine child.'

Ralph. Relieve her with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my 'prentice, but My trusty squire and dwarf. I must bespeak My shield, and arming Pestle.

'*Cit.* Go thy ways, Ralph! As I am a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

'*Wife.* Ralph, Ralph!

'*Ralph.* What say you, mistress?

'*Wife.* I pr'ythee come again quickly, sweet Ralph.

'*Ralph.* By and by.' [*Exit.*

ACT I.—SCENE III.

A Room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter JASPER *and* Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mrs. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Thou art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts; I may curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own, and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, 'A merry heart lives long-a.' And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master, that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to 'bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it.

Enter MICHAEL.

Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees: thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. [*kneels.*] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me!

Mrs. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall never have my blessing; he shall be hanged first, shall he not, Michael? How say'st thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy!

'*Wife.* I'faith, it's a fine spoken child!'

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,
I must preserve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my master, nor return
To have your stock maintain my idleness.

'*Wife.* Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logic with his mother. Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

'*Cit.* If he were my son, I would hang him up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack!'[1]

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I must ever, though I never gain it;
And, howsoever you esteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in these veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I'faith, I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows), but I'll hamper thee well enough.—Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. [*Singing within.*] Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And who gave thee this jolly red nose?

[1] *halter-sack*—gallows-bird.

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my husband! he's singing and hoiting;[1] and I'm fain to cark[2] and care, and all little enough.—Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. [*Singing.*] Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

Mrs. Mer. If you would consider your state, you would have little lust to sing, I wis.

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? Thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto these forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and six o'clock,[3] I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever! Use makes perfectness; if all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

'*Wife.* It's a foolish old man this; is not he, George?

'*Cit.* Yes, cony—

'*Wife.* Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

'*Cit.* Ay, by'r lady, cony, hold thee there!'

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles, you promised to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you pay Jasper his portion; he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock. He says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly I think he ran away.

'*Wife.* No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

'*Cit.* Hang him, rogue! he served him well enough. Love his master's daughter? By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all, with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

'*Wife.* Ay, George, but yet truth is truth.'

Mer. Where is Jasper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive[4] him, he is too merry. Jasper! Michael!

Enter JASPER *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou runn'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years; hold thy hand: one, two, three, four,

[1] *hoiting.* To *hoit* is to caper, to indulge in riotous and noisy mirth. We still speak of a *hoity-toity* person. —NARES.

[2] *cark*—care.

[3] These were the dinner and supper hours in our author's time.

[4] *chive.* Weber thinks this may be a Somersetshire contraction for *shall have him.* However, it may be connected with *chevan*, to run away precipitately.

five, six, seven, eight, nine, there is ten shillings for thee; thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course. If Fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good husband; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father—

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone! Thou hast my blessing; thy father's spirit upon thee! Farewell, Jasper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)
Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [*Exit* JASPER.

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his blessing; thou hast my blessing; be gone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee. I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee.—Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, indeed will I.

Mer. [*Sings.*] Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You shall not think (when all your own is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [*Sings.*

When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

'*Wife.* I'll be sworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! [*Music.*] Now surely they go finely. They say 'tis present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks[1] before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George! [*Boy danceth.*] But look, look! here's a youth dances! Now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come.

'*Cit.* Peace, cony!—Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's wounds, an they do not, I'll tear some of their periwigs beside their heads; this is all riff-raff.'

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS *and* Master HUMPHREY.

Vent. And how, i'faith, how goes it now, son Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.

Vent. 'Tis well; it should be so: I'm glad the girl
Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl
From hence (and you must wink; for so, I say,
The story tells) to-morrow before day.

'*Wife.* George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue. Thou seest the poor gentleman (dear heart!) how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest. I'll go move the father for't.

'*Cit.* No, no; I pr'ythee sit still, honeysuckle; thou'lt spoil all. If he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening knock it up, and there's an end.

'*Wife.* I'll buss thee for that, i'faith, boy! Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.'

Vent. How was it, son? you told me that to-morrow
Before day-break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed:
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian,
The honest host of the red roaring Lion,
In Waltham situate. Then if you may,
Consent in seemly sort; lest by delay,
The fatal sisters come, and do the office,
And then you'll sing another song.

Vent. Alas,
Why should you be thus full of grief to me,
That do as willing as yourself agree
To anything, so it be good and fair?
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both; I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full. But tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

'*Wife.* God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! I'faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see a' has her, George; and I'm as glad on't!—Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man; I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I should say the suburbs too, I should not lie. Why dost not rejoice with me, George?

'*Cit.* If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i'faith.'

Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare:
(Help me, oh, muses nine!) Your daughter sware
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity;
Yet no one but myself within this city
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble science.
And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear?
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease; for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter, is like cordial broth:
And this it was she swore, never to marry,
But such a one whose mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away, through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham Forest.

Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love: proceed;
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, that makes three-score! [*Exeunt.*

[1] A *rebeck* was an instrument of three strings somewhat like a modern fiddle.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

Night. Waltham Forest.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.

Mrs. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot tell, unless we be at Mile-End. Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter. There has been a pitchfield,[1] my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed. My neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and killed them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother, forsooth!

Mrs. Mer. What says my white[2] boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up,[3] he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while he lives; let him stay at home and sing for his supper, boy.—Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks, indeed. [*Takes out a casket.*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold, by th' eye, my boy!

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have all, Michael.

'*Cit.* How lik'st thou this, wench?

'*Wife.* I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed-la; and I pray you let the youths understand so much by word of mouth; for I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise; the child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins,[4] 'twere worse than knot-grass;[5] he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Tim, *and* George.

'*Cit.* Here's Ralph, here's Ralph.

'*Wife.* How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say. It's a good boy! hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph. The gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a' God's name!'

Ralph. My trusty squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.
Where are we, or what desert may this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham Down, in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mrs. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betrayed, we are betrayed! here be giants! Fly, boy, fly, boy, fly! [*Exit with* Michael, *leaving the casket.*

Ralph. Lace on my helm again! What noise is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight? I will relieve her.
Go, squire, and say, the knight that wears this Pestle
In honour of all ladies, swears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that pursues her;
Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave knight.

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield;
And hold it while I swear: First, by my knighthood;
Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul,
My famous ancestor; then by my sword,
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;
By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour
The living trophy; and by all respect
Due to distressed damsels, here I vow
Never to end the quest of this fair lady,
And that forsaken squire, till by my valour
I gain their liberty! [*Exit.*

Geo. Heaven bless the knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen!
[*Exit.*

'*Wife.* Ay marry, Ralph, this has some savour in't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall. Call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I pr'ythee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums, and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lov'st me, George!

'*Cit.* Peace a little, bird! He shall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.'

Enter Jasper.

Jasp. Now, Fortune (if thou be'st not only ill),
Show me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,
And stand; this is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. O age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing, and this little coin,
Is my inheritance; a strong revénue!
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee:
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air
Breeds me a fresher fortune.—How! illusion!
[*Spies the casket.*
What! hath the devil coin'd himself before me?
'Tis metal good: it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.
[*Exit.*

'*Wife.* I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

'*Cit.* And good reason, sweetheart.

'*Wife.* But let him go. I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear, shall fetch him again with a wannion,[1] I warrant him, if he be above ground; and besides, George, here are a number of sufficient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself, and the

[1] *There has been a pitchfield*, &c. This must relate to some mock fight which was fought at Mile-End, where the train-bands of the city were often exercised.—Weber.

[2] *white* was then a common term of endearment.

[3] *snick-up* or *sneck-up*—hang himself.

[4] *gaskins, gascoynes*, or *galligaskins*, generally denoted wide hose, but was also used generally for trousers; the article is supposed to have been introduced from Gascony.

[5] *knot-grass* was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of a child.

[1] *with a wannion*—a common proverbial expression, the precise meaning of which has never been explained. Nares thinks it is equivalent to *with a vengeance*, or *with a plague*, and to be derived from Anglo-Saxon *wanung*, detriment, or *wanean*, to bewail.

musicians, if we be call'd in question. But here comes Ralph; George, thou shalt hear him speak an' he were an emperal.'

Enter RALPH *and* GEORGE.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?
Geo. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.

Enter Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, *and* TIM.

Ralph. Fair! and the Squire of Damsels as I
Madam, if any service or devoir [take it!
Of a poor errant-knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am prest[1] to give you succour;
For to that holy end I bear my armour.
Mrs. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have lost my money in this forest.
Ralph. Desert, you would say, lady; and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.
Mrs. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of your mastership, you look'd so grim, and, as I may say it, saving your presence, more like a giant than a mortal man.
Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they,
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?
Mrs. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you think, when he hath lost his inheritance?
Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity.
I have but one horse, upon which shall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous squire. Fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, Squire and Dwarf, to do us need!
[*Exeunt.*

'*Cit.* Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? By the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all cast their caps at him.

'*Wife.* And so they may, i'faith; for I dare speak it boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel; but, George, we ha' done our parts if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

'*Cit.* Yes, I warrant thee, duckling.'

Enter Master HUMPHREY *and* LUCE.

Hum. Good Mistress Luce, however I in fault am
For your lame horse, you're welcome unto Waltham;
But which way now to go, or what to say,
I know not truly, till it be broad day.
Luce. Oh, fear not, Master Humphrey; I am
For this place good enough. [guide
Hum. Then up and ride;
Or, if it please you, walk for your repose;
Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose;
Either of which shall be indifferent
To your good friend and Humphrey, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

[1] *prest*—ready.

Luce. 'Faith, an' you say the word, we'll e'en
And take a nap. [sit down,
Hum. 'Tis better in the town,
Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce. You're merry, Master Humphrey.
Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my dam.
Luce. Your nurse had the less labour.
Hum. 'Faith, it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did bewray me.

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!
Luce. Here, Jasper.
Jasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine;
What do you think I am?
Jasp. An arrant noddy.
Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell thy master, for I know thee well.
Jasp. Nay, an' you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that; and tell him, sir, I gave it;
And say I paid you well. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Oh, sir, I have it,
And do confess the payment. Pray be quiet!
Jasp. Go, get you to your nightcap, and the
To cure your beaten bones. [diet,
Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey!
Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and
A little oil of roses, and a feather [cumfry;
To 'noint thy back withal.
Hum. When I came hither,
'Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory![1]
Luce. Farewell, my pretty nump:[2] I'm very
I cannot bear thee company. [sorry
Hum. Farewell!
The devil's dam was ne'er so banged in hell.
[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* JASPER.

'*Wife.* This young Jasper will prove me another things, a' my conscience, an' he may be suffered. George! dost not see, George, how a' swaggers, and flies at the very heads a' folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his lesson for wronging this poor gentleman, I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him these fegaries.[3] He's e'en in the highway to the gallows, God bless him!

'*Cit.* You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

'*Wife.* Come hither, Master Humphrey. Has he hurt you? Now beshrew his fingers for't! Here, sweetheart, here's some green ginger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but a' has pepper-nel[4] in's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take the peace on him.

Enter Boy.

'*Cit.* No, no; you talk like a foolish woman! I'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him up well-favouredly.—Sirrah, boy, come hither. Let Ralph come in and fight with Jasper.

'*Wife.* Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy[5] boy.

'*Boy.*' Sir, you must pardon us; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

[1] *John Dory* was a character in a popular song of the time.
[2] *nump*—blockhead, numskull.
[3] *fegaries*—vagaries.
[4] *pepper-nel*—apparently a lump or swelling.—NARES.
[5] *unhappy*—wicked.

'*Cit. Plot* me no *plots!* I'll ha' Ralph come out: I'll make your house too hot for you else.

'*Boy.* Why, sir, he shall; but if anything fall out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us.

'*Cit.* Go your ways, goodman boy! I'll hold him a penny, he shall have his bellyful of fighting now.—Ho! here comes Ralph! no more!'

Enter RALPH, Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT, MICHAEL, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? Ask him if he keep
The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or else but prickant.[1]

Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman that this same night
Had stolen from me, upon yonder green,
My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.

'*Wife.* Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an' thou sparest him, Ralph, I would thou wert hanged.

'*Cit.* No more, wife, no more!'

Ralph. Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon! that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious knight.
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse,
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE.

Hum. Here comes the broker hath purloined my treasure.

Ralph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him.

Tim. From the knight that bears
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight!
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady.

Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his headpiece.

Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

'*Wife.* Break his pate, Ralph, break his pate, Ralph, soundly!'

Jasp. Come, knight, I'm ready for you.—Now your Pestle [*Snatches away his Pestle.*
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar's of.
With that he stood upright in his stirrups, and gave the knight of the calves-skin such a knock, that he forsook his horse, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet— [*Knocks him down.*

Hum. Nay, an' my noble knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go, I needs must run.
[*Exit.*

'*Wife.* Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jasper comes, Jasper comes!'

[*Exit* RALPH, *taking up the Pestle.*

Jasp. Come, Luce, we must have other arms for you;
Humphrey and Golden Pestle, both adieu!
[*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this springald![2] Why George, didst ever see such a fire-drake? I am afraid my boy's miscarried; if he be, though he were Master Merrythought's son a thousand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make some of them smart for't.

'*Cit.* No, no; I have found out the matter, sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we are here, he is enchanted: he could no more have stood in Ralph's hands, than I can stand in my lord-mayor's. I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet. Be no more vexed, for it shall be so.'

ACT II.—SCENE III.

Before the Bell Inn at Waltham.

Enter RALPH, TIM, GEORGE, Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT, *and* MICHAEL.

'*Wife.* Oh, husband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly hurt? The foul great lungies[1] laid unmercifully on thee; there's some sugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout with him.

'*Cit.* If Ralph had him at the fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school, he should ne'er come in my shop more.'

Mrs. Mer. Truly Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed-la, mother, and I am very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle dame, and you, fair squire!
For in this desert there must needs be placed
Many strong castles, held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

'*Wife.* Well said, Ralph! George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

'*Cit.* Yes, duck.

'*Wife.* I shall ne'er forget him: when we had lost our child (you know it was strayed almost, alone, to Puddle Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself, but for a sculler), Ralph was the most comfortablest to me! "Peace, mistress," says he, "let it go! I'll get another as good." Did he not, George, did he not say so?

'*Cit.* Yes, indeed did he, mouse.'

Geo. I would we had a mess of pottage, and a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed.

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

Geo. Take courage, valiant knight, damsel, and squire!
I have discovered, not a stone's cast off,
An ancient castle held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepared
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his guests:
The first, hight Chamberlino; who will see
Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd hams.[2]
The second, hight Tapstero; who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein.
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight,

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[1] *prickant*—pricking or spurring along on a journey.—WEBER.

[2] *springald*—youth.

[1] *lungies*—a long, awkward fellow.

[2] *Where never footman*, &c. This alludes to the running footmen, who, like the jockeys, were put upon a particular diet; and, in order to prevent cramps, the calves of their legs were greased, and to this the text refers.—WEBER.

Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.[1]

'*Wife.* That same dwarf's a pretty boy, but the squire's a groutnole.'[2]

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with stately lance!

Enter Tapster.

Tap. Who's there?—You're welcome, gentlemen! Will you see a room?

Geo. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair Squire Tapstero! I, a wandering knight,
Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness,
Am to this castle well by fortune brought,
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels, and all errant-knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* George, I would have something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

'*Cit.* What is it, Nell?

'*Wife.* Why, George, shall Ralph beat nobody again? Pr'ythee, sweetheart, let him!

'*Cit.* So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.'

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

LONDON. *A Room in the House of* VENTERWELS.

Enter Master HUMPHREY *and* VENTERWELS.

'*Wife.* Oh, George, here's Master Humphrey again now, that lost Mistress Luce; and Mistress Luce's father. Master Humphrey will do somebody's errand, I warrant him.'

Hum. Father, it's true, in arms I ne'er shall clasp her,
For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

'*Wife.* I thought he would tell him.'

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urged to me thy foolishness:
Why didst thou let her go? Thou lovest her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me; shall I tell you true?
Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue:
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,
He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

Vent. Get men and horses straight! We will be there
Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did swaddle;
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Vent. Meantime, I will go talk with Jasper's father. [*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that Master Humphrey has not Mistress Luce yet? Speak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

'*Cit.* No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jasper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

'*Wife.* Nay, George, you must consider Mistress Luce's feet are tender; and, besides, 'tis dark; and I promise you truly, I do not see how he should get out of Waltham Forest with her yet.

'*Cit.* Nay, cony; what wilt thou lay with me that Ralph has her not yet?

'*Wife.* I will not lay against Ralph, honey, because I have not spoken with him. But look, George; peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.'

ACT II.—SCENE V.

An Apartment in MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. [*Sings.*] When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.[1]

I have money, and meat, and drink, beforehand, till to-morrow at noon. Why should I be sad? Methinks I have half a dozen jovial spirits within me. [*Sings.*] '*I am three merry men, and three merry men!*'—To what end should any man be sad in this world? Give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, '*Troul*[2] *the black bowl to me!*' and a woman that will sing a catch in her travail! I have seen a man come by my door with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the street. I have look'd out of my window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London Bridge. 'Tis vile; never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work! his mind is on nothing but filching.

'*Wife.* Mark this, George; 'tis worth noting: Godfrey, my tailor, you know, never sings; and he had fourteen yards to make this gown, and I'll be sworn, Mistress Penistone, the draper's wife, had one made with twelve.'

Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at case,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes;
Or meets with aches[3] in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more he may.

'*Wife.* Look, George; how say'st thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? Now, God's blessing a'[4] thy sweet lips! when wilt thou be so merry, George? 'Faith, thou art the frowning'st little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

'*Cit.* Peace, cony! Thou shalt see him took down too, I warrant thee.

Enter VENTERWELS.

Here's Luce's father come now.'

Mer. [*Sings.*] As you came from Walsingham,
From the Holy Land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

---

[1] *And never grease*, &c. Alluding to a common trick of the ostlers at the time to prevent the horses from eating the hay.—WEBER.

[2] *groutnole*, or *groutnold*—thickhead, dunce.

[1] This stanza is from the ballad of *Fair Margaret and Sweet William*, in Percy's *Reliques*.

[2] *Troul*—pass about.

[3] *aches*, pronounced *aitches* here, as was frequently the case even down to last century.

[4] *a'*—on.

Vent. Oh, Master Merrythought, my daughter's gone!
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

Mer. Why, an' if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son
(Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him)
Has stol'n my only joy, my child, away.

Mer. He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have shown
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.
Mer. Your daughter? What a stir's here wi' your daughter? Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing—

Down, down, down; they fall
Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged sire!
Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes!
'And she once more embrace her aged sire?'
You'll make a dog on her, will ye? She cares much for her aged sire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy, for
She is, she is, she is,
She is my Lord of Lowgave's lassy.

Vent. For this thy scorn I will pursue that son
Of thine to death.
Mer. Do; and when you ha' killed him,

Give him flowers enow, Palmer, give him flowers enow!
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Vent. I'll fetch my daughter—
Mer. I'll hear no more o' your daughter; it spoils my mirth.
Vent. I say, I'll fetch my daughter.

Mer. Was never man for lady's sake,
Down, down,
Tormented as I poor Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye!
De derry down.

Vent. I'll be revenged, by Heaven! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II. [*Music.*

'*Wife.* How dost thou like this, George?
'*Cit.* Why this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.
'*Wife.* The fiddlers go again, husband.
'*Cit.* Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson gallows-money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark. If I hear 'em not anon, I'll twinge him by the ears.—You musicians, play Baloo![1]
'*Wife.* No, good George; let's ha' Lachrymæ!
'*Cit.* Why this is it, cony.
'*Wife.* It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth?[2] The confutation of St. Paul?
'*Cit.* No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

[1] *Baloo*—probably alluding to *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament*—'Baloo, my babe, lie still and sleep,' &c.
[2] *the cloth*—*i.e.* the drop-scene.

'*Wife.* Ralph and Lucrece? Which Ralph? our Ralph?
'*Cit.* No, mouse; that was a Tartarian.[1]
'*Wife.* A Tartarian? Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!'

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Waltham Forest.

Enter JASPER *and* LUCE.

Jasp. Come, my dear deer! though we have lost our way,
We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary
With this night's wand'ring, broken from your rest?
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkness of this wild, unpeopled place?
Luce. No, my best friend; I cannot either fear
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me:
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possessed with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.
Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever.—Come, sit down,
And rest your body, too, too delicate
For these disturbances.—So! will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are;
I know you are not skilful in these watches,
For women are no soldiers. Be not nice,
But take it; sleep, I say.
Luce. I cannot sleep;
Indeed I cannot, friend.
Jasp. Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses.
Luce. I'll sing, or say, or anything but sleep.
Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.
Luce. You mock me, Jasper.

SONG.

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love?
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire.
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile
Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove.
Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. Some love change, and so do you.
Jasp. Are they fair and never kind?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.
Jasp. Are they froward?
Luce. Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god
Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eyelids.
Luce. I am very heavy. [*Sleeps.*
Jasp. Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!
Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings,
Horrors, and fearful shapes! let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul
Gives to the senses!—So; my charms have took.

[1] *Tartarian*—a cant word for a thief.—WEBER.

Keep her, ye powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!
She's only fair and constant, only kind.
And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fulness
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And overcharge my spirits; I am weak!
Some say (however ill) the sea and women
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love, and present fear;
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men;
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times her constancy.—
[*Draws.*
Luce! Luce! awake!

Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distemper'd looks? What makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?—
I pr'ythee, Jasper, sleep; thou'rt wild with watching.

Jasp. Come, make your way to heaven, and bid the world,
With all the villanies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.

Luce. Oh, Jasper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Especially against the man I love,
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?

Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come; by this hand, you die!
I must have life and blood, to satisfy
Your father's wrongs.

'*Wife.* Away, George, away! raise the watch at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the justice for this desperate villain! Now I charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace kept! Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this, to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gentlewoman!

'*Cit.* I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have him hampered.'

Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me!
I am a woman made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes!
They shoot me through and through. Strike! I am ready;
And, dying, still I love thee.

Enter Venterwels, Master Humphrey, *and* Men.

Vent. Whereabouts?

Jasp. No more of this; now to myself again.

Hum. There, there he stands, with sword, like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise; for, were I good Sir Bevis,
I would not stay his coming. By your leaves.

Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!

Jasp. Sirrah, no.

Vent. Upon him then!

[Luce *is torn from* Jasper.

'*Wife.* So; down with him, down with him, down with him! cut him i' th' leg, boys, cut him i' th' leg!'

Vent. Come your ways, minion! I'll provide a cage
For you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away!

Hum. Truly I am glad your forces have the day. [*Exeunt all but* Jasper.

Jasp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die.—I cannot. Oh, my folly,
Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me, if thou be'st anywhere remaining,
Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die! [*Exit.*

'*Wife.* Is a' gone, George?

'*Cit.* Ay, Cony.

'*Wife.* Marry, and let him go, sweetheart! By the faith a' my body, a' has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 'twere an aspen leaf. Look a' my little finger, George, how it shakes! Now in truth every member of my body is the worse for't.

'*Cit.* Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse; he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers!'

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in the Bell Inn.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Ralph, Michael, Tim, George, Host, *and a* Tapster.

'*Wife.* Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? has the knight used thee well?

'*Cit.* Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone!'

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee
For comforting our souls with double jug!
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair!
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters, that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not bate a penny.

'*Wife.* George, I pray thee tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?

'*Cit.* No, Nell, no; nothing, but the old knight is merry with Ralph.

'*Wife.* Oh, is't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.'

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your squires will follow arms,
He shall receive from my heroic hand,
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer; therefore, gentle knight, twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap[1] you.

'*Wife.* Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earnest. Ralph shall not be beholding to him. Give him his money, George, and let him go snick up.[2]

'*Cit.* Cap Ralph? No, hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell! There's your money; have you anything to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph?

'*Wife.* I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take thy course, Ralph!'

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows abroad to cry our purse and our casket. Shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

'*Wife.* 'Faith, and those chilblains are a foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them; it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive.'

Mrs. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell. I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire!
If pricking through these deserts, I do hear
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile
Hath lit upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worship.
[*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance;
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell!

'*Cit.* Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.'

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant-knight may through his prowess win
Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and lingering pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his prowess, and come off with shame;
And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness;
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all errant-knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,[1]
Ycleped Barbaroso; in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he wears
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massacres,
And ladies gent;[2] without his door doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant spear;
At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,
And rushing forth brings in the errant-knight,
And sets him down in an enchanted chair:
Then with an engine, which he hath prepared,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,[3]
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him! Kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal cave
Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
That damned brood of ugly giants slew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will perform
This your request; I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay.
For this main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George! Set on; before march squire and page! [*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* George, dost think Ralph will confound the giant?

'*Cit.* I hold my cap to a farthing he does. Why, Nell, I saw him wrestle with the great Dutchman,[4] and hurl him.

'*Wife.* 'Faith and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were answerable to his bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two on a night met, and saw one another for nothing. But of all the sights that ever were in London, since I was married, methinks the little child that was so fair grown about the members was the prettiest; that and the hermaphrodite.

'*Cit.* Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better.

'*Wife.* Ninivie? Oh, that was the story of Joan and the wall,[5] was it not, George?

'*Cit.* Yes, lamb.

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[1] *cap*—arrest; abbreviated from *capias*, the technical term for an arrest.—NARES.

[2] *snick-up.*—See note 3, p. 298.

[1] *won*—dwell; Anglo-Saxon, *wunnian.*

[2] *gent*—gentle, noble.

[3] *bord*—probably the barber's basin.

[4] *the great Dutchman*—probably some well-known German fencer of the time.

[5] *Joan and the wall*—Jonah and the whale.—THEOBALD.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

LONDON. *The Street before* MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT.

'*Wife.* Look, George; here comes Mistress Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant. I tell you true, I long to see't.

'*Cit.* Good Mistress Merrythought, be gone, I pray you, for my sake! I pray you forbear a little; you shall have audience presently; I have a little business.

'*Wife.* Mistress Merrythought, if it please you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph have despatched the giant out of the way, we shall think ourselves much bound to thank you. I thank you, good Mistress Merrythought.

[*Exit* Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT.

Enter a Boy.

'*Cit.* Boy, come hither; send away Ralph and this whoreson giant quickly.

'*Boy.* In good faith, sir, we cannot. You'll utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hissed; and it cost money; you will not suffer us to go on with our plot. I pray, gentlemen, rule him!

'*Cit.* Let him come now and despatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

'*Boy.* Will you give me your hand of that?

'*Wife.* Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiss him. I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

'*Boy.* I'll send him to you presently.

[*Exit* Boy.

'*Wife.* I thank you, little youth. 'Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't.—Oh, Ralph's here, George! God send thee good luck, Ralph!'

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Before a Barber's Shop in Waltham.

Enter RALPH, HOST, TIM, *and* GEORGE.

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is.
Lo, where the spear and copper bason are!
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandering knights!
I dare not stay to sound; he will appear. [*Exit.*

Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear,
The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake
I take these arms; oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;
And in the honour of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster Barbaroso!—
Knock, squire, upon the bason till it break
With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[TIM *knocks upon the bason.*

Enter Barber.

'*Wife.* Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now, Ralph, for thy life!'

Bar. What fond, unknowing wight is this that dares
So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell,
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by Fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against ladies gent,
And errant-knights, traitor to God and men!
Prepare thyself: this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.

Bar. Foolhardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby[1]
This fond reproach. Thy body will I bang;

[*He takes down his pole.*

And lo! upon that string thy teeth shall hang.
Prepare thyself, for dead thou soon shalt be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me!

'*Wife.* To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

'*Cit.* Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! The giant lies open on the left side.

'*Wife.* Bear't off, bear't off still. There, boy.—Oh, Ralph's almost down, Ralph's almost down!'

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! Now have up again.

'*Wife.* Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!

'*Cit.* Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[RALPH *knocks down the* Barber.

'*Wife.* There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

'*Cit.* No, Ralph; get all out of him first.'

Ralph. Presumptuous man! see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee. The just gods,
Who never prosper those who do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my stiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad Avernus (whither it must go),
What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou hast the day.

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

[*Exeunt* TIM *and* GEORGE.

Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

Ralph. Thou show'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any:
Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

Enter TIM *leading one winking, with a bason under his chin, as prepared for shaving.*

Tim. Behold, brave knight, here is one prisoner
Whom this vile man hath used as you see.

'*Wife.* This is the first wise word I heard the squire speak.'

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been used,
That I may give him condign punishment.

1 *Knight.* I am a knight that took my journey post
Northward from London; and, in courteous wise,
This giant trained[2] me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder strewed,
That smarts and stings; and cut away my beard
And curl'd locks, wherein were ribands tied;
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipt),
Whose virtue is that till my eyes be wiped
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

'*Wife.* Alas, poor knight! Relieve him, Ralph; relieve poor knights whilst you live.'

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[1] *aby*—atone or pay for; from Anglo-Saxon, *abicgan*, connected with Eng. *buy*. It is sometimes confounded with *abide*.

[2] *trained*—drew, enticed,

Ralph. My trusty squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair knight!
[*Exeunt* Knight *and* Tim.

Enter George *leading one with a patch over his nose.*

Geo. Puissant knight o' th' Burning Pestle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scotch'd and scored in this inhuman wise.
Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this cave.
2 *Knight.* I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my [name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Lit at this cave; when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away,[1]
And in the place this velvet plaster stands:
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands!
'*Wife.* Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole and send him away; for in truth his breath stinks.'
Ralph. Convey him straight after the other Sir Pockhole, fare you well! [knight.
2 *Knight.* Kind sir, good night!
[*Exit with* George.
Man. [*Within.*] Deliver us! [*Cries within.*
Woman. [*Within.*] Deliver us!
'*Wife.* Hark, George, what a woful cry there is! I think some woman lies-in there.'
Man. [*Within.*] Deliver us!
Woman. [*Within.*] Deliver us!
Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? Speak, Barbaroso,
Or, by this blazing steel thy head goes off!
Bar. Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a tub that's heated smoking hot,[2]
There they may find them, and deliver them.
Ralph. Run, squire and dwarf; deliver them with speed. [*Exeunt* Tim *and* George.
'*Wife.* But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely, I am afraid, if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.
'*Cit.* Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert him.
'*Wife.* Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her (God bless us!) that had a giant to her son, that was called Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didst never hear it, George?

Enter Tim, *leading third* Knight, *with a glass of lotion in his hand, and* George *leading a* Woman, *with diet-bread and drink.*

'*Cit.* Peace, Nell, here comes the prisoners.'
Geo. Here be these pined wretches, manful knight,
That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.
Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this sad cave, and what your usage was?
3 *Knight.* I am an errant-knight that followed arms
With spear and shield; and in my tender years
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,
And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-street,[1]
And bore her up and down from town to town,
Where we did eat and drink, and music hear;
Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done
Another month, if you had not relieved us.
Woman. This bread and water hath our diet
Together with a rib cut from a neck [been,
Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare!
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!
3 *Knight.* This hath been all the food we have received;
But only twice a-day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us, through this same slender quill.
[*Pulls out a syringe.*
Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall go,
That useth knights and gentle ladies so.
Convey them hence.
[*Exeunt third* Knight *and* Woman.
'*Cit.* Cony, I can tell thee the gentlemen like Ralph.
'*Wife.* Ay, George, I see it well enough.—Gentlemen, thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and, I promise you, you shall see him oftener.'
Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.
Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou
Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform [swear
Thy promise uttered.
Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the Pestle.*
Ralph. Depart then, and amend!—
Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows towards his set,
And we have many more adventures yet.
[*Exeunt.*
'*Cit.* Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if they had been set on him.
'*Wife.* Ay, George, but it is well as it is. I warrant you the gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant.

ACT III.—SCENE V.

The Street before Merrythought's *House.*

Enter Mrs. Merrythought *and* Michael.

'But look, George, here comes Mistress Merrythought and her son Michael.—Now you are welcome, Mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.'
Mrs. Mer. Micke, my boy?
Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother?
Mrs. Mer. Be merry, Micke; we are at home now; where, I warrant you, you will find the house flung out of the windows. [*Singing above.*] Hark! hey dogs, hey! this is the old world i'faith with my husband. [If] I get in among them, I'll play them such a lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither again!—Why, Master Merrythought! husband! Charles Merrythought!

Mer. [*Singing at the window above.*]
If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,
And hollow, and laugh again!
And then cry, 'There boys, there;' why then,
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mrs. Mer. Why, Charles! do you not know

[1] Barbers were also the surgeons of the time.
[2] These patients were probably afflicted with the venereal disease.

[1] *Turnbull-street*—a street notorious for its brothels.

your own natural wife? I say, open the door, and turn me out those mangy compauions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow and fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myself (though I say it), by my mother's side, niece to a worshipful gentleman, and a conductor; he has been three times in his Majesty's service at Chester; and is now the fourth time, God bless him and his charge, upon his journey.

Mer. [*Singing.*] Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear:
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, Mistress Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forsake your husband, because he sings with never a penny in his purse; what, shall I think myself the worse? 'Faith no, I'll be merry. [*Singing.*

You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle,
Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,
Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble
'Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.'

Mrs. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? Am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? Have I not brought you children? are they not like you, Charles? Look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man! and yet for all this—

Mer. [*Singing.*] Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm;
Thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more wine! [*Exit from above.*

'*Wife.* He's not in earnest, I hope, George; is he?

'*Cit.* What if he be, sweetheart?

'*Wife.* Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant[1] old man, to use his bedfellow so scurvily.

'*Cit.* What! how does he use her, honey?

'*Wife.* Marry come up, Sir Saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! You are a fine man, an' you had a fine dog; it becomes you sweetly!

'*Cit.* Nay, prythee, Nell, chide not; for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian grocer, I do not like his doings.

'*Wife.* I cry you mercy then, George! You know we are all frail, and full of infirmities.—D'ye hear, Master Merrythought? May I crave a word with you?'

Mer. [*At the window.*] Strike up, lively lads!

'*Wife.* I had not thought in truth, Master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion, as I may say, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife. For your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yokefellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world; nay, she's your own rib. And again—'

Mer. [*Singing.*] I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay.

[1] *ingrant*—probably ungrateful.

'*Wife.* Marry, with a vengeance, I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman! but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith—

'*Cit.* I prythee, sweet honeysuckle, be content!

'*Wife.* Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born? Hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting. Now beshrew his knave's heart for it.' [Citizen *exit.*

Mer. Play me a light lavalto.[1] Come, be frolic; fill the good fellows wine!

Mrs. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not—

You are no love for me, Marg'ret,
I am no love for you.

Come aloft, boys, aloft! [*Exit from the window.*

Mrs. Mer. Now a churl's fart in your teeth, sir! Come, Micke, we'll not trouble him; a' shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth, that he shall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to Master Venterwels, the merchant: I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster; will not that do well for thee, Micke? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father! I'll use him in his kind, I warrant you! [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

Re-enter Citizen *with beer.*

'*Wife.* Come, George; where's the beer

'*Cit.* Here, love!

'*Wife.* This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen some beer, George. [*Boy danceth.*] Look, George, the little boy's come again! methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness[2] about his neck. George, I will have him dance Fading;[3] Fading is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother; now a' capers, sweetheart! now a turn a' th' toe, and then tumble! Cannot you tumble, youth?

'*Boy.* No, indeed, forsooth.

'*Wife.* Nor eat fire?

'*Boy.* Neither.

'*Wife.* Why then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points[4] withal.'

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter JASPER *and* Boy.

Jasp. There, boy; deliver this. But do it well.
Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it.
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment.

[1] *lavalto.* See note 1, p. 87, col. 1.

[2] *harness*—armour.

[3] *Fading*—the name of an Irish dance, and a common burden for a song.—NARES.

[4] *points*—tagged laces, used in tying any part of the dress.—NARES.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land.
Boy. 'Faith, sir, 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser. I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny. [*Exit.*
Jasp. Go, and be happy! Now my latest hope,
Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fix'd, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
You powers, that rule in men, celestial! [*Exit.*

'*Wife.* Go thy ways: thou art as crooked a sprig as ever grew in London! I warrant him, he'll come to some naughty end or other; for his looks say no less. Besides, his father (you know, George) is none of the best; you heard him take me up like a flirt-gill,[1] and sing bawdy songs upon me; but i'faith, if I live, George—

'*Cit.* Let me alone, sweetheart! I have a trick in my head shall lodge him in the Arches[2] for one year, and make him sing *peccavi*, ere I leave him; and yet he shall never know who hurt him neither.

'*Wife.* Do, my good George, do!

'*Cit.* What shall we have Ralph do now, boy?

'*Boy.* You shall have what you will, sir.

'*Cit.* Why, so, sir? go and fetch me him then, and let the sophy of Persia come and christen him a child.

'*Boy.* Believe me, sir, that will not do so well; 'tis stale; it has been had before at the Red Bull.[3]

'*Wife.* George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be very weary, and come to the King of Cracovia's house, covered with velvet, and there let the king's daughter stand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's house, and then let Ralph talk with her!

'*Cit.* Well said, Nell; it shall be so.—Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

'*Boy.* Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall hear them talk together; but we cannot present a house covered with velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

'*Cit.* Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

'*Boy.* Besides, it will show ill-favouredly to have a grocer's 'prentice to court a king's daughter.

'*Cit.* Will it so, sir? You are well read in histories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was not he 'prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices of London*,[4] where they toss their pikes so. I pray you fetch him in, sir, fetch him in!

'*Boy.* It shall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

'*Wife.* Now we shall see fine doings, I warrant thee, George.

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Hall in the KING OF MOLDAVIA'S *Court.*

Enter RALPH, TIM, GEORGE, *and* POMPIONA.

'Oh, here they come! How prettily the King of Cracovia's daughter is dressed!

'*Cit.* Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant thee.'

Pomp. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia; unto me, Pompiona,
His daughter dear! But sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness.
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,
For using errant-knight with courtesy!

Pomp. But say, brave knight, what is your name and birth?

Ralph. My name is Ralph, I am an Englishman (As true as steel, a hearty Englishman),
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strand,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

Pomp. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and Nipitato[1] call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your lips
To better Nipitato than there is.

Pomp. And of a wild fowl he will often speak,
Which powder'd beef and mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

Ralph. I am a knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.

'*Cit.* Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou canst.'

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms, and Susan is her name,
A cobbler's maid in Milk-street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.

Pomp. Happy that cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!

Ralph. Lady, farewell! I needs must take my leave.

Pomp. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost deceive!

'*Cit.* Hark thee, Ralph! there's money for thee. Give something in the King of Cracovia's house; be not beholding to him.'

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent.
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid;
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And there's another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horsekeeper,

---

[1] *flirt-gill*, or *gill-flirt*. *Gill* was a current and familiar term for female, as in the proverb, 'Every Jack must have his *Gill*,' said to come from *Gillian, i.e. Juliana.*—NARES.

[2] *the Arches*—probably a prison connected with the Court of Arches.—NARES.

[3] *the Red Bull*—one of the playhouses of the time.

[4] *The Four Prentices of London*—a play by Thomas Heywood.

[1] *Nipitato*—a sort of jocular title applied in commendation chiefly to ale, but also to other strong liquors. It seems always to imply that the liquor is peculiarly strong and good. Nares thinks it connected with *nappy*.

For 'nointing my horse-back, and for his butter
There is another shilling; to the maid
That wash'd my boot-hose, there's an English groat;
And twopence to the boy that wiped my boots!
And, last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Threepence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair!
Pomp. Full many thanks; and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.
Ralph. Advance, my squire and dwarf! I cannot stay.
Pomp. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* I commend Ralph yet, that he will not stoop to a Cracovian; there's properer women in London than any are there, I wis. But here comes Master Humphrey and his love again; now, George!

'*Cit.* Ay, cony, peace!'

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

The House of VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS, Master HUMPHREY, LUCE, *and* Boy.

Vent. Go, get you up! I will not be entreated!
And, gossip mine,[1] I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifts:
Come, they are women's tears; I know your fashion.—
Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key
Safe as you love your life.

[*Exeunt* LUCE *and* Boy.

Now, my son Humphrey,
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.
Hum. I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.
Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and thank you;
For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.
Hum. It were indeed; but shall I tell you why?
I have been beaten twice about the lie.
Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment. My daughter
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her:
We'll have no stealing for it; I myself
And some few of our friends will see you married.
Hum. I would you would, i'faith! for be it known,
I ever was afraid to lie alone.
Vent. Some three days hence then—
Hum. Three days? let me see!
'Tis somewhat of the most; yet I agree,
Because I mean against the appointed day
To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would speak with your worship.
Vent. What is she?
Serv. Sir, I ask'd her not.
Vent. Bid her come in.

Enter Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mrs. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I come as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf of this child.

Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?

Mrs. Mer. Yes, truly. 'Would I had ne'er seen his eyes! he has undone me and himself, and his children; and there he lives at home, and sings and hoits, and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not. And therefore, if it like your worship, I would entreat your letter to the honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapster, in some settled course of life.

Vent. I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers! Thy husband,
When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me;
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To show his love again, first stole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this gentleman; and, last of all,
Gave me that grief had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Relieved my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied; for I here profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mrs. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by that? Come, Micke; let him keep his wind to cool his pottage! We'll go to thy nurse's, Micke; she knits silk stockings, boy, and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all.

[*Exit with* MICHAEL.

Enter a Boy *with a letter.*

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this house.
Vent. How then, boy?
Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this letter.
Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?
Boy. From him that was your servant; but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead!
Grief of your purchased anger broke his heart:
I saw him die, and from his hand received
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

Vent. [*Reading.*] Sir, that I have wrong'd your love I must confess; in which I have purchased to myself, besides mine own undoing, the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness. Let my body (if a dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried, and withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy! JASPER.

God's hand is great in this! I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again. Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.
Boy. 'Tis here without, sir.
Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.
Hum. I'll be your usher, boy; for, though I say it,
He owed me something once, and well did pay it.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

Another room in the same House.

Enter LUCE.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted

[1] *gossip mine—i.e.* my daughter; *gossip, gossib, godsib,* Anglo-Saxon *godsibbe,* meant originally a sponsor in baptism and also a godchild, and generally a relation; *sib* is still used in Scotland in the sense of related.

Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures!—Thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, O Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend!
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say[1] to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress! Here's a boy hath brought a coffin;
What a' would say I know not; but your father
Charged me to give you notice. Here they come!

Enter two Men *bearing a coffin, and the* Boy. JASPER *laid out as a corpse within it, covered with a cloth.*

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater grief
To that great store you have already. Jasper
(That whilst he lived was yours, now dead,
And here inclosed) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes (though he deserved not pity),
To deck his funeral, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.

Luce. He shall have many.—
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved.
[*Exeunt* Coffin-carriers *and* Boy.
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With so untimely death. Thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving,
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me:
These are but sparing rites; but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together.

SONG.

Come, you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep and wring
Every hand; and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
[*She takes off the cloth, and he rises out of the coffin.*

Jasp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven!

Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no spirit:
Look better on me; do you know me yet?

Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!

Jasp. Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand!
It is the same it was; I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that's yet living, and yet loving!
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof
I put in practice of your constancy:
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body; for which boldness
Doom me to anything! if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce. This death I'll give you for it!
[*Kisses him.*
So; now I'm satisfied, you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend!
Why do you come thus to me?

Jasp. First, to see you;
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be;
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to 'scape.

Jasp. Nothing more possible. Within this coffin
Do you convey yourself; let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me;
Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,
That they may presently convey you hence.
Fear nothing, dearest love! I'll be your second;
Lie close; so! all goes well yet.—Boy!
[*She goes into the coffin, and he covers her with the cloth.*

Re-enter Boy *and* Men.

Boy. At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.
[*The* Men *carry out the coffin.*

Jasp. Now must I go conjure.
[*Exit into a closet.*

Enter VENTERWELS.

Vent. Boy, boy!

Boy. Your servant, sir.

Vent. Do me this kindness, boy (hold, here's a crown),
Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merry father, and salute him
From me, and bid him sing; he hath cause.

Boy. I will, sir.

Vent. And then bring me word what tune he is in,
And have another crown; but do it truly.
I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.

Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!

Vent. Farewell, Boy! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE V.

A Room in MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

'*Wife.* Ah, Old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let's hear some of thy songs.'

Mer. [*Singing.*] Who can sing a merrier note,
Than he that cannot change a groat?

[1] *say*—assay, test, trial; here it evidently means a subject for experiments.—NARES.

Not a denier[1] left, and yet my heart leaps. I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both my sons are I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper; yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the table at six o'clock; therefore, hang thought! [*Sings.*

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best,
And no work would I do.

This it is that keeps life and soul together, mirth! This is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em chuse! The best is, I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themselves. [*Sings.*

For Jillian of Berry she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell,
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

Enter another Boy.

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch. Boy, follow me; come, sing this catch. [*They sing the following catch.*

Ho, ho, nobody at home,
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none?
Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me. Let's change our place, and we shall laugh afresh. [*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* Let him go, George; a' shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' th' company, if I may strike stroke in't.

'*Cit.* No more a sha'not, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers.—Sirrah; you there! Boy! Can none of you hear?

'*Boy.* Sir, your pleasure?

'*Cit.* Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

'*Boy.* Why, sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that then?

'*Cit.* Why, sir, I care not what become on't! I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself; I'll have something done in honour of the city. Besides, he hath been long enough upon adventures. Bring him out quickly; or, if I come in amongst you—

'*Boy.* Well, sir, he shall come out; but if our play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*

'*Cit.* Bring him away then!

'*Wife.* This will be brave, i'faith! George, shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?

'*Cit.* No, sweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reasonable well in reparrel; but he has not rings enough.'

Enter Ralph, *dressed as a May-lord.*

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May;
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit-Head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the flock of gracious grocery:
And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded staff, and crossed scarf, the May-lord here I stand.
Rejoice, O English hearts, rejoice, rejoice, O lovers dear;
Rejoice, O city, town, and country, rejoice eke every shere!
For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,
The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport;
And now the burchin-tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry,
The morris rings, while hobby-horse[1] doth foot it featuously;
The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay.
Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood,
Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good!
Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd, do creep out of their shellies.
The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle;
The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle.
The heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the rascal, and the pricket,[2]
Are now among the yeoman's pease, and leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, O you, I say, of this same noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown,
With bells on legs, and napkins clean, unto your shoulders tied,
With scarfs and garters as you please, and 'Hey for our town!' cried.
March out and show your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon, or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty!

[1] *a denier* is a French farthing—half an English farthing.

[1] *hobby-horse*—one of the dancers in the old morris-dance, represented by the figure of a horse fastened round the waist of a man.

[2] *rascal, pricket—rascal* is a lean deer, and *pricket* a buck in the second year.

And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London,
Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Up then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-Maying.
With drums and guns that bounce aloud, and merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace,
And root out treason from the land! and so, my friends, I cease. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of VENTERWELS.

Enter VENTERWELS.

Vent. I will have no great store of company at the wedding: a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, stuck with rosemary.

Enter JASPER, *his face mealed.*

Jasp. Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too
Vent. Heaven bless me! Jasper? [late.
Jasp. Ay, I am his ghost,
Whom thou hast injured for his constant love.
Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, through the liquid air,
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face. But she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves;
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.
Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might I
Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost? [do,
Jasp. There is no means; too late thou think'st of this.
Vent. But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [*Exit.*

Enter HUMPHREY.

'*Wife.* Look, George; his very ghost would have folks beaten.'
Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress Luce.
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.
Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight, with thy fond passion!
Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Hold, my father dear!
For Luce, thy daughter's sake, that had no peer.
Vent. Thy father, fool? There's some blows more; be gone!— [*Beats him again.*
Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeased
To see thy will performed. Now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [*Exit.*
Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And Mistress Luce is gone! Help me, Device!
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion, in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. [*Exit.*

'*Wife.* George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither! I have the bravest thing for him to do.—George! pr'ythee, call him quickly.
'*Cit.* Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

Enter RALPH.

'*Ralph.* Here, sir.
'*Cit.* Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mistress, boy.
'*Wife.* Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-end[1] in pompous fashion, and there exhort your soldiers to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill, kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what person you represent.
'*Ralph.* I warrant you, mistress; if I do it not, for the honour of the city, and the credit of my master, let me never hope for freedom!
'*Wife.* 'Tis well spoken, i'faith! Go thy ways; thou art a spark indeed.
'*Cit.* Ralph, Ralph, doublo your files bravely, Ralph!
'*Ralph.* I warrant you, sir. [*Exit.*
'*Cit.* Let him look narrowly to his service; I shall take him else. I was there myself a pikeman once, in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank God, I am here. [*Drums within.*
'*Wife.* Hark, George, the drums!
'*Cit.* Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, tan! Oh, wench, an' thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go! Sa, sa, sa, bounce, quoth the guns! "Courage, my hearts," quoth the captains! "Saint George," quoth the pike-men! And withal, here they lay, and there they lay! And yet for all this I am here, wench.
'*Wife.* Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.'

ACT V.—SCENE II.

Mile-end.

Enter RALPH, WILLIAM HAMERTON, GEORGE GREENGOOSE, *and others of his Company, with Drums and Colours.*

Ralph. March fair, my hearts! lieutenant, beat the rear up. Ancient,[2] let your colours fly; but have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the death of many a fair ancient. Open your files, that I may take a view

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[1] *Mile-end*—then the citizens' training-ground.
[2] *ancient*—ensign.

both of your persons and munition. Sergeant, call a muster.

Serg. A stand!—William Hamerton, pewterer!

Ham. Here, captain.

Ralph. A corslet and a Spanish pike! 'tis well. Can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so, captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me.—'Tis with the weakest. Put more strength, William Hamerton, more strength. As you were again. Proceed, sergeant.

Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!

Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbour Greengoose; when was she shot in?

Green. An't like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.[1]

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed. Besides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh. And I tell you, moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox i' th' army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a paper? As I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial-court! You ought to die for't. Where's your horn? Answer me to that.

Green. An't like you, sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It like me not you should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you; I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you, no more on't. Stand, till I view you all. What's become o' th' nose of your flask?

1 *Sol.* Indeed-la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge. Where's the stone[2] of this piece?

2 *Sol.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again. You want a nose, and you a stone; sergeant, take a note on't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march! [*They march.*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files; as you were! faces about! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah; it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now; advance your pikes; stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day from the shops of security, and the counters of content, to measure out in these furious fields honour by the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns; for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's cart is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience; neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is everywhere:

I speak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you shall see
(I do not doubt it), and that very shortly,
Your loving wives again, and your sweet children,
Whose care doth bear you company in baskets
Remember then whose cause you have in hand,
And, like a sort[1] of true-born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.
I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

All. Saint George, Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

'*Wife.* 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll send thee a cold capon a-field, and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myself to see thee.

'*Cit.* Nell, the boy hath deceived me much! I did not think it had been in him. He has performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the gallifoist,[2] or I'll want my will.'

[1] *audacity*—boldness, bravery.
[2] *stone*—*i.e.* flint.

ACT V.—SCENE III.

A Room in Old MERRYTHOUGHT'S *House.*

Enter Old MERRYTHOUGHT.

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop,[3] boys? Care, live with cats: I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing, [*Sings.*

Come no more there, boys, come no more there:
For we shall never whilst we live come any more there.

Enter a Boy, *and two* Men *bringing in the coffin, with* LUCE *in it.*

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it,
Whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Mer. Oh the mimon round,
Full long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it.

Mer. Dead? Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter JASPER.

Jasp. Then I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jasper's ghost? [*Sings.*

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon;
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done.

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, sir.

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost! [*Sings.*

And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir! [*Opens the coffin.*

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith?

[1] *sort*—lot, company.
[2] *gallifoist*—the Lord Mayor's barge.
[3] *stoop* or *stoup*—a drinking vessel.

Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL *within.*

Mrs. Mer. What, Master Merrythought! will you not let's in? What do you think shall become of us?

Mer. What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mrs. Mer. You know me well enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. [*sings.*] And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey down, down!
And some did loudly say,
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away.

Mrs. Mer. You will not have us starve here, will you, Master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she's my mother:
If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master Merrythought,
Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mrs. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, will you be a vex'd thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; but you shall sing before you enter; therefore despatch your song, and so come in.

Mrs. Mer. Well, you must have your will, when all's done.—Micke, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but 'A Lady's Daughter of Paris,' properly. [*Sings within.*

It was a lady's daughter, &c.

Enter Mrs. MERRYTHOUGHT *and* MICHAEL.

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-Maying—

Vent. [*Within.*] Are you within, sir? Master Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice; good sir, go hold him
In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into
Some inward room. [*Exit with* LUCE.

Mer. What are you? are you merry?
You must be very merry, if you enter.

Vent. I am, sir.

Mer. Sing then.

Vent. Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer. Sing, I say,
Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Vent. Well, sir, I'll sing. [*Sings.*

Fortune my foe, &c.

Enter VENTERWELS.

Mer. You're welcome, sir; you're welcome!
You see your entertainment; pray you be merry.

Vent. Oh, Master Merrythought, I'm come to ask you
Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you,
And your most virtuous son; they are infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which just Heaven hath giv'n me punishment
More than my age can carry; his wand'ring spirit,
Not yet at rest, pursues me everywhere,
Crying, 'I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.'
My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living,
Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh, Master Merrythought, these are the weights
Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir.

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be merry!
And if the wag in's lifetime play'd the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Vent. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Vent. I do, sir;
Now, by my soul, I do.

Mer. [*sings.*] With that came out his paramour;
She was as white as the lily flower.
Hey troul, troly, loly!

Enter LUCE *and* JASPER.

With that came out her own dear knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, &c.

Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together; there's no more to be said i' th' matter.

Vent. I do, I do.

'*Cit.* I do not like this: peace, boys! Hear me, one of you! everybody's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.

'*Boy.* 'Tis long of yourself, sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

'*Cit.* Ralph, come away! Make [an end] on him, as you have done of the rest, boys; come!

'*Wife.* Now, good husband, let him come out and die.

'*Cit.* He shall, Nell.—Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy.

'*Boy.* 'Twill be very unfit he should die, sir, upon no occasion; and in a comedy too.

'*Cit.* Take you no care of that, Sir Boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead?—Come away, Ralph!'

Enter RALPH, *with a forked arrow through his head.*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive corps
Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;
Where sitting, I espied a lovely dame,
Whose master wrought with lingell[1] and with awl,
And underground he vamped many a boot:
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig,
To follow feats of arms in warlike wise,
Through Waltham Desert, where I did perform
Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant,
And all his captives soon set at liberty.
Then honour prick'd me from my native soil
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;
But yet proved constant to the black-thumb'd maid,
Susan, and scorn'd Pompiona's love;
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her father's officers.
I then returned home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May; where I did flourish it,
With scarfs and rings, and poesy in my hand.
After this action I preferred was,
And chosen city-captain at Mile-end,
With hat and feather, and with leading staff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off clear,
Save one man that bewrayed him with the noise.
But all these things I Ralph did undertake,
Only for my beloved Susan's sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my shop
With apron blue, Death came into my stall

[1] *lingell*—a shoemaker's thread.

To cheapen *aquavitæ;* but ere I
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an instant vanished away.
'*Cit.* 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith!'
Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in hand,
And walked into Moorfields to cool myself;
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And shot this forked arrow through my head;
And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellows every one, of forked heads!
Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!
Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity;
(My pain increaseth) I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs;
Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall!
I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!
Oh, oh, oh, &c.
'*Wife.* Well said, Ralph! Do your obeisance to the gentlemen, and go your ways. Well said, Ralph!' [*Exit* Ralph.
Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart without a song.
Vent. A good motion.
Mer. Strike up then!

SONG.

Better music ne'er was known,
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now!
Sing, though before the hour of dying;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
'Heyho, 'tis nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth.' [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'*Cit.* Come, Nell, shall we go? the play's done.
'*Wife.* Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I'll speak to these gentlemen first.—I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child! and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you; for truly I hope you do like the youth; but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own discretions whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and, whilst, you shall do what you will.—I thank you, with all my heart. God give you good night!—Come, George.' [*Exeunt.*

JOHN WEBSTER.

[In the case of nearly every one of the dramatists already noticed, we have had to lament the scantiness of biographical materials; but in no instance is this scantiness more lamentable than in the case of the 'noble-minded' John Webster. Regarding this author, nearly all that is known for certain is, that he was contemporary with most of the dramatists already mentioned, and that he wrote certain dramas of a high order, some of which are still extant. On the title-page of one of his works he is styled 'merchant-tailor,' and in the dedication to the same work he describes himself as 'one born free of the Merchant-Tailors' Company.' Gildon, who wrote about 1698, asserts that Webster was clerk of the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; but Dyce, after careful search of the registers and other documents relating to that church, could not find the dramatist's name mentioned. The same industrious editor found the names of three John Websters who had been made free of Merchant-Tailors' Company between 1571 and 1617, but none of these can be identified with the dramatist. It has also been conjectured that, like many of his contemporaries, he was an actor as well as a writer of plays. This exhausts nearly all that is known or has been conjectured concerning this shadowy but highly-gifted dramatist, except the allusions made to him in Henslowe's diary, the first of which occurrs in 1601 in connection with a play entitled *The Guise;* but whether this was a work of Webster's own, or an old play which he had 'doctored' for the stage, it is now impossible to say. To be as definite as we dare, we may state that Professor Masson gives the dates of Webster's life and death approximately as 1570–1640.

Webster wrote a number of dramas in conjunction with some of his contemporaries. In 1607 were printed *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyatt*, *Westward Hoe*, and *Northward Hoe*, the joint productions of Webster and Decker. The extant dramas undoubtedly Webster's own are *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona* (printed 1612); *The Duchess of Malfi* (published 1623, but first produced about 1616); *The Devil's Law Case* (1623); *Appius and Virginia* (first printed in 1654). All who have written on the subject agree in placing Webster in the very highest rank of the second-rate dramatists, *i.e.* of all those inferior to Shakespeare. His two tragedies, *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi*, are by far his best; and, according to Hazlitt, 'upon the whole, perhaps, come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record.' Webster's genius was of a weird, gloomy, morbid cast, like Marlowe's raised to a higher power; his works are full of rich but 'terrible graces.' Comparing Webster with Decker, Hazlitt says: 'Webster gives more scope to the various combinations and changeable aspects [of the simple uncompounded elements of nature and passion], brings them into dramatic play by contrast and comparisons, flings them into a state of confusion by a kindled fancy, makes them describe a wider arc of oscillation from the impulse of unbridled passion, and carries both terror and pity to a more painful and sometimes unwarrantable excess.' Webster delights 'to suggest horrible imaginings,' and to 'adorn his sentiments with some image of tender and awful beauty.' We have selected as a specimen of Webster's dramas, *The Duchess of Malfi*, in speaking of which Charles Lamb says, the duchess 'has lived among horrors till she has become "native and endowed into that element." She speaks the dialect of despair; her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls of hell. To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear; to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeits; this only a Webster can do.']

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUCHESS OF MALFI.

AS IT WAS PRESENTED PRIVATELY AT THE BLACK FRIARS, AND PUBLICLY AT THE GLOBE, BY THE KING'S MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

The perfect and exact copy, with diverse things printed that the length of the play would not bear in the presentment.

WRITTEN BY JOHN WEBSTER.

London. 1623.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE HARDING,

BARON BERKELEY, OF BERKELEY CASTLE, AND KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE CHARLES.

My Noble Lord,—That I may present my excuse why, being a stranger to your lordship, I offer this poem to your patronage, I plead this warrant:—men who never saw the sea, yet desire to behold that regiment of waters, choose some eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it were, their conduct or postilion: by the like ingenious means has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who, both in contemplation and practice, owe to your honour their clearest service. I do not altogether look up at your title; the ancientest nobility being but a relic of time past, and the truest honour indeed being for a man to confer honour on himself, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall make you arrive at the dignity of a great example. I am confident this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal; for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper, when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding-sheets. The like courtesy from your lordship shall make you live in your grave, and laurel spring out of it, when the ignorant scorners of the Muses, that like worms in libraries seem to live only to destroy learning, shall wither neglected and forgotten. This work and myself I humbly present to your approved censure,[1] it being the utmost of my wishes to have your honourable self my weighty and perspicuous comment; which grace so done me shall ever be acknowledged

By your lordship's

in all duty and observance,

John Webster.

[1] *censure*—judgment, criticism; from Lat. *censeo*, to think, judge.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ferdinand, *Duke of Calabria.*
Cardinal, *his Brother.*
Antonio Bologna, *Steward of the Household to the Duchess.*
Delio, *his Friend.*
Daniel de Bosola, *Gentleman of the Horse to the Duchess.*
Castruccio, *an old Lord.*
Marquis of Pescara.
Count Malatesti.
Lord Roderigo.
Silvio.

Lord Grisolan.
Doctor.
The Several Madmen.

Duchess of Malfi.
Cariola, *her Woman.*
Julia, *Castruccio's Wife, and the Cardinal's Mistress.*
Old Lady.

Court Officers, Three Young Children, Two Pilgrims, Ladies, &c.

Scene—*Italy.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Del. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio;
You have been long in France, and you return
A very formal Frenchman in your habit:
How do you like the French court?

Ant. I admire it:
In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fix'd order, their judicious king
Begins at home; quits[1] first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons,—which he sweetly terms
His master's masterpiece, the work of heaven:
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if't chance
Some curs'd example poison'd near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessèd government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though some o' the court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.—Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall; yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so.—Here's the cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL *and* BOSOLA.

Bos. I do haunt you still.

Card. So.

Bos. I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well is the doing of it!

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the galleys in your service; where, for two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted thus! I will thrive some way: blackbirds fatten best in hard weather; why not I in these dog-days?

Card. Would you could become honest!

Bos. With all your divinity do but direct me the way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves always along with them. [*Exit* Cardinal.] Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pools; they are rich and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanced to-morrow? what creature ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that hoped for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs when they have done us service;[1] but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Del. Geometry!

Bos. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us; for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at this man's foot, and so lower and lower. [*Exit.*

Del. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder; and 'twas thought
The cardinal suborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recover'd Naples.

Ant. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected. I have heard
He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

[1] *quits*—clears.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Enter ANTONIO, DELIO, FERDINAND, CASTRUCCIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO, GRISOLAN, *and* Attendants.

Del. The presence 'gins to fill: you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord cardinal's,
And other strangers that are now in court?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

Ferd. Who took the ring oftenest?[2]

Sil. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister duchess' great-master of her household? give him the jewel.—When shall we leave this sportive action, and fall to action indeed?

Cast. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity:—why, my lord?

Cast. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captain.

Ferd. No?

Cast. No, my lord; he were far better do it by a deputy.

Ferd. Why should he not as well sleep or eat by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Cast. Believe my experience, that realm is never long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferd. Thou toldest me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord.

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a captain she met full of wounds. I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful

[1] *dogs when they have done us service.* The 4to of 1623, 'dogges, *and* when they haue done vs seruice,' a word having dropt out, or having been purposely omitted.

[2] *Who took the ring oftenest?*—*i.e.* in the sport called tilting or running at the ring.

fellow to lie, like the children of Ismael, all in tents.[1]

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up.

Cast. That she would, my lord.—How do you like my Spanish gennet?

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballassed with quicksilver.

Sil. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt often.

Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. Why do you laugh? methinks you that are courtiers should be my touch-wood, take fire when I give fire; that is, not laugh but when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True, my lord. I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorned to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it.

Ferd. But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.

Cast. He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

Ferd. No?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too much laughing and too much company fills her too full of the wrinkle.

Ferd. I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass.—I shall shortly visit you at Milan, Lord Silvio.

Sil. Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily.

Sil. Your brother the lord cardinal, and sister duchess.

Re-enter CARDINAL, *with* DUCHESS, CARIOLA, *and* JULIA.

Card. Are the galleys come about?

Gris. They are, my lord.

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

Del. Now, sir, your promise: what's that cardinal?
I mean his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,
Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without Heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done—

Del. You have given too much of him. What's his brother?

Ant. The duke there? a most perverse and turbulent nature:
What appears in him mirth is merely outside;
If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

Del. Twins?

Ant. In quality.
He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits
With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' the bench
Only to entrap offenders in their answers;
Dooms men to death by information;
Rewards by hearsay.

Del. Then the law to him
Is like a foul black cobweb to a spider,—
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him.

Ant. Most true:
He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,
And those he will confess that he doth owe.
Last, for his brother there, the cardinal,
They that do flatter him most say oracles
Hang at his lips; and verily I believe them,
For the devil speaks in them.
But for their sister, the right noble duchess,
You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals
Cast in one figure, of so different temper.
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,
She held it less vainglory to talk much,
Than your penance to hear her: whilst she speaks,
She throws upon a man so sweet a look,
That it were able to raise one to a galliard[1]
That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
On that sweet countenance; but in that look
There speaketh so divine a continence
As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
Her days are practis'd in such noble virtue,
That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,
Are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts.
Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
And dress themselves in her.

Del. Fie, Antonio,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much;
All her particular worth grows to this sum,—
She stains the time past, lights the time to come.

Cari. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall. [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duch. To me, sir?

Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
One that was in the galleys—

Duch. Yes, I know him.

Ferd. A worthy fellow he is: pray, let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
Commends him and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him hither. [*Exit* Attendant.
We are now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.

Sil. Sir, I shall.

Ferd. You are for Milan?

Sil. I am.

[1] *tent* is a roll of lint or other material used in searching or dilating a wound; from Lat. *tendo*, to stretch.

[1] *galliard*—a lively, leaping, nimble French dance; from *gaillard*, gay.—NARES.

Duch. Bring the caroches.[1]—We'll bring you down to the haven.

[*Exeunt* Duchess, Silvio, Castruccio, Roderigo, Grisolan, Cariola, Julia, *and* Attendants.

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seen in't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great-master of her house-hold,
Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceiv'd in him:
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Bosola.

Bos. I was lur'd to you.

Ferd. My brother, here, the cardinal could never
Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.

Ferd. May be some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy?
There's no more credit to be given to the face
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call
The physician's whore because she cozens him.
He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd:
You see the oft shaking of the cedar tree
Fastens it more at root.

Bos. Yet, take heed;
For to suspect a friend unworthily
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.

Bos. So:
What follows? never rained such showers as these
Without thunderbolts i' the tail of them. Whose throat must I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' the court here, and observe the duchess;
To note all the particulars of her 'haviour,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects. She's a young widow:
I would not have her marry again.

Bos. No, sir?

Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be satisfied
I say I would not.

Bos. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar! what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,—
An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee; and ere long thou mayst arrive
At a higher place by't.

Bos. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels:[2] these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me to hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given:
There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisorship o' the horse
Have you heard on't?

Bos. No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours: is't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curse yourself now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should make me
A villain. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile,
That names he complemental.

Ferd. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—

Bos. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my place?
The provisorship o' the horse? Say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.

Ferd. Away!

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame:
Sometimes the devil doth preach. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Duchess, Cardinal, *and* Cariola.

Card. We are to part from you; and your own discretion
Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a widow:
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

Card. No,
Nor anything without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry! they are most luxurious[1]
Will wed twice.

Card. Oh, fie!

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.

Duch. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have pass'd through most jewellers' hands.

Ferd. Whores by that rule are precious.

Duch. Will you hear me?
I'll never marry.

Card. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon
And it end both together.

Ferd. Now hear me:
You live in a rank pasture, here, i' the court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Ay, and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine;[2] yet, believe't,

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[1] *caroches*—coaches, generally large ones.

[2] Alluding to the money the duke gave him. An *angel* was a gold coin worth about ten shillings.

[1] *luxurious*—wanton, lascivious.

[2] *Vulcan's engine*—*i.e.* the net in which he caught Mars and Venus.—Dyce.

Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.
Card. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eves of night—
Ferd. Think't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,
Because it goes its own way: but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.
Ferd. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do forerun man's mischief.
Card. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it. [*Exit.*
Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.
Ferd. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loath to see't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you to give o'er these chargeable revels:
A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness;—fare ye well!
And beware that part, which, like the lamprey,
Hath never a bone in't.
Duch. Fie, sir!
Ferd. Nay,
I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:
What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [*Exit.*
Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal
Lay in my way unto this marriage, [kindred
I'd make them my low footsteps: and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I wink'd and chose a husband.—Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life,—my fame.
Cari. Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.
Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious[1] and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?
Cari. He attends you.
Duch. Good dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou may'st overhear us. Wish me good
For I am going into a wilderness [speed;
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clew
To be my guide. [*Exit* CARIOLA.

Enter ANTONIO.

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?
Ant. Yes.
Duch. What did I say?
Ant. That I should write somewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember.
After these triumphs and this large expense,
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.
Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.
Duch. Beauteous!
Indeed, I thank you: I look young for your sake;
You have ta'en my cares upon you.
Ant. I'll fetch your grace
The particulars of your revenue and expense.
Duch. Oh, you are
An upright treasurer: but you mistook;
For when I said I meant to make inquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean,
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where?
Duch. In heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction?
Ant. Oh, much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit;
But I intend to make you overseer.
What good deed shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that first good deed began i' the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage:
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.
Duch. All!
Ant. Yes, your excellent self.
Duch. In a winding-sheet?
Ant. In a couple.
Duch. Saint Winifred, that were a strange will!
Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.
Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How do you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let's hear it.
Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? Only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.
Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?
One of your eyes is bloodshot; use my ring to't,
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.
Ant. You have parted with it now.
Duch. Yes, to help your eyesight.
Ant. You have made me stark blind.
Duch. How?
Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.
Duch. Remove him.
Ant. How?
Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it: thus; is it fit? [*He kneels.*
Ant. What said you?
Duch. Sir,
This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you: so.
Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair, lightsome lodgings, and is girt

[1] *ingenious*—for *ingenuous*. The terms were often transposed by early writers.—HALLWELL.

With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favours tend; but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' the fire
To warm them.
Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.
Ant. Oh, my unworthiness!
Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off. And I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a cómplete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest. I have long serv'd virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.
Duch. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forc'd to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom.
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident;
What is't distracts you? This is flesh and blood, sir;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband; and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't.
Ant. Truth speak for me;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.
Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your *Quietus est.* This you should have begg'd now:
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.
Ant. But for your brothers?
Duch. Do not think of them.
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd.
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.
Ant. These words should be mine,
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.
Duch. Kneel.

Enter CARIOLA.

Ant. Ha!
Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my counsel.
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti[1] is absolute marriage.
Bless, Heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine!
Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion!
Duch. Quickening, and make
The like soft music!
Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,
That never bore fruit divided!
Duch. What can the church force more?
Ant. That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!
Duch. How can the church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church
That must but echo this.—Maid, stand apart;
I now am blind.
Ant. What's your conceit in this?
Duch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand
Unto your marriage-bed:
(You speak in me this, for we now are one):
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot
To appease my humorous kindred; and, if you please,
Like the old tale in Alexander and Lodowick,
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
Oh, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* ANTONIO.

Cari. Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness. I owe her much of pity.

[*Exit.*

[1] 'By word of mouth in the presence of one.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter BOSOLA *and* CASTRUCCIO.

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an eminent courtier?
Cast. 'Tis the very main of my ambition.
Bos. Let me see: you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your night-cap expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would have you learn to twirl the strings of your band with a good grace, and in a set speech, at the end of every sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose till it smart again, to recover your memory. When you come to be a president in criminal causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him; but if you frown upon him and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallows.
Cast. I would be a very merry president.
Bos. Do not sup o'nights; 'twill beget you an admirable wit.
Cast. Rather it would make me have a good stomach to quarrel; for they say your roaring boys[1] eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?
Bos. I will teach a trick to know it. Give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps.[2]

Enter an Old Lady.

You come from painting now.
Old Lady. From what?

[1] *roaring boys.* See note 3, p. 183, col. 2.
[2] *night-caps*—the same as *roaring boys.*

Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near a miracle. These in thy face here were deep ruts and foul sloughs the last progress.[1] There was a lady in France that, having had the small-pox, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level; and whereas before she looked like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

Old Lady. Do you call this painting?

Bos. No, no, but you call it careening of an old morphewed[2] lady, to make her disembogue again: there's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.

Old Lady. It seems you are well acquainted with my closet.

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure; and all these for the face. I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting. Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth[3] with the spring, and change his high-priced courtezan with the fall of the leaf. I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now.

What thing is in this outward form of man
To be belov'd? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy:
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
In any other creature but himself.
But in our own flesh though we bear diseases
Which have their true names only ta'en from beasts,—
As the most ulcerous wolf[4] and swinish measle,—
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.—
Your wife's gone to Rome: you two couple, and get you to the wells at Lucca to recover your aches. I have other work on foot.

[*Exeunt* CASTRUCCIO *and* Old Lady.

I observe our duchess
Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,
The fins of her eyelids look most teeming blue,
She wanes i'the cheek, and waxes fat i'the flank,
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown: there's somewhat in't.
I have a trick may chance discover it,
A pretty one; I have bought some apricocks,[5]
The first our spring yields.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Del. And so long since married!
You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seal your lips for ever:
For, did I think that anything but the air
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all.—Now, sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow.

[1] *progress*—*i.e.* the progress of the sovereign through the kingdom.
[2] *morphewed.* Morphew was a leprous eruption.
[3] *foot-cloth*—housings of cloth hung over a horse.
[4] *wolf*—a term applied to an eating ulcer.
[5] *apricocks*—the old form of *apricots*, from Lat. *præcox*, early ripe.

Bos. Oh, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul tetter[1] that runs all over a man's body: if simplicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us to a happy being; for the subtlest folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom: let me be simply honest.

Ant. I do understand your inside.

Bos. Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seem to appear to the world
Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it, leave it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any compliment whatsoever. Shall I confess myself to you? I look no higher than I can reach: they are the gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule of a slow pace will both suit my disposition and business; for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.

Ant. You would look up to heaven, but I think
The devil, that rules i' the air, stands in your light.

Bos. Oh, sir, you are lord of the ascendant, chief man with the duchess; a duke was your cousin-german removed. Say you were lineally descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what of this? search the heads of the greatest rivers in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of water. Some would think the souls of princes were brought forth by some more weighty cause than those of meaner persons: they are deceived, there's the same hand to them; the like passions sway them; the same reason that makes a vicar to go to law for a tithe-pig, and undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

Enter DUCHESS *and* Ladies.

Duch. Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded.—Bosola,
I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

Bos. The duchess us'd one when she was great with child.

Duch. I think she did.—Come hither, mend my ruff:
Here, when?[2] thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lemon-pills: would thou hadst done!
Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother![3]

Bos. [*aside.*] I fear too much.

Duch. I have heard you say that the French courtiers
Wear their hats on 'fore the king.

Ant. I have seen it.

Duch. In the presence?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis ceremony more than duty that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o' the court;
Put on your hat first.

Ant. You must pardon me:
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to the prince; and the distinction
Methought show'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your grace.

[1] *tetter*—skin disease.
[2] *when*—an exclamation of impatience.
[3] *the mother*—hysterical passions.

Duch. For me, sir?
Bos. Apricocks, madam.
Duch. Oh, sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to-year.
Bos. [*aside.*] Good; her colour rises.
Duch. Indeed, I thank you: they are wondrous fair ones.
What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!
We shall have none this month.
Bos. Will not your grace pare them?
Duch. No: they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.
Bos. I know not: yet I wish your grace had par'd 'em.
Duch. Why?
Bos. I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,
Only to raise his profit by them the sooner,
Dig ripen them in horse-dung.
Duch. Oh, you jest.—
You shall judge: pray, taste one.
Ant. Indeed, madam,
I do not love the fruit.
Duch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative.
Bos. 'Tis a pretty art,
This grafting.
Duch. 'Tis so; bettering of nature.
Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A damson on a blackthorn.—[*Aside.*] How greedily she eats them!
A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales!
For, but for that and the loose-bodied gown,
I should have discover'd apparently
The young springal[1] cutting a caper in her belly.
Duch. I thank you, Bosola: they were right good ones,
If they do not make me sick.
Ant. How now, madam!
Duch. This green fruit and my stomach are not friends:
How they swell me!
Bos. [*aside.*] Nay, you are too much swell'd already.
Duch. Oh, I am in an extreme cold sweat!
Bos. I am very sorry.
Duch. Lights to my chamber!—Oh good Antonio,
I fear I am undone!
Del. Lights there, lights!

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* Ladies.—*Exit, on the other side,* BOSOLA.

Ant. Oh my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I fear she's fall'n in labour; and there's left
No time for her remove.
Del. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politic safe conveyance for the midwife
Your duchess plotted?
Ant. I have.
Del. Make use, then, of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poison'd her
With these apricocks; that will give some colour
For her keeping close.
Ant. Fie, fie! the physicians
Will then flock to her.
Del. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepared antidote of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her.
Ant. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on't. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *springal*—lad, youth; old Fr., *springaller*, to leap, sport.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. So, so, there's no question but her tetchiness and most vulturous eating of the apricocks are apparent signs of breeding.

Enter an Old Lady.

Now?
Old Lady. I am in haste, sir.
Bos. There was a young waiting-woman had a monstrous desire to see the glasshouse—
Old Lady. Nay, pray let me go.
Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly.
Old Lady. I will hear no more of the glasshouse. You are still abusing women!
Bos. Who, I? no; only, by the way now and then, mention your frailties. The orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all together; and some of you give entertainment for pure love, but more for more precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but drooping autumn tastes well. If we have the same golden showers that rained in the time of Jupiter the Thunderer, you have the same Danäes still, to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the mathematics?
Old Lady. What's that, sir?
Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one centre. Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel: tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes. [*Exit* Old Lady.

Enter ANTONIO, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Ant. Shut up the court-gates.
Rod. Why, sir? what's the danger?
Ant. Shut up the posterns presently, and call
All the officers o' the court.
Gris. I shall instantly. [*Exit.*
Ant. Who keeps the key o' the park gate?
Rod. Forobosco.
Ant. Let him bring't presently.

Enter GRISOLAN *and* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Oh, gentlemen o' the court, the foulest treason!
Bos. [*aside.*] If that these apricocks should be poison'd now,
Without my knowledge!
1 *Serv.* There was taken even now a Switzer in the duchess' bedchamber—
2 *Serv.* A Switzer!
1 *Serv.* With a pistol in his great cod-piece.
Bos. Ha, ha, ha!
1 *Serv.* The cod-piece was the case for't.
2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor: who would have searched his cod-piece?
1 *Serv.* True, if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers: and all the moulds of his buttons were leaden bullets.
2 *Serv.* Oh, wicked cannibal! a fire-lock in's cod-piece!
1 *Serv.* 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.
2 *Serv.* To see what the devil can do!
Ant. Are all the officers here?
Servants. We are.
Ant. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.
Are the gates shut?

Serv. Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the duchess' pleasure
Each officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the sunrising; and to send the keys
Of all their chests and of their outward doors
Into her bed-chamber. She is very sick.
Rod. At her pleasure.
Ant. She entreats you take't not ill: the innocent
Shall be the more approved by it.
Bos. Gentlemen o' the woodyard, where's your Switzer now?
1 *Serv.* By this hand, 'twas credibly reported by one o' the black guard.[1]
[*Exeunt all except* ANTONIO *and* DELIO.
Del. How fares it with the duchess?
Ant. She's exposed
Unto the worst of tortures,—pain and fear.
Del. Speak to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger!
You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome:
My life lies in your service.
Del. Do not doubt me.
Ant. Oh, 'tis far from me; and yet fear presents
Somewhat that looks like danger. [me
Del. Believe it,
'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more:
How superstitiously we mind our evils!
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well:
I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father;
And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best.
[*Exit.*

Enter CARIOLA.

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son:
Your wife commends him to you.
Ant. Blessèd comfort!—
For Heaven's sake tend her well: I'll presently
Go set a figure for's nativity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

Enter BOSOLA *with a dark lantern.*

Bos. Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, ha!
And the sound came, if I received it right,
From the duchess' lodgings. There's some stratagem
In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards: I must have part of it;
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again!
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that screamed so.—Ha! Antonio!

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. I heard some noise.—Who's there? what art thou? speak.
Bos. Antonio, put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear:
I am Bosola, your friend.
Ant. Bosola!—
[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me.—Heard you not
A noise even now?
Bos. From whence?
Ant. From the duchess' lodgings.
Bos. Not I; did you?
Ant. I did, or else I dream'd.
Bos. Let's walk towards it.
Ant. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind.
Bos. Very likely.
Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat:
You look wildly.
Ant. I have been setting a figure
For the duchess' jewels.
Bos. Ah! and how falls your question?
Do you find it radical?
Ant. What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker.
Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you:
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil
Had least to do here. I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.
Ant. [*aside.*] This fellow will undo me.—
You gave the duchess apricocks to-day:
Pray heaven they were not poison'd!
Bos. Poison'd! a Spanish fig
For the imputation.
Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stol'n too:
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than yourself.
Bos. You are a false steward.
Ant. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.
Bos. May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir!
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting?
You libel well, sir.
Bos. No, sir; copy it out,
And I will set my hand to't.
Ant. [*aside.*] My nose bleeds.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance:
Two letters that are wrote here for my name,
Are drown'd in blood!
Mere accident!—For you, sir, I'll take order
I' the morn you shall be safe:—[*aside.*] 'tis that must colour
Her lying in:—sir, this door you pass not:
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—
[*Aside.*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.
[*Exit.*

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper:—
Some of your help, false friend:[1]—Oh, here it is.
What's here? a child's nativity calculated!
[*Reads.*
'*The duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom.* 1504,'—that's this year—'*decimo nono Decembris*,'—that's this night,—'*taken according to the meridian of Malfi*,'—that's our duchess: happy discovery!—'*The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Cætera non scrutantur.*'
Why, now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow
Is the duchess' bawd:—I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency
Our courtiers were cas'd up for; it needs must follow

[1] *black guard*—the lowest menials or scullions.

[1] *false friend*—*i.e.* his lantern.—W. HAZLITT.

That I must be committed on pretence
Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at.
If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruccio
I' the morning posts to Rome; by him I'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way.
Though lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL *and* JULIA.

Card. Sit; thou art my best of wishes. Prithee, tell me
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband?
Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here for devotion.
Card. Thou art a witty false one,—
I mean, to him.
Julia. You have prevail'd with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts. I would not now
Find you inconstant.
Card. Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.
Julia. How, my lord!
Card. You fear
My constancy, because you have approv'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.
Julia. Did you e'er find them?
Card. Sooth, generally for women,
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixèd.
Julia. So, my lord.
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastic glass
Invented by Galileo the Florentine
To view another spacious world i' the moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.
Julia. This is very well, my lord.
Card. Why do you weep?
Are tears your justification? the self-same tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely,
That's jealously; since I am very certain
You cannot make me cuckold.
Julia. I'll go home
To my husband.
Card. You may thank me, lady,
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you game,
And let you fly at it.—I pray thee, kiss me.—
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watch'd
Like a tame elephant,—still you are to thank me:—
Thou hadst only kisses from him and high feeding;
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingering on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it:—still you are to thank me.
Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i' the heart
And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first,
And spake like one in physic.
Card. Who's that?—

Enter Servant.

Rest firm, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't.
Serv. Madam, a gentleman,
That's come post from Malfi, desires to see you.
Card. Let him enter: I'll withdraw. [*Exit.*
Serv. He says
Your husband, old Castruccio, is come to Rome,
Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. [*Exit.*

Enter DELIO.

Julia. Signior Delio! 'tis one of my old suitors.
Del. I was bold to come and see you.
Julia. Sir, you are welcome.
Del. Do you lie here?
Julia. Sure, your own experience
Will satisfy you no: our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.
Del. Very well.
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.
Julia. I hear he's come to Rome.
Del. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
So weary of each other: if he had had a good back,
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore.
Julia. Your laughter
Is my pity.
Del. Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some.
Julia. From my husband?
Del. No, from mine own allowance.
Julia. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.
Del. Look on't, 'tis gold; hath it not a fine colour?
Julia. I have a bird more beautiful.
Del. Try the sound on't.
Julia. A lute-string far exceeds it:
It hath no smell, like cassia or civet;
Nor is it physical,[1] though some fond doctors
Persuade us seethe't in cullises.[2] I'll tell you,
This is a creature bred by—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your husband's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits.
[*Exit.*
Julia. Sir, you hear:
Pray, let me know your business and your suit
As briefly as can be.
Del. With good speed. I would wish you,
At such time as you are non-resident
With your husband, my mistress.
Julia. Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall,
And straight return your answer. [*Exit.*
Del. Very fine!
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear
Antonio is betray'd; how fearfully
Shows his ambition now! unfortunate fortune!
They pass through whirlpools, and deep woes do shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action's done. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL, *and* FERDINAND *with a letter.*

Ferd. I have this night digg'd up a mandrake.
Card. Say you?
Ferd. And I am grown mad with't.
Card. What's the prodigy?

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[1] *physical*—of the nature of physic, medicinal.
[2] *cullises.* See note 1, p. 52, col. 1.

Ferd. Read there,—a sister damn'd; she's loose
i' the hilts;
Grown a notorious strumpet.
Card. Speak lower.
Ferd. Lower!
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seek to publish't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them. Oh, confusion seize her!
She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her
turn,
And more secure conveyances for lust
Than towns of garrison for service.
Card. Is't possible?
Can this be certain?
Fred. Rhubarb, oh, for rhubarb
To purge this choler! here's the cursèd day
To prompt my memory; and here't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out.
Card. Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest?
Ferd. Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste
As she hath done her honours.
Card. Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?
Ferd. Apply desperate physic:
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,—
I'll give it to my handkerchief: and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.
Card. What to do?
Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's
wounds,
When I have hew'd her to pieces.
Card. Cursèd creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So far upon the left side!
Ferd. Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman,
Apt every minute to sink it!
Card. Thus
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot wield it.
Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing,—
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shameful act of sin.
Card. With whom?
Ferd. Happily with some strong-thigh'd barge-
man,
Or one o' the woodyard that can quoit the sledge,
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.
Card. You fly beyond your reason.
Ferd. Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my
wild-fire,
But your whore's blood.
Card. How idly shows this rage, which carries
you,
As men convey'd by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.
Ferd. Have not you
My palsy?
Card. Yes; I can be angry
Without this rupture: there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet express'd
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.
Ferd. So I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself; for I do think
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge
By her.
Card. Are you stark mad?
Ferd. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopp'd,
That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to
heaven;
Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or
sulphur,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:
Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,[1]
And give't his lecherous father to renew
The sin of his back.
Card. I'll leave you.
Ferd. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have
put me
Into a cold sweat. In, in; I'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my
whips,
And fix her in a general eclipse. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Ant. Our noble friend, my most belovèd Delio!
Oh, you have been a stranger long at court:
Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?
Del. I did, sir: and how fares your noble
duchess?
Ant. Right fortunately well: she's an excellent
Feeder of pedigrees; since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and
daughter.
Del. Methinks 'twas yesterday: let me but
wink,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream
It were within this half hour.
Ant. You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's
place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten.
Del. Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear
Of the lord cardinal?
Ant. I fear it hath:
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,
Doth bear himself right dangerously.
Del. Pray, why?
Ant. He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter:
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up.
Del. What say the common people?
Ant. The common rabble do directly say
She is a strumpet.
Del. And your graver heads
Which would be politic, what censure[2] they?

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[1] *cullis*—See note 1, p. 52, col. 1. [2] *censure*—think.

Ant. They do observe I grow to infinite purchase,[1]
The left-hand way; and all suppose the duchess
Would amend it, if she could; for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfinèd means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people: for other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of.
Del. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, BOSOLA, *and* Attendants.

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary.—I am to bespeak
A husband for you.
Duch. For me, sir! pray, who is't?
Ferd. The great Count Malatesti.
Duch. Fie upon him!
A count! he's a mere stick of sugar-candy:
You may look quite through him. When I
choose a husband, I will marry for your honour.
Ferd. You shall do well in't.—How is't, worthy Antonio?
Duch. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour,
Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to't:
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets,[2] court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purg'd of. Yet say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocency.
Duch. [*aside.*] Oh bless'd comfort!
This deadly air is purg'd.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO, *and* Attendants.

Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.—Now, Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?
Bos. Sir, uncertainly:
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' the stars.
Ferd. Why, some
Hold opinion all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Us'd on the duchess.
Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?
Bos. To make her dote on some desertless fellow
She shames to acknowledge.
Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?
Bos. Most certainly.
Ferd. Away! these are mere gulleries, horrid things,
Invented by some cheating mountebanks
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Swears by equivocation they are in love.
The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night
I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false key
Into her bedchamber.
Bos. I have.
Ferd. As I would wish.
Bos. What do you intend to do?
Ferd. Can you guess?
Bos. No.
Ferd. Do not ask, then:
He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quicksands.
Bos. I do not
Think so.
Ferd. What do you think, then, pray?
Bos. That you are
Your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.
Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thank thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, *and* CARIOLA.

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here to-night, my lord.
Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one.
Duch. Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.
Ant. I must lie here.
Duch. Must! you are a lord of misrule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
Duch. To what use will you put me?
Ant. We'll sleep together.
Duch. Alas,
What pleasure can two lovers find in sleep!
Cari. My lord, I lie with her often; and I know
She'll much disquiet you.
Ant. See, you are complain'd of.
Cari. For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow.
Ant. I shall like her the better for that.
Cari. Sir, shall I ask you a question?
Ant. Ay, pray thee, Cariola,
Cari. Wherefore still, when you lie with my lady,
Do you rise so early?
Ant. Labouring men
Count the clock oftenest, Cariola,
Are glad when their task's ended.
Duch. I'll stop your mouth. [*Kisses him.*
Ant. Nay, that's but one; Venus had two soft doves
To draw her chariot; I must have another.—

[*She kisses him again.*

When wilt thou marry, Cariola?
Cari. Never, my lord.
Ant. Oh, fie upon this single life! forego it.

---

[1] *purchase* — gains, riches, generally acquired dishonestly.

[2] *i.e. a pasquinade*, so named from *Pasquino*, a witty and sarcastic Roman tailor of the 15th century. After his death, a fragment of a statue was dug up opposite his shop and placed at the end of the Brachi palace, and named after him. On this fragment it became customary to fix placards containing satires and jests on the public and private affairs of the day.

We read how Daphne, for her peevish[1] flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree; Syrinx turn'd
To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble: whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were by a gracious influence transhap'd
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.
Cari. This is a vain poetry: but I pray you, tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,
In three several young men, which should I choose.
Ant. 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris' case,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause;
For how was't possible he could judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.
Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.
Cari. What is't?
Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keep worse-favour'd waiting-women
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.
Duch. Oh, that's soon answered.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him. I pr'ythee,
When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.
Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* CARIOLA.
Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras,[2] to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I enter'd you into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

Enter FERDINAND *behind.*

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Methinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll say
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips.[3] Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:
For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.
Ferd. Die, then, quickly!
[*Giving her a poniard.*
Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?
Duch. Pray, sir, hear me.
Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?
Duch. Sir—
Ferd. Do not speak.
Duch. No, sir:
I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.
Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.
Duch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.
Ferd. So!
Duch. Happily,[1] not to your liking; but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that's already flown!
Will you see my husband?
Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.
Duch. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.
Ferd. The howling of a wolf
Is music to thee, screech-owl: pr'ythee, peace.—
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake
Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd
To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee: therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition.—And for thee, vile woman,
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun
Shine on him till he's dead; let dogs and monkeys
Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use to sound his name;
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,
Lest it bewray him.
Duch. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.
Ferd. Thou art undone;
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.
Duch. Mine bleeds for't.
Ferd. Thine! thy heart!
What should I name't unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?
Duch. You are in this
Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful: my reputation
Is safe.
Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left

[1] *peevish*—foolish.
[2] *arras*—Dyce thinks this should be *orris*.
[3] *gossips* or *godsibs*—*i.e.* godfathers, sponsors. See note 1, col. 1, p. 309.

[1] *Happily*—*i.e.* haply, perchance.

By their dead parents: 'Stay,' quoth Reputation,
'Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.' And so for you:
You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So, fare you well!
I will never see you more.
Duch. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cas'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.
Ferd. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTONIO *with a pistol, and* CARIOLA.

Duch. You saw this apparition?
Ant. Yes: we are
Betray'd. How came he hither? I should turn
This to thee, for that.
Cari. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.
Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love.—
[*She shows the poniard.*
Ha! what means this?
Duch. He left this with me.
Ant. And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself.
Duch. His action
Seem'd to intend so much.
Ant. This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him,
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.
[*Knocking within.*
How now! who knocks? More earthquakes?
Duch. I stand
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.
Cari. 'Tis Bosola.
Duch. Away!
Oh misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind;
Hath took horse, and's rid post to Rome.
Duch. So late?
Bos. He told me, as he mounted into the saddle,
You were undone.
Duch. Indeed, I am very near it.
Bos. What's the matter?
Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.
Bos. Strange!—[*Aside.*] This is cunning.
Duch. And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against.—Call up our officers.
Bos. I shall. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Duch. The place that you must fly to is Ancona:
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon enginous[1] wheels: short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honours.—Hark! they are coming.

Enter BOSOLA *and* Officers.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?
Duch. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss: I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your quietus; and that cur'd you
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas, you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish.—Use your fortune elsewhere.
Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my overthrow,
As commonly men bear with a hard year:
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour. Oh the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
Aloath to part from't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.
Duch. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.
Ant. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.
Duch. So, sir, you have your pass.
Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soul. [*Exit.*
Bos. Here's an example for extortion: what moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea again.
Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio.
2 *Off.* He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your grace would find him a Jew.
3 *Off.* I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.
4 *Off.* You would have had more money.
1 *Off.* He stopped his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.
2 *Off.* Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could not abide a woman.
4 *Off.* How scurvy proud he would look when the treasury was full! Well, let him go.
1 *Off.* Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain.
Duch. Leave us.—
[*Exeunt* Officers.
What do you think of these?
Bos. That these are rogues that in's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,

[1] *enginous* — engine-like, mechanical, complicated; perhaps ingenious.

And follow'd after's mule, like a bear in a ring;
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;
Made their first-born intelligencers;[1] thought none happy
But such as were born under his blest planet,
And wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now?
Well, never look to have the like again:
He hath left a sort[2] of flattering rogues behind him;
Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money. Flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they dissemble their lies; that's justice.
Alas, poor gentleman!
Duch. Poor! he hath amply fill'd his coffers.
Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes limping, to signify that wealth
That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he's sent
On the devil's errand, he rides post, and comes in by scuttles.
Let me show you what a most unvalu'd jewel
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent
Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it
As beastly to know his own value too little
As devilish to acknowledge it too much.
Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better fortune.
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show itself.
His breast was fill'd with all perfection,
And yet it seem'd a private whispering-room,
It made so little noise of't.
Duch. But he was basely descended.
Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?
You shall want him:
For know, an honest statesman to a prince
Is like a cedar planted by a spring;
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so.
I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes[3] on
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,
Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour.
Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the world
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet
That any ill happen'd unto thee, considering thy fall
Was accompanied with virtue.
Duch. Oh! you render me excellent music.
Bos. Say you?
Duch. This good one that you speak of is my husband.
Bos. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age
Have so much goodness in't as to prefer
A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?
Duch. I have had three children by him.
Bos. Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbenefic'd scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land,
That have no dowries, shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophy of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thank you, in your grave, for't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.
Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.
Bos. Oh, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on the inside of my heart!
Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin and jewels,
And follow him; for he retires himself
To Ancona.
Bos. So.
Duch. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.
Bos. Let me think:
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.
Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.
Cari. In my opinion,
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa
In Germany; for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feignèd pilgrimage.
Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool:
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.
[*Exeunt* DUCHESS *and* CARIOLA.
Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard. He may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof. What rests but I reveal
All to my lord? Oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i' the world
Prefers but gain or commendation.
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds to the life are prais'd.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Enter CARDINAL, FERDINAND, MALATESTI, PESCARA, DELIO, *and* SILVIO.

Card. Must we turn soldier, then?
Mal. The emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd
This reverend garment, joins you in commission
With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lannoy.
Card. He that had the honour
Of taking the French king prisoner?

[1] *intelligencers*—informers.
[2] *sort*—lot, set.
[3] *Bermoothes*—the Bermudas.

Mal. The same.
Here's a plot[1] drawn for a new fortification
At Naples.
Ferd. This great Count Malatesti, I perceive,
Hath got employment?
Del. No employment, my lord;
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary lord.
Ferd. He's no soldier.
Del. He has worn gunpowder in's hollow tooth for the toothache.
Sil. He comes to the leaguer with a full intent
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to court.
Del. He hath read all the late service
As the City Chronicle relates it;
And keeps two pewterers going, only to express
Battles in model.[2]
Sil. Then he'll fight by the book.
Del. By the almanac, I think,
To choose good days and shun the critical;
That's his mistress' scarf.
Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffeta.
Del. I think he would run away from a battle,
To save it from taking prisoner.
Sil. He is horribly afraid
Gunpowder will spoil the perfume on't.
Del. I saw a Dutchman break his pate once
For calling him pot-gun; he made his head
Have a bore in't like a musket.
Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeed a guarded[3] sumpter-cloth,
Only for the remove of the court.

Enter BOSOLA.

Pes. Bosola arriv'd! what should be the business?
Some falling-out amongst the cardinals.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided,
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country
About them goes to wreck for't.
Sil. What's that Bosola?
Del. I knew him in Padua, — a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the toothache. He hath studied himself half blear-eyed to know the true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.
Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.
Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones: he lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.
Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.
Delio. Like a deadly cannon
That lightens ere it smokes.
Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen.
Del. In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.
Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?
Ferd. That,
That damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christen'd.
Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banish'd.
Ferd. You are for Loretto:
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With's mother's honesty.
Bos. I will.
Ferd. Antonio!
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And never in's life look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit-time.—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

Enter Two Pilgrims *to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.*

1 *Pil.* I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this;
Yet I have visited many.
2 *Pil.* The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:
His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.
1 *Pil.* No question.—They come.

[*Here the ceremony of the* CARDINAL'S *instalment, in the habit of a soldier, performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs; then* ANTONIO, *the* DUCHESS, *and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the* CARDINAL *and the state of Ancona, banished: during all which ceremony this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen: and then exeunt all except the* Two Pilgrims.]

Arms and honours deck thy story,[1]
To thy fame's eternal glory!
Adverse fortune ever fly thee;
No disastrous fate come nigh thee!
I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honour virtue raises;
And thy study, that divine is,
Bent to martial discipline is.
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee;
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.
O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner!
Oh mayst thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers;
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!

1 *Pil.* Here's a strange turn of state! who would have thought
So great a lady would have match'd herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.
2 *Pil.* They are banish'd.

[1] *plot*—plan.
[2] *i.e.* to make models of battles. Pewter was formerly considered very costly.
[3] *guarded*—trimmed.

[1] On this song, in the 4to of 1623, is the following marginal note: 'The author disclaimes this ditty to be his.'—DYCE.

1 *Pil.* But I would ask what power hath this state
Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?
2 *Pil.* They are a free state, sir, and her brother show'd
How that the Pope, forehearing of her looseness,
Hath seiz'd into the protection of the church
The dukedom which she held as dowager.
1 *Pil.* But by what justice?
2 *Pil.* Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.
1 *Pil.* What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?
2 *Pil.* 'Twas her wedding-ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifico
To his revenge.
1 *Pil.* Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to the bottom. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help the unhappy man to fall.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE V.

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, *and* Servants.

Duch. Banish'd Ancona!
Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.
Duch. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?
Ant. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune; but your wiser buntings,[1]
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.
Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.
Ant. Right the fashion of the world:
From decay'd fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.
Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.
Ant. What was't?
Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,
And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearls.
Ant. My interpretation
Is, you'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.
Duch. The birds that live i'the field,
On the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier than we; for they may choose their mates,
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring.

Enter BOSOLA *with a letter.*

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.
Duch. From my brother?
Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your brother,
All love and safety.
Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Wouldst make it white. See, see, like to calm weather
At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair
To those they intend most mischief. [*Reads.*

'Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business.'

A politic equivocation!
He doth not want your counsel, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.
And here's another pitfall that's strew'd o'er
With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one: [*Reads.*

'I stand engaged for your husband for several debts at Naples; let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart than his money.'—

And I believe so too.
Bos. What do you believe?
Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with him
Until he see it: the devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love which I present you?
Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,
Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin: tell them so.
Bos. And what from you?
Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come.
Bos. And what of this?
Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Bloodhounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzled,
No truce, though hatch'd with ne'er such politic skill,
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.
I'll not come at them.
Bos. This proclaims your breeding:
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,
As the adamant[1] draws iron. Fare you well, sir:
You shall shortly hear from's. [*Exit.*
Duch. I suspect some ambush:
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell, since we must part:
Heaven hath a hand in't; but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch when it is out of frame,
To bring't in better order.
Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead or part with you.—Farewell, boy:
Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow.—In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.
Ant. Oh, be of comfort!
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used:
Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being bruis'd.
Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?
And yet, O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in't!
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to't: naught made me e'er
Go right but Heaven's scourge-stick.
Ant. Do not weep:
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing; and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful. If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger. Fare you well!
Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for that speech
Came from a dying father: your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

[1] *buntings*—woodlarks.—HALLIWELL.

[1] *adamant.* This word was formerly applied to the magnet or loadstone.

Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and his son.*
Duch. My laurel is all wither'd.
Cari. Look, madam, what a troop of armèd men
Make towards us!
Duch. Oh, they are very welcome:
When Fortune's wheel is overcharg'd with princes,
The weight makes it move swift: I would have
Be sudden. [my ruin

Re-enter BOSOLA *visarded, with a guard.*

I am your adventure, am I not?
Bos. You are. You must see your husband no more.
Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeit'st heaven's thunder?
Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearken'd to the last too much.
Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces?—Come, to what prison?
Bos. To none.
Duch. Whither then?
Bos. To your palace.
Duch. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.
Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.
Duch. Pity!
With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.
Bos. These are your children?
Duch. Yes.
Bos. Can they prattle?
Duch. No:
But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,
Curses shall be their first language.
Bos. Fie, madam!
Forget this base, low fellow—
Duch. Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.
Bos. One of no birth.
Duch. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.
Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.
Duch. I pr'ythee, who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.
A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language: 'Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one
That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dogship without reverence?'
'Oh,' quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!
Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:
I' the market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'
So to great men the moral may be stretch'd:
Men are oft valu'd high, when they're most wretch'd.—
But come, whither you please. I am arm'd 'gainst misery;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will:
There's no deep valley but near some great hill.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter FERDINAND *and* BOSOLA.

Ferd. How doth our sister duchess bear herself
In her imprisonment?
Bos. Nobly; I'll describe her.
She's sad as one long us'd to't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity:
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles.
She will muse for hours together; and her silence,
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.
Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain.
Bos. 'Tis so; and this restraint,
Like English mastives that grow fierce with tying,
Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she's kept from.
Ferd. Curse upon her!
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you.
[*Exit.*

Enter DUCHESS.

Bos. All comfort to your grace!
Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills
In gold and sugar?
Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' the night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.
Duch. At his pleasure.—
Take hence the lights.—He's come.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Where are you?
Duch. Here, sir.
Ferd. This darkness suits you well.
Duch. I would ask you pardon.
Ferd. You have it;
For I count it the honourabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
Duch. Whom?
Ferd. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' the church
Shall make you howl in hell for't.
Ferd. It had been well,
Could you have liv'd thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' the light:—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vow'd much love; the ring
You gave. [upon't
Duch. I affectionately kiss it.
Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token:
And the hand as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd[1] it; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

[1] *ow'd*—owned.

Duch. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.—
Ha! lights!—Oh, horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?
[*Here is discovered, behind a traverse,*[1] *the artificial figures of* ANTONIO *and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*
Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recoverèd.
Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill;[2] and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.
Bos. What's that?
Duch. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.
Bos. Come, you must live.
Duch. That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.
Bos. Oh, fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.
Duch. The church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.
Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend: the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eyelid.
Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.
Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.
Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend
So small a business.
Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you.
Duch. Thou art a fool, then,
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant.

What are you?
Serv. One that wishes you long life.
Duch. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray;—
No, I'll go curse.
Bos. Oh, fie!
Duch. I could curse the stars.
Bos. Oh, fearful!
Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.
Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.
Duch. Oh, but you must
Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them!—
Bos. Fie, lady!
Duch. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remember'd but for the ill they have done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!—
Bos. Oh, uncharitable!
Duch. Let Heaven a little while cease crowning martyrs,
To punish them!—
Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she's plagu'd in art:
These presentations are but fram'd in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.
Bos. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to despair.
Bos. Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty:
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.
Ferd. Damn her! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soul.
I will send her masks of common courtezans,
Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians,
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad folk, and place them near her lodging;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' the moon:
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.
Bos. Must I see her again?
Ferd. Yes.
Bos. Never.
Ferd. You must.
Bos. Never in mine own shape;
That's forfeited by my intelligence[1]
And this last cruel lie: when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort.
Ferd. Very likely;
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither,
To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
Which never will slack till it have spent his fuel:
Intemperate agues make physicians cruel.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Enter DUCHESS *and* CARIOLA.

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

[1] *traverse*—a sliding door or moveable screen.
[2] Alluding to the practice of witches in compassing the death of any one.

[1] My having turned informer.—W. HAZLITT.

Cari. 'Tis the wild consort[1]
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: this tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.
Duch. Indeed, I thank him: nothing but noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.
Cari. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.
Duch. Thou art deceiv'd:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
This is a prison?
Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.
Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.
Cari. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?
Duch. Of nothing;
When I muse thus, I sleep.
Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?
Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another
In the other world?
Cari. Yes, out of question.
Duch. Oh that it were possible we might
But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
The heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.
Duch. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy.—How now!
What noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.
Duch. Let them come in.
Serv. There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' the month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing of't,
Run mad; an English tailor craz'd i' the brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman usher
Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations
Or 'How do you' she employ'd him in each morning;
A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
Mad 'cause he was hinder'd transportation:[1]
And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.
Duch. Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen.

Here by a Madman *this song is sung to a dismal kind of music.*

O, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggèd howl,
Sounding as from the threatening throat
Of beast and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears
And corrosiv'd[2] your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blest,
We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

1 *Madman.* Doomsday not come yet! I'll draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

2 *Madman.* Hell is a mere glasshouse, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

3 *Madman.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night; I will tithe them over like haycocks.

4 *Madman.* Shall my 'pothecary outgo me because I am a cuckold? I have found out his roguery; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with over-straining.

1 *Madman.* I have skill in heraldry.

2 *Madman.* Hast?

1 *Madman.* You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on't; you are a very ancient gentleman.

3 *Madman.* Greek is turned Turk: we are only to be saved by the Helvetian translation.[3]

1 *Madman.* Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

2 *Madman.* Oh, rather lay a corrosive: the law will eat to the bone.

3 *Madman.* He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

4 *Madman.* If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

1 *Madman.* What's he? a rope-maker?

2 *Madman.* No, no, no, a snuffling knave that, while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.[4]

3 *Madman.* Woe to the caroche that brought home my wife from the mask at three o'clock in the morning! it had a large feather-bed in it.

4 *Madman.* I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in ravens' eggs, and cured agues with them.

3 *Madman.* Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

4 *Madman.* All the college may throw their

[1] *consort*—company, concert.

[1] *transportation*—exportation of grain.
[2] *corrosiv'd*—corroded.
[3] *i.e.* presumably the translation of the New Testament into English at Geneva, in 1557.—W. Hazlitt.
[4] See note 2, p. 79, col. 2.

caps at me: I have made a soap-boiler costive; it was my masterpiece.

[*Here the dance, consisting of* Eight Madmen, *with music answerable*[1] *thereunto; after which* Bosola, *like an old man, enters.*

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Madmen.

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory[2] of green mummy.[3] What's this flesh? a little crudded[4] milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glowworms, afar off shine bright,
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living; I am a tomb-maker.

Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry:—of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our deathbed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache: they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall:—

Enter Executioners, *with a coffin, cords, and a bell.*

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cari. Oh, my sweet lady!

Duch. Peace; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.

Duch. To whom? to our next neighbours? they are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—

[Cariola *is forced out by the* Executioners.

Now what you please:
What death?

Bos. Strangling; here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them:
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In the other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way, for Heaven-sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

1 *Execut.* We are ready.

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[1] *answerable*—suitable.

[2] *salvatory*—a place for preserving or keeping anything in.

[3] *mummy*—Egyptian mummy, or what passed for it, was formerly a regular part of the Materia Medica.—Nares.

[4] *crudded*—curdled.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you; but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you?
1 *Execut.* Yes.
Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.—
Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [*Kneels*].—Come, violent death,
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep!—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her.*
Bos. Where's the waiting-woman?
Fetch her. Some other strangle the children.
[CARIOLA *and* Children *are brought in by the* Executioners, *who presently strangle the* Children.
Look you, there sleeps your mistress.
Cari. Oh, you are damn'd
Perpetually for this! My turn is next;
Is't not so order'd?
Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for't.
Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir;
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.
Bos. Come, despatch her.—
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep ours.
Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.
1 *Execut.* Here's your wedding-ring.
Cari. Let me but speak with the duke; I'll discover
Treason to his person.
Bos. Delays:—throttle her.
1 *Execut.* She bites and scratches.
Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.
Bos. [*to* Executioners]. When?[1]
Cari. I am quick with child.
Bos. Why, then,
Your credit's saved.
[*The* Executioners *strangle* CARIOLA.
Bear her into the next room;
Let this[2] lie still.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity.
[*Shows the* Children *strangled.*
Alas! how have these offended?
Ferd. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.
Bos. Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so; her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Bos. It seems she was born first.
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree
Than remote strangers.
Ferd. Let me see her face
Again. Why didst not thou pity her? what
An excellent, honest man might'st thou have been,
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary!
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Between her innocence and my revenge!
I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done't.
For let me but examine well the cause:
What was the meanness of her match to me?
Only I must confess I had a hope,
Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd
An infinite mass of treasure by her death.
And what was the main cause? her marriage,
That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart.
For thee, as we observe in tragedies
That a good actor many times is curs'd
For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for't,
And, for my sake, say thou hast done much ill well.
Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude. I challenge
The reward due to my service.
Ferd. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.
Bos. Do.
Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.
Bos. Ha!
Ferd. Yes, and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?
Bos. By yours.
Ferd. Mine! was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i' the court?
Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,
Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't.
Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this?
Ferd. Oh, I'll tell thee.
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.
Bos. You, not I, shall quake for't.
Ferd. Leave me.
Bos. I will first receive my pension.
Ferd. You are a villain.
Bos. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.
Ferd. O horror,
That not the fear of him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience!—
Never look upon me more.
Bos. Why, fare thee well.
Your brother and yourself are worthy men:
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
Rotten, and rotting others; and your vengeance,
Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm:
You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream:
I am angry with myself, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' the world,
That I may never see thee.

[1] *When?*—an exclamation of impatience.
[2] *this*—*i.e.* the duchess' body.

Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove
To satisfy yourself than all the world;
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man.
Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light;
'Tis a deed of darkness. [*Exit.*
Bos. He's much distracted. Off, my painted honour!
While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
What would I do, were this to do again?
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe.—She stirs; here's life:—
Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell:—she's warm, she breathes:—
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour.—Who's there!
Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call:
So pity would destroy pity.—Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,
To take me up to mercy.
Duch. Antonio![1]
Bos. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues:
He's reconcil'd to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought
The atonement.[2] [*Dies.*
Duch. Mercy!
Bos. Oh, she's gone again! there the cords of life broke.
O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register, wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow;
These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk: my estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear; where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come,
I'll bear thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection. [*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Ant. What think you of my hope of reconcile-
To the Arragonian brethren? [ment
Del. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe-conduct
For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,
Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,[3]
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been mov'd
To seize those lands; and some of his dependents
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues.
I cannot think they mean well to your life
That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living.
Ant. You are still an heretic
To any safety I can shape myself.
Del. Here comes the Marquis; I will make myself
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying.
Ant. I pray, do.

Enter PESCARA.

Del. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Pes. To me?
Del. An easy one;
There is the Citadel of Saint Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow them on me.
Pes. You are my friend; but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.
Del. No, sir?
Pes. I will give you ample reason for't
Soon in private:—here's the cardinal's mistress.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here, the cardinal's,
To court you in my favour.
Pes. He entreats for you
The Citadel of Saint Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd Bologna.
Julia. Yes.
Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I could rather
Pleasure with it: 'tis yours.
Julia. Sir, I thank you;
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving
Which makes your grant the greater. [*Exit.*
Ant. How they fortify
Themselves with my ruin!
Del. Sir, I am
Little bound to you.
Pes. Why?
Del. Because you denied this suit to me, and gave't
To such a creature.
Pes. Do you know what it was?
It was Antonio's land; not forfeited
By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat
By the cardinal's entreaty; it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend; 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,
Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.
Del. You instruct me well.
Ant. Why, here's a man now would fright impudence
From sauciest beggars.
Pes. Prince Ferdinand's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;
But some say 'tis a frenzy: I am going
To visit him. [*Exit.*

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[1] The idea of making the Duchess speak after she has been strangled, was doubtless taken from the death of Desdemona in Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act v. last scene. —DYCE.

[2] *atonement*—*i.e. at one-ment*, reconciliation.

[3] *cheat*—escheat.

Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow.
Del. What course do you mean to take, Antonio?
Ant. This night I mean to venture all my fortune,
Which is no more than a poor lingering life,
To the cardinal's worst of malice. I have got
Private access to his chamber; and intend
To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble duchess.
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger,—for I'll go in mine own shape,—
When he shall see it fraight[1] with love and duty,
May draw the poison out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement: if it fail,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once than be ever falling.
Del. I'll second you in all danger; and, howe'er,
My life keeps rank with yours.
Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

Enter PESCARA *and* DOCTOR.

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?
Doc. If't please your lordship: but he's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.
Pes. Pray thee, what's his disease?
Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call lycanthropia.
Pes. What's that?
I need a dictionary to't.
Doc. I'll tell you.
In those that are possess'd with't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformèd into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as, two nights since,
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try: straight I was sent for,
And, having minister'd to him, found his grace
Very well recover'd.
Pes. I am glad on't.
Doc. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dream'd of; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness out of him.
Staud aside; he comes.

Enter FERDINAND, CARDINAL, MALATESTI, *and* BOSOLA.

Ferd. Leave me.
Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?
Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crows, daws, and starlings that flock together. Look, what's that follows me?
Mal. Nothing, my lord.
Ferd. Yes.
Mal. 'Tis your shadow.
Ferd. Stay it; let it not haunt me.

[1] *fraight*—fraught.

Mal. Impossible, if you move and the sun shine.
Ferd. I will throttle it.
[*Throws himself down on his shadow.*
Mal. Oh, my lord, you are angry with nothing.
Ferd. You are a fool: how is't possible I should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for, look you, good gifts evermore make way for the worst persons.
Pes. Rise, good my lord.
Ferd. I am studying the art of patience.
Pes. 'Tis a noble virtue.
Ferd. To drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time;—the patient'st man i' the world match me for an experiment;—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.
Card. Force him up.
Ferd. Use me well, you were best. What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing.
Doc. Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord? are you out of your princely wits?
Ferd. What's he?
Pes. Your doctor.
Ferd. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows filed more civil.
Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that's the only way on't.—I have brought your grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sun-burning.
Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.
Doc. The white of a cockatrix's egg is present remedy.
Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.—Hide me from him: physicians are like kings, they brook no contradiction.
Doc. Now he begins to fear me: now let me alone with him.
Card. How now! put off your gown![1]
Doc. Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one another with them.—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk, sir?—Let him go, let him go, upon my peril: I find by his eye he stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.
Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir!—I will stamp him into a cullis,[2] flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i' the cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's hall.—Hence, hence! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice: there's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery. [*Exit.*
Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you throughly.
Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward.
Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment
Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!
Pes. Knows your grace
What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?
Card. [*aside.*] I must feign somewhat.—Thus they say it grew:—
You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years
None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murder'd
By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at's book,
Appear'd to him; when crying out for help,
The gentlemen of's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language: since which apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.

[1] *put off your gown. Puts off his four cloaks one after another*—stage direction, edition of 1708.
[2] *a cullis*—See note 1, p. 52, col. 1.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.
Pes. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.
Card. You are most welcome.
[*Exeunt* PESCARA, MALATESTI, *and* Doctor.
Are you come? so.—[*Aside.*] This fellow must not know
By any means I had intelligence
In our duchess' death; for, though I counsell'd it,
The full of all the engagement seem'd to grow
From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?
I do not think but sorrow makes her look
Like to an oft-dy'd garment: she shall now
Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?
Oh, the fortune of your master here the prince
Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,
Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,
I'd make you what you would be.
Bos. Anything;
Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to't:
They that think long small expedition win,
For musing much o' the end cannot begin.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?
Card. I am busy; leave me.
Julia. [*aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow! [*Exit.*
Card. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan:
Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,
Our sister cannot marry! and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her. Do this and style me
Thy advancement.
Bos. By what means shall I find him out?
Card. There is a gentleman call'd Delio
Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd
His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;
Follow him to mass; may be Antonio,
Although he do account religion
But a school-name, for fashion of the world
May accompany him; or else go inquire out
Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
A man might find to trace him; as to know
What fellows hunt the Jews to take
Great sums of money, for sure he's in want;
Or else to go to the picture-makers, and learn
Who bought her picture lately: some of these
Happily may take.
Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i' the business:
I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
Above all sights i' the world.
Card. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in's eyes,
He's nothing else but murder; yet he seems
Not to have notice of the duchess' death.
'Tis his cunning: I must follow his example;
There cannot be a surer way to trace
Than that of an old fox.

Re-enter JULIA.

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.
Bos. How now!
Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough:
Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery.
Bos. Treachery!
Julia. Yes, confess to me
Which of my women 'twas you hir'd to put
Love-powder into my drink?
Bos. Love-powder!
Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfi.
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?
I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain,
The only remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.
Bos. Sure your pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes or kissing-comfits.[1]
Excellent lady!
You have a pretty way on't to discover
Your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arm you thus: yet this is wondrous strauge.
Julia. Compare thy form and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no such great miracle.
Now you'll say
I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar
That haunts them.
Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.
Julia. The better:
Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks
Of roughness.
Bos. And I want compliment.
Julia. Why, ignorance
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well.
Bos. You are very fair.
Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.
Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a quiver of darts in them sharper
Than sunbeams.
Julia. You will mar me with commendation,
Put yourself to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.
Bos. [*Aside.*] I have it, I will work upon this creature.—
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain?
Julia. No; he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you;
For if I see and steal a diamond,
The fault is not i' the stone, but in me the thief
That purloins it. I am sudden with you:
We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off
These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together. Had you been i' the street,
Under my chamber window, even there
I should have courted you.
Bos. Oh, you are an excellent lady!
Julia. Bid me do somewhat for you presently
To express I love you.
Bos. I will; and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it.
The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy;
Demand the cause, let him not put you off
With feign'd excuse; discover the main ground on't.
Julia. Why would you know this?
Bos. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace
With the emperor: if he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.
Julia. You shall not need
Follow the wars: I'll be your maintenance.
Bos. And I your loyal servant: but I cannot
Leave my calling.
Julia. Not leave an ungrateful
General for the love of a sweet lady!

[1] *happily*—haply, perhaps.

[1] *kissing-comfits*—perfumed sugar-plums, to sweeten the breath.—DYCE.

You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows.
Bos. Will you do this?
Julia. Cunningly.
Bos. To-morrow I'll expect the intelligence.
Julia. To-morrow! get you into my cabinet;
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd; I have my pardon promis'd,
But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in:
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
Like a skein of silk.

[*Exit* BOSOLA.

Enter CARDINAL *and* Servants.

Card. Where are you?
Servants. Here.
Card. Let none, upon your lives, have conference
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it.—
[*Exeunt* Servants.
In this distraction he may reveal
The murder.
Yond's my lingering consumption:
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of.
Julia. How now, my lord! What ails you?
Card. Nothing.
Julia. Oh, you are much alter'd:
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosom: what's the matter?
Card. I may not tell you.
Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?
Card. Satisfy thy longing,—
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is, not to tell thee.
Julia. Tell your echo this,
Or flatterers, that, like echoes, still report
What they hear though most imperfect, and not me;
For if that you be true unto yourself,
I'll know.
Card. Will you rack me?
Julia. No, judgment shall
Draw it from you: it is an equal fault,
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.
Card. The first argues folly.
Julia. But the last tyranny.
Card. Very well: why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed which I desire the world
May never hear of.
Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now: sir, I beseech you—
Card. You'll repent it.
Julia. Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee.
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets: they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfied;
Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them: 'tis a secret
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence.
Julia. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more; thou shalt know it.
By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
And two of her young children, four nights since,
Were strangl'd.
Julia. Oh Heaven! sir, what have you done?
Card. How now? How settles this? Think you your bosom
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?
Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.
Card. Why?
Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.
Card. No?
Come, I will swear you to't upon this book.
Julia. Most religiously.
Card. Kiss it.
Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poison'd with that book;
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to't by death.

Re-enter BOSOLA.

Bos. For pity-sake, hold!
Card. Ha, Bosola!
Julia. I forgive you
This equal piece of justice you have done;
For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow:
He overheard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.
Bos. Oh foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poison'd him?
Julia. 'Tis weakness,
Too much to think what should have been done.
I go,
I know not whither. [*Dies.*
Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
Bos. That I might find a great man like yourself,
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service.
Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.
Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.
Card. Who plac'd thee here?
Bos. Her lust, as she intended.
Card. Very well:
Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.
Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours
Upon your rotten purposes to me?
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' the graves
Of those were actors in't?
Card. No more; there is
A fortune attends thee.
Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.
Card. I have honours in store for thee.
Bos. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming honour,
And some of them very dirty ones.
Card. Throw to the devil
Thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make
A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?
Bos. Yes.
Card. Take up that body.
Bos. I think I shall
Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards.
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
To aid thee in the murder.

Bos. Oh, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off their tails, that the blood may run through them the faster. Let me have no train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have a greater when I ride to the gallows.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to remove
That body to her own lodging. I'll give out
She died o' the plague; 'twill breed the less inquiry
After her death.

Bos. Where's Castruccio, her husband?

Card. He's rode to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel.

Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy turn.

Card. Fail not to come. There is the master-key
Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.

Bos. You shall find me ready. [*Exit* CARDINAL.
Oh, poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
To thy estate as pity, yet I find
Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my footing.
In such slippery ice-pavements men had need
To be frost-nail'd well; they may break their necks else;
The precedent's here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well.
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruel biters that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge.
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
Haunts me. There, there!—'Tis nothing but my melancholy.
O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down only to raise them up!
[*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

Enter ANTONIO *and* DELIO.

Del. Yond's the cardinal's window. This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
And questionless, here, in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

Echo. Like death that we have.

Del. Now the echo hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.

Echo. Deadly accent.

Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one. You may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. A thing of sorrow.

Ant. Ay, sure, that suits it best.

Echo. That suits it best.

Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

Echo. Ay, wife's voice.

Del. Come, let us walk further from't.
I would not have you go to the cardinal's to-night.
Do not.

Echo. Do not.

Del. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. Be mindful of thy safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me.
Make scrutiny throughout the passes
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.

Echo. Oh, fly your fate!

Del. Hark! the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsel.

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. Thou art a dead thing.

Ant. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly. O Heaven,
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Del. Your fancy merely.

Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live;
It is a mockery and abuse of life.
I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
Lose all, or nothing.

Del. Your own virtue save you!
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you.
It may be that the sight of his own blood,
Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none:
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the sick prince;
His grace is very well recover'd.

Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card. Oh, by no means;
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him. I pray, all to bed;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pes. So, sir; we shall not.

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to't
By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he's asleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.
Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.
Card. Why, I thank you.
Gris. 'Twas a foul storm to-night.
Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like an osier.
Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the devil,
To rock his own child.

[*Exeunt all except the* CARDINAL.

Card. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. Oh, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body. When he hath serv'd my turn,
He dies. [*Exit.*

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. Ha! 'twas the cardinal's voice; I heard him name
Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.
Bos. [*aside.*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon my guard.
Ferd. What say to that? whisper softly; do you agree to't? So; it must be done i' the dark: the cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it. [*Exit.*
Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder.
We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Servant.

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lantern. [*Exit.*
Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.
Bos. Fall right, my sword!— [*Stabs him.*[1]
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.
Ant. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit
In a minute.
Bos. What art thou?
Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant *with a Lantern.*

Serv. Where are you, sir?
Ant. Very near my home.—Bosola!
Serv. O misfortune!
Bos. Smother thy pity; thou art dead else.—Antonio!
The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded
Which way please them.—O good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess
And two sweet children—
Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.
Bos. Are murder'd.
Ant. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do't in sadness:[1] I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in the air.
Pleasure of life, what is't? only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest
To endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.
Bos. Break, heart!
Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes.
[*Dies.*
Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio?
Serv. I brought him hither,
To have reconcil'd him to the cardinal.
Bos. I do not ask thee that.
Take him up, if thou tender[2] thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—Oh, my fate moves swift!
I have this cardinal in the forge already;
Now I'll bring him to the hammer. O direful misprision!
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL *with a Book.*

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell:
He says, in hell there's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, *and* Servant *bearing* ANTONIO'S *body.*

Now, art thou come?
Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mix'd with some fear.
Bos. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.
Card. Ha!—Help! our guard!
Bos. Thou art deceiv'd;
They are out of thy howling.
Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.
Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.
Card. Raise the watch! we are betray'd!
Bos. I have confin'd your flight:
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.
Card. Help! we are betray'd!

Enter above,[3] PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Mal. Listen.

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[1] Under the belief that he is the cardinal.

[1] *sadness*—earnest. [2] *tender*—love.
[3] *above*—*i.e.* on the upper stage, the raised platform towards the back of the stage.—DYCE.

Card. My dukedom for rescue!
Rod. Fie upon his counterfeiting!
Mal. Why, 'tis not the cardinal.
Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he;
But I'll see him hang'd ere I'll go down to him.
Card. Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,
Unless some rescue!
Gris. He doth this pretty well;
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.
Card. The sword's at my throat!
Rod. You would not bawl so loud then.
Mal. Come, come, let's go
To bed: he told us thus much aforehand.
Pes. He wish'd you should not come at him; but, believe't,
The accent of the voice sounds not in jest:
I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors. [*Exit above.*
Rod. Let's follow him aloof,
And note how the cardinal will laugh at him.

[*Exeunt above*, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Bos. There's for you first,
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue. [*Kills the* Servant.
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Look there.
Card. Antonio!
Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly.
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'dst thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her sword.
Card. O mercy!
Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time; there! [*Stabs him.*
Card. Thou hast hurt me.
Bos. Again!
Card. Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any resistance?—Help, help, help!
I am slain!

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. The alarum! give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vauntguard, or the day is lost.
Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms,
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?
Card. Help me; I am your brother!
Ferd. The devil!
My brother fight upon the adverse party!

[*He wounds the* CARDINAL, *and, in the scuffle, gives* BOSOLA *his death-wound.*

There flies your ransom.
Card. O justice!
I suffer now for what hath former been:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.
Ferd. Now you're brave fellows. Cæsar's fortune was harder than Pompey's; Cæsar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace. You both died in the field. The pain's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out: there's philosophy for you.
Bos. Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main of [illegible] [*Kills* FERDINAND.
Of my undoing!—The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.
Ferd. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded.
I do account this world but a dog-kennel:
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.
Bos. He seems to come to himself,
Now he's so near the bottom.
Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there's the cause on't.
Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust. [*Dies.*
Card. Thou hast thy payment too.
Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter PESCARA, MALATESTI, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN.

Pes. How now, my lord!
Mal. Oh sad disaster!
Rod. How comes this?
Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murder'd
By the Arragonian brethren; for Antonio
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' the end
Neglected.
Pes. How now, my lord!
Card. Look to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i' the rushes.[1] And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by and never thought of. [*Dies.*
Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue!
Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?
Bos. In a mist; I know not how:
Such a mistake as I have often seen
In a play. Oh, I am gone!
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruin'd, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. Oh, this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live!
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just:
Mine is another voyage. [*Dies.*
Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO, *and* ANTONIO'S SON.

Mal. Oh, sir, you come too late!
Del. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for't ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruin; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman
In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *the rushes*—*i.e.* on the rushes that then covered the floor in lieu of a carpet.—W. HAZLITT.

JOHN MARSTON.

[If we may trust Oldys, this dramatist was sprung from a Shropshire family, but the date of his birth is unknown. According to Anthony-à-Wood, Marston was a student in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was admitted Bachelor of Arts February 23d, 1592. Mr. Halliwell, editor of Marston's works, thinks this a mistake, and conjectures that the dramatist was another John Marston, mentioned by Wood, who was 'son of a father of both names, of the city of Coventry, Esquire,' who 'became either a commoner or a gentleman-commoner of Brasen-nose College in 1591, and in the beginning of February 1593 he was admitted Bachelor of Arts, as the eldest son of an esquire, and soon after completing that degree by determination, he went his way, and improved his learning in other faculties,'—alluding probably, says Mr. Halliwell, to his poetical and dramatic efforts. It is supposed that it was Marston's father who was appointed Lecturer of the Middle Temple in 1592; and according to Oldys, the dramatist married Mary, daughter of the Rev. William Wilkes, chaplain to James I., and rector of St. Martin's, Wiltshire. In Ben Jonson's conversations with Drummond, it is stated that 'Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies,' which Gifford thinks is a humorous allusion to the sombre air of Marston's comedies, as contrasted with the cheerful tone of his father-in-law's discourses. Marston died in June 1634, and was buried near his father in the Temple Church in London, 'under the stone which hath written on it, *Oblivioni Sacrum.*' For these meagre statements concerning the life of Marston we are indebted to the painstaking researches of Mr. J. O. Halliwell, who has edited an excellent edition of the dramatist's works. Marston appears to have been at one time an intimate friend and ardent admirer of Ben Jonson, but having satirized Ben in two of his plays, a quarrel took place, Jonson replying with vigour in his *Poetaster*. We learn from Drummond that Jonson 'had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his *Poetaster* on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie.' 'Were more known of the literary history of the period,' says Mr. Halliwell, 'it would perhaps be found that as there was probably more than one quarrel between these dramatists so also was there more than one reconciliation.'

Marston, along with Jonson and Chapman, had a hand in *Eastward Hoe.* His principal dramas are *The Scourge of Villany* (printed 1598); *Antonio and Mellida* (1602), the second part of which, *Antonio's Revenge*, was published the same year; *The Malcontent* (1604); *The Dutch Courtezan* (1605); *Parasitaster* (1606); *Sophonisba* (1606); *What You Will* (1607); *The Insatiate Countess* (1613). Besides these, he wrote a number of poems chiefly of a satirical cast, nearly all of which, as well as many of his dramas, are characterized by coarseness and impurity of language. Indeed his nature appears to have been essentially coarse and bitter; and in illustration of this Mr. Collier quotes from a contemporary diary the following anecdote:—'Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman More's wife's daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. "'Tis true," said he, "for poets feign and lie; and so did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foul."'

Marston has undoubtedly vigour and originality, and one writer ranks him with Fletcher, Ford, and Massinger; he can be at times pathetic and quaintly humorous; but

his works are characterized by great inequality. Hazlitt calls him 'a writer of great merit, who rose to tragedy from the ground of comedy, and whose *forte* was not sympathy either with the stronger or softer emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, which vented itself either in comic verse or lofty invective. He was properly a satirist.' We have selected *Antonio and Mellida*, both on account of its intrinsic merits, and as being on the whole the most appropriate of Marston's dramas for a work like the present. It is printed as it stands in the original edition, except that the spelling is modernized.]

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA:

A HISTORY.

ACTED BY THE CHILDREN OF PAUL'S.

BY JOHN MARSTON.

London. 1602.

Dramatis Personæ.

PIERO SFORZA, *Duke of Venice.*
ANDRUGIO, *Duke of Genoa.*
ANTONIO, *son of Andrugio, disguised as* FLORIZELL, *an Amazon.*
GALEATZO, *son of the Duke of Florence.*
MATZAGENTE, *a braggadocio, Duke of Milan's son.*
FOROBOSCO, *a parasite.*
BALURDO, *a silly, 'mountebanking' courtier.*
FELICE, *a shrewd, contemplative cynic.*
ALBERTO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*
CASTILIO BALTHAZAR.
CATZO, *his Servant.*
DILDO, *Servant to Balurdo.*
LUCIO, *Companion or Servant to Andrugio.*
A Page.

MELLIDA, *Piero's Daughter.*
ROSSALINE, *Niece to Piero.*
FLAVIA, *Maid to Rossaline.*
Courtiers, etc.

SCENE—*In and around Venice.*

INDUCTION.

Enter GALEATZO, PIERO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, MATZAGENTE, *and* FELICE, *with parts in their hands, having cloaks cast over their apparel.*

Gal. Come, sirs, come! the music will sound straight for entrance. Are ye ready, are ye perfect?

Pie. Faith! we can say our parts; but we are ignorant in what mould we must cast our actors.

Alb. Whom do you personate?

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. Oh ho! then thus you frame your exterior shape,
To haughty form of elate majesty;
As if you held the palsy shaking head
Of reeling chance, under your fortune's belt
In strictest vassalage: grow big in thought,
As swoln with glory of successful arms.

Pie. If that be all, fear not, I'll suit it right.
Who cannot be proud, stroke up the hair, and strut?

Alb. Truth; such rank custom is grown popular;
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalks as proud upon the weakest stilts
Of the slight'st fortunes, as if Hercules
Or burly Atlas shouldered up their state.

Pie. Good; but whom act you?

Alb. The necessity of the play forceth me to act two parts: Andrugio, the distressed Duke of Genoa, and Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, enamoured on the Lady Rossaline; whose fortunes being too weak to sustain the port of her, he prov'd always disastrous in love; his worth being underpoised[1] by the uneven scale, that currents[2] all things by the outward stamp of opinion.

Gal. Well, and what dost thou play?

Bal. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What's that?

Bal. The fool. Ay, in good deed law now, I play Balurdo, a wealthy mountebanking burgomasco's[3] heir of Venice.

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[1] *underpoised*—undervalued.
[2] *currents*—makes pass current, values.
[3] *burgomasco's*—equivalent, we suppose, to burgomaster's.

Alb. Ha, ha! one whose foppish nature might seem great, only for wise men's recreation; and, like a juiceless bark, to preserve the sap of more strenuous spirits. A servile hound, that loves the scent of foreruning fashion, like an empty hollow vault, still giving an echo to wit: greedily champing what any other well-valued judgment had beforehand chew'd.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha! tolerably good; good faith, sweet wag.

Alb. Umh; why, tolerably good; good faith, sweet wag? Go, go; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speech to the habit of my part.

Alb. Why, what plays he? [*To* FELICE.

Feli. The wolf that eats into the breasts of princes; that breeds the lethargy and falling sickness in honour; makes justice look asquint; and blinds the eye of merited reward from viewing desertful virtue.

Alb. What's all this periphrasis, ha?

Feli. The substance of a supple-chapped flatterer.

Alb. Oh, doth he play Forobosco the Parasite? Good, i'faith.—Sirrah, you must seem now as glib and straight in outward semblance as a lady's busk,[1] though inwardly as cross as a pair of tailor's legs; having a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of glavering[2] flattery to stitch up the bracks[3] of (the) unworthily honoured.

Foro. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see me prove the very periwig to cover the bald pate of brainless gentility. Ho! I will so tickle the sense of bella gratiosa madonna with the titillation of hyperbolical praise, that I'll strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Feli. Thou promisest more than I hope any spectator gives faith of performance; but why look you so dusky, ha? [*To* ANTONIO.

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativity of my actorship; I shall be hissed at, on my life now.

Feli. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an hermaphrodite—two parts in one; my true person being Antonio, son to the Duke of Genoa; though for the love of Mellida, Piero's daughter, I take this feigned presence[4] of an Amazon, calling myself Florizell, and I know not what. I a voice to play a lady! I shall ne'er do it.

Alb. Oh! an Amazon should have such a voice, virago-like. Not play two parts in one? Away, away, 'tis common fashion. Nay, if you cannot bear two subtle fronts under one hood; idiot, go by, go by; off this world's stage! O time's impurity!

Ant. Aye, but when use hath taught me action to hit the right point of a lady's part, I shall grow ignorant, when I must turn young prince again, how but to truss my hose.

Feli. Tush, never put them off; for women wear the breeches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a Milanese, and the resplendent fulgor[5] of this steel, I will defend the feminine to death; and ding[6] his spirit to the verge of hell, that dares divulge a lady's prejudice.[7] [*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* ALBERTO.

Feli. Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie Tamburlaine. What rattling thunderclap breaks from his lips?

Alb. Oh, 'tis native to his part. For acting a modern braggadocio under the person of Matzagente, the Duke of Milan's son, it may seem to suit with good fashion of coherence.

Pie. But methinks he speaks with a spruce attic accent of adulterate Spanish.

Alb. So 'tis resolv'd. For Milan being half Spanish, half High Dutch, and half Italian, the blood of chiefest houses is corrupt and mongrel'd, so that you shall see a fellow vainglorious for a Spaniard, gluttonous for a Dutchman, proud for an Italian, and a fantastic idiot for all. Such a one conceit[1] this Matzagente.

Feli. But I have a part allotted me, which I have neither able apprehension to conceit, nor what I conceit gracious ability to utter.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut![2] Good, show us a draught of thy spirit.

Feli. 'Tis steady, and must seem so impregnably fortressed with his own content that no envious thought could ever invade his spirit; never surveying any man so unmeasuredly happy, whom I thought not justly hateful for some true impoverishment; never beholding any favour of Madam Felicity gracing another, which his well-bounded content persuaded not to hang in the front of his own fortune; and therefore as far from envying any man, as he valued all men infinitely distant from accomplished beatitude. These native adjuncts appropriate to me the name of Felice. But last, good, thy humour.

[*Exit* ALBERTO.

Ant. 'Tis to be describ'd by signs and tokens. For unless I were possess'd with a legion of spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous by any utterance: for sometimes he must take austere state, as for the person of Galeatzo, the son of the Duke of Florence, and possess his exterior presence with a formal majesty; keep popularity in distance, and on the sudden fling his honour so prodigally into a common arm, that he may seem to give up his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure. Now as solemn as a traveller, and as grave as a Puritan's ruff; with the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as a—a—anything. Now as sweet and neat as a barber's casting-bottle;[3] straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an ale-knight; now lamenting, then chafing, straight laughing; then—

Feli. What then?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: 't'ad been a right part for Proteus or Gew.[4] Ho! blind Gew would ha' done't rarely, rarely.

Feli. I fear it is not possible to limn so many persons in so small a tablet as the compass of our plays afford.

Ant. Right! therefore I have heard that those persons, as he and you, Felice, that are but slightly drawn in this Comedy, should receive more exact accomplishment in a second part; which, if this obtains gracious acceptance, means to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue. Clear the stage. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *busk*—a piece of wood or whalebone worn down the front of the stays to keep them straight.—NARES.

[2] *glavering*—*glaver* means to flatter, to leer; Anglo-Saxon, *glíwan*. It is also Welsh, according to Nares.

[3] *bracks*—breaks or cracks.

[4] *presence*—appearance, personation.

[5] *fulgor*—brightness, sheen.

[6] *ding*—hurl.

[7] *prejudice*—weakness.

[1] *conceit*—fancy, conceive.

[2] *i.e.* holla! after the old fashion.—DILKE.

[3] *casting-bottle*.—a bottle for casting or sprinkling perfumes.

[4] *Gew* was probably the name of some actor who had been a favourite, and left the stage from blindness.—DILKE.

THE PROLOGUE.

The wrath of pleasure and delicious sweets,
Begirt the gentle front of this fair troop;
Select and most respected auditors,
For wit's sake do not dream of miracles.
Alas! we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad weight of an unused hope
Upon our weakness; only we give up
The worthless present of slight idleness
To your authentic censure.[1] Oh that our Muse
Had those abstruse and sinewy faculties,
That, with a strain of fresh invention,
She might press out the rarity of Art;
The pur'st elixed[1] juice of rich conceit[2]
In your attentive cares; that with the lip
Of gracious elocution we might drink
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But, oh! the heathy dryness of her brain,
Foil to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breathe her blushing numbers to such ears;
Yet (most ingenious) deign to vail[3] our wants.
With sleek acceptance polish these rude scenes;
And if our slightness your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.
[*Exit Prologue.*

[1] *censure*—judgment.

[1] *elixed*—expressed, refined. [2] *conceit*—fancy.
[3] *vail*—veil, overlook.

ACT I.

The cornets sound a battle within.

Enter ANTONIO, *disguised like an Amazon.*

Ant. Heart, wilt not break? and thou, abhorred life,
Wilt thou still breathe in my enraged blood?
Veins, sinews, arteries, why crack ye not?
Burst and divul'st[1] with anguish of my grief.
Can man by no means creep out of himself,
And leave the slough of viperous grief behind?
Antonio, hast thou seen a fight at sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doom,
Betwixt thy father, Duke of Genoa,
And proud Piero, the Venetian Prince?
In which the sea hath swoln with Genoa's blood,
And made spring tides with th' warm reeking gore,
That gushes from out our galleys' scupper holes;
In which thy father, poor Andrugio,
Lies sunk, or leapt into the arms of chance,
Chok'd with the labouring ocean's brackish foam,
Who even, despite Pietro's cankered hate,
Would with an armed hand have seized thy love,
And linked thee to the beauteous Mellida.
Have I outlived the death of all these hopes?
Have I felt anguish pour'd into my heart,
Burning like balsamum in tender wounds,
And yet dost live? Could not the fretting sea
Have roll'd me up in wrinkles of his brow?
Is death grown coy? or grim confusion nice?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on Venice shore,
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise?
To purchase my adored Mellida.
[*The cornets sound a flourish; cease.*
Hark how Piero's triumphs beat the air!
O rugged mischief, how thou grat'st my heart!
Take spirit, blood; disguise, be confident;
Make a firm stand; here rests the hope of all,—
Lower than hell, there is no depth to fall.

The cornets sound a synnet.[2] *Enter* FELICE *and* ALBERTO, CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *a* Page *carrying a shield;* PIERO *in armour;* CATZO *and* DILDO *and* BALURDO. *All these* (*saving* PIERO) *armed with petronels.*[1] *Being entered, they make a stand in divided files.*

Pie. Victorious fortune, with triumphant hand,
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the Venetian Duke is heaved up,
On wings of fair success, to overlook
The low cast ruins of his enemies,
To see myself ador'd and Genoa quake;
My fate is firmer than mischance can shake.
Feli. Stand; the ground trembleth.
Pie. Ha! an earthquake?
Bal. Oh! I smell a sound.
Feli. Piero, stay, for I descry a fume
Creeping from out the bosom of the deep,
The breath of darkness, fatal when 'tis whist[2]
In greatness' stomach; this same smoke, call'd pride,
Take heed; she'll lift thee to improvidence,
And break thy neck from steep security;
She'll make thee grudge to let Jehovah share
In thy successful battles. Oh, she's ominous;
Enticeth princes to devour heaven,
Swallow omnipotence, outstare dread fate,
Subdue eternity in giant thought,—
Heaves up their hurt with swelling, puffed conceit,
Till their souls burst with venom'd arrogance.
Beware, Piero, Rome itself hath tried,
Confusion's train blows up this Babel pride.
Pie. Pish! *Dimitto superos, summa votorum attigi.*[3]
Alberto, hast thou yielded up our fixed decree
Unto the Genoan ambassador?
Are they content, if that their duke return,
To send his and his son Antonio's head
As pledges steeped in blood to gain their peace?
Alb. With most obsequious sleek-brow'd intertain,[4]
They all embrace it as most gracious.
Pie. Are proclamations sent through Italy,
That whosoever brings Andrugio's head,
Or young Antonio's, shall be guerdoned
With twenty thousand double pistolets,
And be endeared to Piero's love?
Foro. They are sent every way. Sound policy sweet lord.

[1] *divul'st*—rent asunder.
[2] *synnet, sennet, cynet*—seems to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, different from a flourish.—NARES.

[1] *petronel*—a carabine or light gun carried by a horseman.—NARES.
[2] *whist*—silent.
[3] 'I renounce the gods; I have reached the height of my desires.'
[4] *intertain*—entertainment, treatment.

Feli. Confusion to these limber sycophants.
No sooner mischief's born in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy.[1]
Pie. Why, then, *O me Celitum excelsissimum!*[2]
The intestine malice and inveterate hate
I always bore to that Andrugio,
Glories in triumph o'er his misery;
Nor shall that carpet-boy Antonio
Match with my daughter, sweet-cheeked Mellida.
No; the public power makes my faction strong.
Feli. Ill, when public power strengtheneth private wrong.
Pie. 'Tis horse-like not for a man to know his force.
Feli. 'Tis god-like for a man to feel remorse.
Pie. Pish! I prosecute my family's revenge,
Which I'll pursue with such a burning chase,
Till I have dried up all Andrugio's blood;
Weak rage that with slight pity is withstood.
[*The cornets sound a flourish.*
What means that fresh triumphal flourish sound?
Alb. The Prince of Milan, and young Florence heir,
Approach to gratulate your victory.
Pie. We'll girt them with an ample waste of love;
Conduct them to our presence royally.
Let volleys of the great artillery
From off our galleys' banks[3] play prodigal,
And sound loud welcome from their bellowing mouths. [*Exeunt all but* PIERO.

The cornets sound a cynet. Enter above, MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, *and* FLAVIA. *Enter below,* GALEATZO *with* Attendants; PIERO *meeteth him, embraceth; at which the cornets sound a flourish;* PIERO *and* GALEATZO *exeunt; the rest stand still.*

Mel. What prince was that passed through my father's guard?
Fla. 'Twas Galeatzo, the young Florentine.
Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhead;
Enter the walls, i'faith (sweet Mellida),
If that thy flankers[4] be not cannon-proof.
Mel. Oh, Mary Ambree![5] good, thy judgment, wench;
Thy bright election's clear:[6] what will he prove?
Ros. Hath a short finger and a naked chin,
A skipping eye;[7] dare lay my judgment (faith)
His love is glibbery;[8] there's no hold on't, wench.
Give me a husband whose aspect is firm;
A full cheeked gallant with a bouncing thigh;
Oh, he is the paradizo dell madonne contento.
Mel. Even such a one was my Antonio.
[*The cornets sound a cynet.*
Ros. By my nine and thirtieth servant[9] (sweet)
Thou art in love, but stand on tiptoed fair;
Here comes Saint Tristram Tirlery Whiffe, i'faith.

Enter MATZAGENTE; PIERO *meets him; embraceth; at which the cornets sound a flourish: they two stand, using seeming compliments, whilst the scene passeth above.*

Mel. S. Mark, S. Mark! what kind of thing appears?
Ros. For fancy's passion, spit upon him; figh
His face is varnished. In the name of love,
What country bred that creature?
Mel. What is he, Flavia?
Fla. The heir of Milan, Seignior Matzagente.
Ros. Matzagente! now, by my pleasure's hope,
He is made like a tilting staff; and looks
For all the world like an o'er-roasted pig:
A great tobacco-taker too, that's flat;
For his eyes look as if they had been hung
In the smoke of his nose.
Mel. What[1] husband will he prove, sweet Rossaline?
Ros. Avoid him; for he hath a dwindled leg,
A low forehead, and a thin coal-black beard;
And will be jealous too, believe it, sweet;
For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,
A thin lip, and a little monkish eye;
Precious, what a slender waist he hath!
He looks like a may-pole, or notched stick;
He'll snap in two at every little strain.
Give me a husband that will fill mine arms,
Of steady judgment, quick and nimble sense;
Fools relish not a lady's excellence.
[*Exeunt all on the lower stage; at which the cornets sound a flourish, and a peal of shot is given.*
Mel. The triumph's ended, but look, Rossaline,
What gloomy soul in strange accustrements[2]
Walks on the pavement?
Ros. Good sweet, let's to her; pr'ythee, Mellida.
Mel. How covetous thou art of novelties!
Ros. Pish! 'tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.
Mel. I am exceedingly willing, but—
Ros. But what? pr'ythee go down; let's see her face:
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affection's adamants.
[*Exeunt.*
Ant. Come down, she comes like—oh, no simile
Is precious, choice, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent; leap heart, she comes,—
She comes! smile heaven, and softest southern wind
Kiss her cheek gently with perfumed breath.
She comes: creation's purity, admir'd,
Ador'd amazing rarity,—she comes!
Oh now, Antonio, press thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heap up thy powers, double all thy man.
Enter MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, *and* FLAVIA.
She comes! Oh, how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount blood, soul to my lips, taste Hebe's cup;
Stand firm on deck, when beauty's close fight's[3] up.
Mel. Lady, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, even great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.
Ros. Good, sweet lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth? and, sweet, your name?

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[1] The meaning is, 'no sooner is any mischievous and bloody measure conceived and proposed by the sovereign, but their flatterers term it policy.'—DILKE.

[2] The only way by which we can make sense of this is to make *Celitum* = *Cœlitum*, and render it 'O me, the most exalted of the celestials!'

[3] *banks*—sides.

[4] *flankers*—entrenchments to protect the flank.

[5] *Mary Ambree*—An English heroine, immortalized by her valour at the siege of Ghent in 1584, and celebrated in the ballads of the time. Her name was proverbially applied to women of strength and spirit.

[6] *i.e.*, as I conceive, 'thy judgment is good in cases of this kind.'—DILKE.

[7] *A skipping eye*—a wild, a frolic eye.—DILKE.

[8] *glibbery*—slippery, from *glib*, smooth.

[9] *servant*—lover.

[1] *What*—what sort of.

[2] *accustrements*—accoutrements; old Fr. *accustre*, to accoutre.

[3] *close fights* are things used to shelter the men from the enemy in action. Antonio's meaning is, therefore, 'I must meet her resolutely, because by my covering or disguise my real person is hid from her.'—DILKE.

Ant. In hope your bounty will extend itself
In selfsame nature of fair courtesy,
I'll shun all niceness: my name's Florizell,
My country Scythia; I am Amazon
Cast on this shore by fury of the sea.
Ros. Nay, faith, sweet creature, we'll not veil our names.
It pleas'd the font to dip me Rossaline;
That lady bears the name of Mellida,
The Duke of Venice' daughter.
Ant. Madam, I am oblig'd to kiss your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.
[*To* MELLIDA, *kissing her hand.*
Ros. Now, by my troth, I long, beyond all thought,
To know the man; sweet beauty, deign his name.
Ant. Lady, the circumstance is tedious.
Ros. Troth, not a whit; good fair, let's have it all:
I love not, I, to have a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd orator.
Ant. Vouchsafe me, then, your hush'd observances.[1]
Vehement in pursuit of strange novelties,
After long travel through the Asian main,
I shipp'd my hopeful thoughts for Brittany;
Longing to view great Nature's miracle,
The glory of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest ears with adoration.
Sailing some two months with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistering Venetian forts,
To which we made: when lo! some three leagues off,
We might descry a horrid spectacle;
The issue of black fury strew'd the sea
With tattered carcases of splitting ships,
Half sinking, burning, floating, topsy-turvy.
Not far from these sad ruins of fell rage,
We might behold a creature press the waves;
Senseless he sprawl'd, all notched with gaping wounds;
To him we made, and (short) we took him up;
The first thing he spake was,—Mellida!
And then he swooned.
Mel. Ay me!
Ant. Why sigh you, fair?
Mel. Nothing but little humours; good sweet, on.
Ant. His wounds being dress'd, and life recovered,
We 'gan discourse; when lo! the sea grew mad,
His bowels rumbling with wind passion,
Straight swarthy darkness popp'd out Phœbus' eye,
And blurr'd the jocund face of bright-cheeked day;
Whilst crudl'd[2] fogs masked even darkness' brow:
Heaven bade's good night, and the rocks groan'd
At the intestine uproar of the main.
Now gusty flaws[3] struck up the very heels
Of our mainmast, whilst the keen lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking air;
Straight chops a wave, and in his sliftred[4] paunch
Down falls our ship, and there he breaks his neck:
Which in an instant up was belch'd again.
When thus this martyr'd soul began to sigh:
'Give me your hand (quoth he), now do you grasp
Th' unequal mirror[5] of ragg'd misery:
Is't not a horrid storm? Oh, well-shap'd sweet,
Could your quick eye strike through these gashed wounds,
You should behold a heart, a heart, fair creature,
Raging more wild than is this frantic sea.
Wilt do me a favour, if thou chance survive;
But visit Venice, kiss the precious white
Of my most—nay, all epithets are base
To attribute to gracious Mellida:
Tell her the spirit of Antonio
Wisheth his last gasp breath'd upon her breast.'
Ros. Why weeps soft-hearted Florizell?
Ant. Alas, the flinty rocks groan'd at his plaints.
Tell her (quoth he) that her obdurate sire
Hath crack'd his bosom; therewithal he wept,
And thus sigh'd on. The sea is merciful;
Look how it gapes to bury all my grief:
Well, thou shalt have it, thou shalt be his tomb:
My faith in my love live; in thee, die woe,
Die unmatch'd anguish, die Antonio.
With that he totter'd from the reeling deck,
And down he sunk.
Ros. Pleasure's body, what makes my lady weep?
Mel. Nothing, sweet Rossaline, but the air's sharp.
My father's palace, madam, will be proud
To entertain your presence, if you'll deign
To make repose within. Ay me!
Ant. Lady, our fashion is not curious.[1]
Ros. Faith, all the nobler, 'tis more generous.
Mel. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
What succour came, or what strange fate ensued?
Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,
And public to the staring multitude.
Ros. Sweet lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
We'll be bedfellows: dirt on compliment froth.
[*Exeunt;* ROSSALINE *giving* ANTONIO *the way.*

ACT II.

Enter CATZO (*with a capon*) *eating,* DILDO *following him.*

Dil. Ha, Catzo, your master wants a clean trencher: do you hear?
Balurdo calls for your diminutive attendance.
Cat. The belly hath no ears, Dildo.
Dil. Good pug,[2] give me some capon.
Cat. No capon, no, not a bite, ye smooth bully; capon's no meat for Dildo. Milk, milk, ye glibbery urchin, is food for infants.
Dil. Upon mine honour.
Cat. Your honour with a paugh? 'slid, now every Jack-an-apes loads his back with the golden coat of honour; every ass puts on the lion's skin and roars his honour: upon your honour! By my lady's pantable,[3] I fear I shall live to hear a vintner's boy cry, 'Tis rich neat canary, upon my honour.
Dil. My stomach's up.
Cat. I think thou art hungry.
Dil. The match of fury is lighted, fastened to the linstock[4] of rage, and will presently set fire

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[1] *observances*—attentions.
[2] *crudl'd*—curdled, thick.
[3] *gusty flaws*—sudden blasts.—DILKE.
[4] *sliftred*—cracked, opened.
[5] *The unequal mirror*—*i.e.* the partial and unjust representative.—DILKE.

[1] *i.e.* the manners and customs of our nation are not ceremonious.—DILKE.
[2] *pug*—an occasional term of good fellowship or intimacy, as monkey is now.
[3] *pantable*—a sort of high shoe or slipper; perhaps corrupted from *pantofle*.
[4] *linstock.* See note 1, p. 220, col. 1.

to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double culverin of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speech.

Cat. I'll stop the barrel thus; good Dildo, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I will eat to the health of the fool, thy master Castilio.

Cat. And I will suck the juice of the capon, to the health of the idiot, thy master Balurdo.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of rapiers sheathed in one scabbard of folly.

Cat. Right Dutch blades. But was't not rare sport at the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roared from the ship sides, to view our masters pluck their plumes and drop their feathers, for fear of being men of mark?

Dil. Slud (cried Signior Balurdo); Oh for Don Bessicler's armour, in the mirror of knighthood! What coil's[1] here? Oh for an armour cannon-proof! Oh, more cable, more featherbeds, more featherbeds, more cable, till he had as much as my cable hatband[2] to fence him!

Enter FLAVIA *in haste, with a rebato.*[3]

Cat. Buxom Flavia, can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweet Dildo, I am not for you at this time. Madam Rossaline stays for a fresh ruff to appear in the presence. Sweet, away.

Dil. 'Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, spark-eyed, sleek-skinned, slender-waisted, clean-legged, rarely shaped.

Fla. Who, I'll be at all your service another season. My faith, there's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason, then, that I might be in all things.

Cat. The breefe[4] and the semiquaver is, we must have the descant you made upon our names, ere you depart.

Fla. Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.[5]

Cat. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Fla. Pert Catzo, knock it lustily then.

[*They sing.*

Enter FOROBOSCO, *with two torches;* CASTILIO *singing fantastically;* ROSSALINE *running a caranto pace;*[6] *and* BALURDO (FELICE *following*) *wondering at them all.*

Foro. Make place, gentlemen! Pages, hold torches; the prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheel have we here? ha! Make place, gentlemen! Pages, hold torches; the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong scent's here! somebody useth to wear socks.

Bal. By this fair candle-light, 'tis not my feet; I never wore socks since I sucked pap.

Ros. Savourly put off.

Cast. Ha, her wit stings, blisters, galls off the skin with the tart acrimony of her sharp quickness. By sweetness, she is the very Pallas that flew out of Jupiter's brainpan! Delicious creature, vouchsafe me[1] your service: by the purity of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it; be my slave. Signior Balurdo, wilt thou be my servant too?

Bal. O God! forsooth in very good earnest; la! you would make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Feli. Slud, sweet beauty, will you deign him your service?

Ros. Oh, your fool is your only servant. But, good Felice, why art thou so sad? a penny for thy thought, man.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap; I value my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadness,[2] sweet mistress, you should have had my thought for a penny. By this crimson satin, that cost eleven shillings, thirteen pence, threepence halfpenny a yard, that you should, la!

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bal. Marry forsooth, how many strike[3] of pease would feed a hog fat against Christide?

Ros. Paugh! servant, rub out my rheum,[4] it soils the presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace my shoe with an unmeasured honour. I will preserve the sole of it, as a most sacred relic, for this service.

Ros. I'll spit in thy mouth, an' thou wilt, to grace thee.

Feli. Oh that the stomach of this queasy age
Digests or brooks such raw, unseasoned gobs,[5]
And vomits not them forth! Oh, slavish sots!
Servant, quoth you? faugh! if a dog should crave
And beg her service, he should have it straight.
She'd give him favours, too; to lick her feet,
Or fetch her fan, or some such drudgery:
A good dog's office, which these amorists
Triumph of. 'Tis rare; well, give her more ass,
More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
Is sworn rich pearl by such low slaves as those.

Ros. Flavia, attend me to attire me.

[*Exeunt* ROSSALINE *and* FLAVIA.

Bal. In sad good earnest, sir, you have touched the very bare of naked truth; my silk stocking hath a good gloss, and I thank my planets my leg is not altogether unpropitiously shaped. There's a word: unpropitiously? I think I shall speak unpropitiously as well as any courtier in Italy.

Foro. So help me your sweet bounty, you have the most graceful presence, applausive elecuty,[6] amazing volubility, polished adornation,[7] delicious affability—

Feli. Whop: fut, how he tickles yon trout under the gills! You shall see him take him by and by with groping flattery.

Foro. That ever ravished the ear of wonder. By your sweet self, than whom I know not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, observed, precious, real, magnanimous, bounteous: if you have an idle rich cast jerkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if—

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[1] *coil*—tumult, difficulty.

[2] The hatband was a distinguishing feature of the nobility and gentry of these times, on the adornment of which comparatively large sums were expended.—DILKE.

[3] *rebato*—a falling collar or band for a ruff.

[4] *The breefe*, or *breve*, was formerly the longest note in music, twice the length of the semibreve. Perhaps Catzo uses the phrase facetiously for 'the long and the short.'

[5] *hardly*—stiffly.

[6] *a caranto pace*—a very swift pace; the *caranto* was some kind of swift dance, sometimes mentioned in conjunction with the lavolta; Lat. *curro*, to run.

[1] *vouchsafe me*, &c.—*i.e.* vouchsafe to have me as a servant, follower, lover.

[2] *sadness*—earnestness.

[3] *strike*—still used provincially for bushel.

[4] *rheum* here, we suppose, means saliva which she had ejected on the floor in disgust at Balurdo's remark.

[5] *gobs*—morsels, mouthfuls. Old Fr. *gob*, a morsel; Fr. *gober*, to gulp down, swallow.

[6] *applausive elecuty*—plausible elocution, or eloquence.

[7] *adornation* means ornament; here it apparently refers to *Balurdo's* bearing or manners.

ha? here's a forehead, an eye, a head, a hair, that would make a—or if you have any spare pair of silver spurs, I'll do you as much right in all kind offices—

Feli. Of a kind parasite.

Foro. As any of my mean fortunes shall be able to.

Bal. As I am a true Christian now, thou hast won the spurs.

Feli. For flattery.

Oh, how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that lives by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits! Vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senseless carrion!

Enter ALBERTO.

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistress, the Lady Rossaline?

Foro. My mistress, the Lady Rossaline, left the presence even now.

Cast. My mistress, the Lady Rossaline, withdrew her gracious aspect even now.

Bal. My mistress, the Lady Rossaline, withdrew her gracious aspect even now.

Feli. Well said, Echo.

Alb. My mistress, and his mistress, and your mistress, and the dog's mistress: precious dear heaven, that Alberto lives to have such rivals! Slid, I have been searching every private room, Corner, and secret angle of the court; And yet, and yet, and yet she lives conceal'd. Good, sweet Felice, tell me how to find My bright-faced mistress out.

Feli. Why, man, cry out for lanthorn and candle-light; for 'tis your only way to find your bright flaming wench with your light burning torch; for most commonly these light creatures live in darkness.

Alb. Away, you heretic, you'll be burnt for—

Feli. Go, you amorous hound, follow the scent of your mistress' shoe; away! [*Exit Alb.*

Foro. Make a fair presence, boys; advance your lights; the princess makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very good deed, la, you shall see me tickle the measures for the heavens. Do my hangers[1] show?

Enter PIERO, ANTONIO, MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, ALBERTO, *and* FLAVIA. *As they enter,* FELICE *and* CASTILIO *make a rank for the* DUKE *to pass through.* FOROBOSCO *ushers the* DUKE *to his state; then, whilst* PIERO *speaketh his first speech,* MELLIDA *is taken by* GALEATZO *and* MATZAGENTE *to dance, they supporting her;* ROSSALINE, *in like manner, by* ALBERTO *and* BALURDO; FLAVIA *by* FELICE *and* CASTILIO.

Pie. Beauteous Amazon, sit and seat your thoughts
In the reposure of most soft content.
Sound music there. Nay, daughter, clear your eyes
From these dull fogs of misty discontent:
Look sprightly, girl. What? though Antonio's drown'd,
That peevish dotard on thy excellence,
That hated issue of Andrugio:
Yet may'st thou triumph in my victories;
Since, lo, the high-born bloods of Italy
Sue for thy seat of love. Let music sound,
Beauty and youth run descant[2] on love's ground.

Mat. Lady, erect your gracious symmetry;
Shine in the sphere of sweet affection:
Your eye is heavy, as the heart of night.

Mel. My thoughts are as black as your beard; my fortunes as ill-proportioned as your legs; and all the powers of my mind as leaden as your wit, and as dusty as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith, sweet, I'll lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mel. I pray thee intrude not on a dead man's right.

Gal. No, but the living's just possession.
Thy lips, and love, are mine.

Mel. You ne'er took seizin[1] on them yet. Forbear:
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fill'd with dead Antonio's loss.
Then urge no more; oh leave[2] to love at all;
'Tis less disgraceful not to mount, than fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent lady, deign your ear:
You see this blade,—had it a courtly lip,
It would divulge my valour, plead my love,
Jostle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your love's seat; I am Matzagente.

Gal. Hark thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweet ear
With that sot's gabble; by thy beauteous cheek,
He is the flagging'st bulrush that e'er droopt
With each slight mist of rain. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtship.

Mel. What said you, sir? Alas! my thought was fix'd
Upon another object. Good, forbear:
I shall but weep. Ay me, what boots a tear!
Come, come, let's dance. Oh music, thou distill'st
More sweetness in us than this jarring world:
Both time and measure from thy strains do breathe,
Whilst from the channel of this dirt doth flow
Nothing but timeless grief, unmeasured woe.

Ant. Oh how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thick my blood, with boiling rage!
Oh eyes, why leap you not like thunderbolts,
Or cannon bullets in my rival's face;
Oy me infeliche misero, o lamentevol fato?[3]

Alb. What means the lady fall upon the ground?

Ros. Belike the falling sickness.

Ant. I cannot brook this sight, my thoughts grow wild:
Here lies a wretch, on whom heaven never smiled.

Ros. What, servant, ne'er a word, and I here, man?
I would shoot some speech forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous compliment.
Say sweet, what keeps thy mind, what think'st thou on?

Alb. Nothing.

Ros. What's that nothing?

Alb. A woman's constancy.

Ros. Good, why, would'st thou have us sluts, and never shift the vesture of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. Oh no, th'art too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firm fixed in unmoved scorn.

[1] *hangers*—that part of a sword-belt in which the weapon was suspended, usually fringed and ornamented with various colours.—NARES.

[2] *run descant. Descant* was what is now called a variation in music; the subject varied was called the *ground.*

[1] *seizin*—possession.

[2] *leave*—cease.

[3] This and other passages of the play are 'most wantonly disfigured by the sudden introduction of . . . Italian rhymes, which gives the whole an air of burlesque.' We must leave the reader to make his best of them.

Ros. Pish, pish; I fixed in unmoved scorn?
Why, I'll love thee to-night.
Alb. But whom to-morrow?
Ros. Faith, as the toy[1] puts me in the head.
Bal. An pleased the marble heavens, now would I might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to conceit my my my: pray you give in an epithet for love.
Feli. Roaring, roaring.
Bal. Oh love, thou hast murdered me, made me a shadow, an you hear not Balurdo, but Balurdo's ghost.
Ros. Can a ghost speak?
Bal. Scurvily, as I do.
Ros. And walk?
Bal. After their fashion.
Ros. And eat apples?
Bal. In a sort, in their garb.
Feli. Pr'ythee, Flavia, be my mistress.
Fla. Your reason, good Felice?
Feli. Faith, I have nineteen mistresses already, and I not much disdain that thou should'st make up the full score.
Fla. Oh, I hear you make common places of your mistresses, to perform the office of memory by. Pray you, in ancient times were not those satin hose? In good faith, now they are new dyed, pinked,[2] and scoured, they show as well as if they were new.
What, mute, Balurdo?
Feli. Ay, in faith, an 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.
Bal. Ay, an faith, an 'twere not for printing and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.
Feli. Good again, Echo.
Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foul to be affected.[3]
Feli. And thou, by art, too fair to be beloved.
By wit's life, most spark spirits, but hard chance.
La ty dine.
Pie. Gallants, the night grows old, and downy sleep
Courts us, to entertain his company:
Our tired limbs, bruis'd in the morning fight,
Entreat soft rest, and gentle hush'd repose.
Fill out Greek wines; prepare fresh cresset light:[4]
We'll have a banquet: Princes, then good night.

The cornets sound a synnet, and the DUKE *goes out in state. As they are going out,* ANTONIO *stays* MELLIDA; *the rest exeunt.*

Ant. What means these scatter'd looks? Why tremble you?
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes?
Collect your spirits, madam; what do you see?
Dost not behold a ghost?
Look, look where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds of grief,
Darting his soul upon thy wond'ring eyes.
Look, he comes towards thee; see, he stretches out
His wretched arms to girt thy loved waist,
With a most wish'd embrace: seest him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, Mellida; thou well may'st err:
For look; he walks not like Antonio,—
Like that Antonio that this morning shone
In glistering habiliments of arms,
To seize his love, spite of her father's spite,—
But like himself, wretched and miserable,
Banish'd, forlorn, despairing, struck quite through,
With sinking grief, rolled up in sevenfold doubles
Of plagues, vanquishable: hark! he speaks to thee.
Mel. Alas, I cannot hear, nor see him.
Ant. Why? all this night about the room he stalk'd,
And groan'd, and howl'd with raging passion,
To view his love (life-blood of all his hopes,
Crown of his fortunes) clipt[1] by strangers' arms.
Look but behind thee.
Mel. Oh, Antonio; my lord, my love, my—
Ant. Leave passion, sweet, for time, place, air, and earth,
Are all our foes; fear, and be jealous, fair,
Let's fly.
Mel. Dear heart; ha, whither?
Ant. Oh, 'tis no matter whither, but let's fly.
Ha! now I think on't, I have ne'er a home:
No father, friend, no country to embrace
These wretched limbs: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doit:
Only my head is hoised[2] to high rate,
Worth twenty thousand double pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.
But come, sweet creature, thou shalt be my home;
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soul; and thou and I will live:
(Let's think like what) and thou and I will live
Like unmatch'd mirrors of calamity.
The jealous ear of night eave-drops our talk.
Hold thee, there's a jewel; and look thee, there's a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.
Mel. Farewell, bleak misery!
Ant. Stay, sweet, let's kiss before you go!
Mel. Farewell, dear soul!
Ant. Farewell, my life, my heart!

ACT III.

Enter ANDRUGIO *in armour,* LUCIO *with a shepherd's gown in his hand, and a* Page.

And. Is not yon gleam, the shuddering morn that flakes,
With silver tincture, the east verge of heaven?
Lu. I think it is, so please your excellence.
And. Away, I have no excellence to please.
Pr'ythee observe the custom of the world,
That only flatters greatness, states exalts.
And please my excellence! O Lucio,
Thou hast been ever held respected dear,
Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched, oh read that, read that!

PIERO SFORZA *to the* ITALIAN PRINCES, *fortune.*

Excellent, the just overthrow Andrugio took in the Venetian Gulf, hath so assured the Genoese of the justice of his cause, and the hatefulness of his person, that they have banished him and all his family; and, for confirmation of their peace with us, have vowed, that if he or his son can be attached,[3] to send us both their heads. We therefore, by force of our united league, forbid you to harbour him, or his blood; but if you apprehend his person, we entreat you to send him, or his head, to us. For we vow, by the honour of our

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[1] *toy*—whim.
[2] *pinked*—scalloped and otherwise ornamented.
[3] *affected*—loved.
[4] *cresset light*—an open lamp, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole, or otherwise suspended. The etymology is probably *croiset*, a crucible or open pot, which always contained the light. Colgrave describes it as made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small and open cages of iron.—NARES.

[1] *clipt*—embraced.
[2] *hoised*—hoisted, raised.
[3] *attached*—seized.

blood, to recompense any man that bringeth his head with twenty thousand double pistolets, and the endearing to our choicest love.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fix'd in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,
And forms no useless or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppet even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soul:
Go to, go to; thou liest, Philosophy.
Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears?
That she might see desert, and hear men's plaints:
That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
He might fall thus, upon the breast of earth;
And in her ear halloo his misery:
Exclaiming thus, O thou all-bearing earth,
Which men do gape for, till thou cram'st their mouths,
And chok'st their throats with dust: oh chaune[1] thy breast,
And let me sink into thee. Look who knocks;
Andrugio calls. But oh, she's deaf and blind.
A wretch but lean relief on earth can find.

Lu. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarm.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,
We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Let's clip[2] all fortune, lest more low'ring fate—

And. More low'ring fate? O Lucio, choke that breath.
Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,[3]
What son, what comfort that she can deprive?
Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main?
And yet more low'ring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take,
Fortune my fortunes, not my mind shall shake.

Lu. Speak like yourself; but give me leave, my lord,
To wish your safety. If you are but seen,
Your arms display you; therefore put them off,
And take—

And. Would'st thou have me go unarm'd among my foes?
Being besieg'd by passion, ent'ring lists,
To combat with despair and mighty grief:
My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength
Of sharp impatience? Ha, Lucio, go uuarm'd?
Come, soul, resume the valour of thy birth;
Myself, myself, will dare all opposites:
I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power:
Cornets[4] of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth;
This hollow wombed mass shall inly groan,
And murmur to sustain the weight of arms:
Ghastly amazement, with upstarted hair,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whilst trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.
Alas, survey your fortunes, look what's left
Of all your forces, and your utmost hopes?
A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.

And. Andrugio lives, and a fair cause of arms,—
Why, that's an army all invincible!
He who hath that, hath a battalion
Royal, armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
Main squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.[1]
Oh, a fair cause stands firm, and will abide.
Legions of angels fight upon her side.

Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide, in strange disguise,
Unto some gracious prince, and sojourn there,
Till time and fortune give revenge firm means.

And. No, I'll not trust the honour of a man,
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness
A common water in most princes' courts:
He's in the chekle-roll:[2] I'll not trust my blood;
I know none breathing, but will cog a die[3]
For twenty thousand double pistolets.
How goes the time?

Lu. I saw no sun to-day.

And. No sun will shine where poor Andrugio breathes:
My soul grows heavy: boy, let's have a song:
We'll sing yet, faith, even despite of fate.

[*They sing.*

'Tis a good boy, and by my troth, well sung.
Oh, an thou felt'st my grief, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st have struck division[4] to the height,
And made the life of music breathe: hold, boy; why so?
For God's sake call me not Andrugio,
That I may soon forget what I have been.
For Heaven's name, name not Antonio,
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sun set, I'll show myself myself,
Worthy my blood. I was a duke; that's all.
No matter whither, but from whence we fall.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FELICE *walking, unbraced.*

Feli. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none up?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet:
Then there's no courtier stirring: that's firm truth?
I cannot sleep: Felice seldom rests
In these court lodgings. I have walked all night,
To see if the nocturnal court delights
Could force me envy their felicity:
And by plain troth—I will confess plain troth—
I envy nothing, but the traverse[5] light.
Oh, had it eyes, and ears, and tongues, it might
See sport, hear speech of most strange surquedries.[6]
Oh, if that candle-light were made a poet,
He would prove a rare firking[7] satirist,
And draw the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thank Heaven yet, that my content
Can envy nothing but poor candle-light.

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[1] *chaune*—gape, open; from Gr. *chaunō*, to gape.—NARES.
[2] *clip*—embrace.
[3] *rests*—remains.
[4] *Cornets*—companies.

[1] *harguebush*—harquebusses.
[2] *chekle-roll*—*i.e. chequer-roll* or *check-roll*, a list of household servants.
[3] *cog a die*—To *cog* is to lie or cheat; to cog the dice is to load or tamper with them in some way.
[4] *division* seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition.—STEVENS.
[5] *traverse light*—*i.e.* the lamp giving light to the different passages.—DILKE.
[6] *surquedries*—presumptions, from the old Fr., in which *cuider* means to think, presume.
[7] *firking*. *Firk* is used in so many senses it is difficult to fix the meaning; generally it is applied to any sudden motion, here it may mean searching, keen.

As for the other glistering copper spangs,[1]
That glisten in the tire of the court,
Praise God, I either hate or pity them.
Well, here I'll sleep till that the scene of up[2]
Is past at court. O calm hushed rich content,
Is there a being blessedness without thee?
How soft thou down'st the coach where thou dost rest,—
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast!

Enter CASTILIO *and his* Page; CASTILIO *with a casting-bottle*[3] *of sweet water in his hand, sprinkling himself.*

Cast. Am not I a most sweet youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your very words
Do smell of ambergris. Oh stay, sir, stay;
Sprinkle some sweet water to your shoes' heels,
That your mistress may swear you have a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.

Feli. Fut, what treble minikin[4] squeaks there? ha? good, very good, very very good.

Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my
Mistress' ear: and strike her thoughts with
The pleasing touch of my voice. [*Sings.*

Cast. Felice, health, fortune, mirth, and wine.

Feli. To thee my love divine.

Cast. I drink to thee, sweeting.

Feli. Plague on thee for an ass!

Cast. Now thou hast seen the court; by the perfection of it, dost not envy it?

Feli. I wonder it doth not envy me.
Why, man, I have been borne upon the spirit's wings,
The soul's swift Pegasus, the fantasy:
And from the height of contemplation
Have view'd the feeble joints men totter on.
I envy none, but hate or pity all.
For when I view, with an intentive thought,
That creature fair, but proud: him rich, but sot:[5]
Th'other witty, but unmeasured arrogant:
Him great, yet boundless in ambition:
Him high-born, but of base life: t'other feard;[6]
Yet feared fears, and fears most, to be most loved:
Him wise, but made a fool for public use:
Th'other learned, but self-opinionate:
When I discourse all these, and see myself
Nor fair, nor rich, nor witty, great, nor fear'd,
Yet amply suited with all full content,
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosom, tossing up
A grateful spirit to Omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha; but if thou knew'st my happiness,
Thou wouldst even grate away thy soul to dust
In envy of my sweet beatitude:
I cannot sleep for kisses; I cannot rest
For ladies' letters, that importune me
With such unused vehemence of love,
Straight to solicit them, that—

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I think thou liest.
Why should I not be sought-to then as well?
Fut, methinks I am as like a man.
Troth, I have a good head of hair, a cheek
Not as yet wann'd; a leg, faith, in the full.
I ha' not a red beard, take not tobacco much:
And 'slid, for other parts of manliness—

Cast. Pew waw, you ne'er accorted[1] them in pomp:
Put your good parts in presence, graciously.
Ha, an you had, why, they would ha' come off, sprung
To your arms; and sued, and pray'd, and vow'd;
And opened all their sweetness to your love.

Feli. There are a number of such things, as then
Have often urg'd me to such loose belief:
But 'slid, you all do lie, you all do lie.
I have put on good clothes, and smug'd[2] my face,
Struck a fair wench with a smart speaking eye;
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate;
Had opportunity put them to the ah!
And, by this light, I find them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable; perchance a kiss, or so:
But for the rest, O most inexorable!

Cast. Nay then, i'faith, pr'ythee look here.
[*Shows him the superscription of a seeming letter.*

Fel. To her most esteemed, lov'd, and generous servant, Sig. Castilio Balthazar.
Pr'ythee from whom comes this? faith, I must see.
From her that is devoted to thee, in most private sweets of love,—Rossaline.
Nay, God's my comfort, I must see the rest;
I must, *sans* ceremony; faith, I must.
[FELICE *takes away the letter by force.*

Cast. Oh, you spoil my ruff, unset my hair; good, away.

Feli. Item, for strait canvas, thirteen pence halfpenny. Item, for an ell and a half of taffeta to cover your old canvas doublet, fourteen shillings and threepence. S'light, this is a tailor's bill.

Cast. In sooth, it is the outside of her letter, on which I took the copy of a tailor's bill.

Dil. But 'tis not crossed, I am sure of that. Lord have mercy on him, his credit hath given up the last gasp. Faith, I'll leave him; for he looks as melancholy as a wench the first night she— [*Exit.*

Feli. Honest musk-cod,[3] 'twill not be so stitched together. Take that, and that, and belie no lady's love. Swear no more by Jesu, this madam, that lady. Hence, go, forswear the presence, travel three years to bury this bastinado: avoid, puff-paste, avoid.

Cast. And tell not my lady mother. Well, as I am a true gentleman, if she had not willed me on her blessing not to spoil my face, if I could not find in my heart to fight, would I might ne'er eat a potato pie more.

[*Enter* BALURDO, *backward;* DILDO *following him with a looking-glass in one hand, and a candle in the other hand.* FLAVIA *following him backward, with a looking-glass in one hand, and a candle in the other;* ROSSALINE *following her.* BALURDO *and* ROSSALINE *stand setting of faces: and so the scene begins.*

Feli. More fool, more rare fools! Oh for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to act these fools! Here might be made a rare scene of folly, if the plat[4] could bear it.

Bal. By the sugar-candy sky, hold up the glass higher, that I may see to swear in fashion.

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[1] *spangs*—spangles.
[2] *scene of up*—*i.e.* of getting up out of bed.
[3] *casting-bottle.*—See note 3, p. 348, col. 2.
[4] *minikin*—small, delicate; seems to have meant also treble in music.—NARES.
[5] *sot*—sottish. [6] *feard*—afraid.

[1] *accorted*—courted, or, perhaps, should be *accosted.*
[2] *smug'd*—made smug or trim.
[3] *musk-cod*—a cod or bag for holding musk.
[4] *plat*—plot, plan (?).

Oh, one loof[1] more would ha' made them shine; they would have shone like my mistress' brow. Even so the duke frowns for all this cursond[2] world: oh, that gerne[3] kills, it kills. By my golden—what's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold up; that I may put in: hold up, I say, that I may see to put on my gloves.

Dil. Oh, delicious, sweet-cheek'd master, if you discharge but one glance from the level of that set face, oh, you will strike a wench; you'll make any wench love you.

Bal. By Jesu, I think I am as elegant a courtier, as— How lik'st thou my suit?

Cat. All, beyond all, no peregal:[4] you are wondered at for an ass.

Bal. Well, Dildo, no Christian creature shall know hereafter, what I will do for thee heretofore.

Ros. Here wants a little white, Flavia.

Dil. Aye, but master, you have one little fault; you sleep open-mouth'd.

Bal. Pewe, thou jestest. In good sadness,[5] I'll have a looking-glass nail'd to the teste of the bed, that I may see when I sleep, whether 'tis so, or not. Take heed you lie not: go to, take heed you lie not.

Fla. By my troth, you look as like the princess now—

Ros. Ay, but her lip is lip—is a little—redder, a very little redder: but by the help of Art, or Nature, ere I change my periwig, mine shall be as red.

Fla. Oh, ay, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing of your body, that wanton dandling of your fan, becomes prethily, so sweethly, 'tis even the goodest lady that breathes, the most amiable— Faith the fringe of your satin petticoat is ripp'd. Good faith, madam, they say you are the most bounteous lady to your women that ever— O most delicious beauty! Good madam, let me kith it.

Enter PIERO.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female fool, and a female flatterer.

Ros. Body a me, the duke: away the glass.

Pie. Take up your paper, Rossaline.

Ros. Not mine, my lord.

Pie. Not yours, my lady? I'll see what 'tis.

Bal. And how does my sweet mistress? Oh lady dear, even as 'tis an old say, 'Tis an old horse can neither wighy,[6] nor wag his tail: even so do I hold my set face still: even so, 'tis a bad courtier that can neither discourse nor blow his nose.

Pie. [*Reads*] Meet me at Abraham's, the Jew's, where I bought my Amazon's disguise. A ship lies in the port, ready bound for England. Make haste, come private. ANTONIO.

Enter CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO.

Forobosco, Alberto, Felice, Castilio, Balurdo? run, keep the palace, post to the ports, go to my daughter's chamber: whither now? scud to the Jew's, stay, run to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none pass the marsh, do all at once. Antonio? his head, his head. Keep you the court, the rest stand still, or run, or go, or shout, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or do do do, su-su-su-something: I know not who who who, what I do do do, nor who who who, where I am.

O trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Feli. Ha ha ha! I could break my spleen at his impatience.

Ant. Alma et gratiosa fortuna siate favorevole,
Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida,
Mellida.

Mel. Alas, Antonio, I have lost thy note!
A number mount my stairs; I'll straight return.

Fel. Antonio,
Be not affright, sweet prince; appease thy fear,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble[1] action, or thou art surpris'd.

Ant. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or—

Ant, Both, both, all, all: I pr'ythee let me lie;
Spite of you all, I can, and I will die.

[*Here apparently* PIERO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and others rush out.*

Fel. You are distraught; Oh, this is madness' breath!

Ant. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
He's a good fellow, and keeps open house:
A thousand thousand ways lead to his gate,
To his wide-mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wring ourselves into this wretched world,
To pule, and weep, exclaim, to curse and rail,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth,
As I do now. Antonio, curse thy birth,
And die!

Feli. Nay, Heaven's my comfort, now you are perverse;
You know I always lov'd you; pr'ythee live.
Wilt thou strike dead thy friends, draw mourning tears?

Ant. Alas, Felice, I ha' ne'er a friend;
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weep my fate, or sigh my funeral:
I roll but up and down, and fill a seat
In the dark cave of dusky misery.

Feli. 'Fore Heaven, the duke comes: hold you, take my key,
Slink to my chamber, look you; that is it:
There shall you find a suit I wore at sea;
Take it, and slip away. Nay, precious,
If you'll be peevish, by this light, I'll swear,
Thou rail'dst upon thy love before thou diedst,
And call'd her strumpet.

Ant. She'll not credit thee.

Fel. Tut, that's all one: I'll defame thy love;
And make thy dead trunk held in vile regard.

Ant. Wilt needs have it so? Why, then, Antonio,
Vive esperanza, in despetto dell fato. [*Exit.*

Enter PIERO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, *and* CASTILIO, *with weapons.*

Pie. Oh, my sweet princes, was't not bravely found?
Even there I found the note, even there it lay.
I kiss the place for joy, that there it lay.
This way he went, here let us make a stand:
I'll keep this gate myself. O gallant youth!
I'll drink carouse unto your country's health,

Enter ANTONIO.

Even in Antonio's skull.

Bal. Lord bless us: his breath is more fearful than a sergeant's voice, when he cries, 'I arrest.'

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[1] *loof*—luff, turn.
[2] *cursond*—christened.
[3] *gerne*—yawn.
[4] *peregal*—equal.
[5] *sadness*—carnestness.
[6] *wighy*, according to Halliwell, is an exclamation to horses; here it seems to mean neigh.
[7] *gundolets*—gondolas.

[1] *wimble*—nimble.

Ant. Stop Antonio, keep, keep Antonio.
Pie. Where, where man, where?
Ant. Here, here: let me pursue him down the marsh.
Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundolet:
Bring me his head, his head, and, by mine honour,
I'll make thee the wealthiest mariner that breathes.
Ant. I'll sweat my blood out till I have him safe.
Pie. Speak heartily i'faith, good mariner.
Oh, we will mount in triumph: soon at night
I'll set his head up. Let's think where.
Bal. Upon his shoulders, that's the fittest place for it. If it be not as fit as if it were made for them, say, Balurdo, thou art a sot, an ass.

Enter MELLIDA *in* Page's *attire, dancing.*

Pie. Sprightly, i'faith. In troth he's somewhat like
My daughter Mellida: but alas, poor soul,
Her honour's heels, God knows, are half so light.
Mel. Escap'd I am, spite of my father's spite.
Pie. Ho, this will warm my bosom ere I sleep.

Enter FLAVIA, *running.*

Fla. O my lord, your daughter.
Pie. Ay, ay, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My days unmeasuredly.
It shall be chronicled, time to come,
Piero Sforza slew Andrugio's son.
Fla. Ay, but my lord, your daughter.
Pie. Ay, ay, my good wench, she is safe enough.
Fla. Oh, then, my lord, you know she's run away.
Pie. Run away, away, how run away?
Fla. She's vanish'd in an instant, none knows whither.
Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away!
[FELICE *sings, And was not good king Salomon.*
Fly, call, run, row, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:
Haste, hurry, shout, cry, ride, row, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.
Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta
Che faro, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal!
[*Exeunt all but* CASTILIO *and* FELICE.
Cast. 'Twas you that struck me even now: was it not?
Feli. It was I that struck you even now.
Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.
Feli. I bastinadoed you, and you took it.
Cast. Faith, sir, I have the richest tobacco in the court for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I have wronged you. I would not the sun should set upon your anger; give me your hand.
Feli. Content faith, so thou'lt breed no more such lies.
I hate not man, but man's lewd qualities.

ACT IV.

Enter ANTONIO, *in his sea-gown, running.*

Ant. Stop, stop Antonio, stay, Antonio.
Vain breath, vain breath, Antonio's lost;
He cannot find himself, not seize himself.
Alas, this that you see is not Antonio,
His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Hurling about his agile faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida:
But poor, poor soul, wanting apt instruments
To speak or see, stands dumb and blind, sad spirit,
Roll'd up in gloomy clouds as black as air,
Through which the rusty coach of Night is drawn.
'Tis so, I'll give you instance that 'tis so.
Conceit you me, as having clasp'd a rose
Within my palm, the rose being ta'en away,
My hand retains a little breath of sweet:
So may man's trunk; his spirit slipt away,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghost.
'Tis so; for when discursive powers[1] fly out,
And roam in progress through the bounds of heaven,
The soul itself gallops along with them,
As chieftain of this winged troop of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,
Until the soul return from— What was't I said?
Oh, this is naught, but speckling melancholy.
I have been—
That Morpheus tender-skinn'd—Cousin-german
Bear with me good—
Mellida: clod upon clod thus fall.[2]
Hell is beneath; yet heaven is over all.

Enter ANDRUGIO *and* LUCIO.

And. Come, Lucio, let's go eat: what hast thou got?
Roots, roots? alas, they are seeded, new cut up.
Oh, thou hast wrong'd Nature, Lucio:
But boots not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off virtue 'fore it comes to growth,
Lest it should seed, and so o'errun her son,
Dull purblind error. Give me water, boy.
There is no poison in't, I hope, they say
That lurks in massy plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a general plague,
That he's most wise, that thinks there's no man fool:
Right prudent, that esteems no creature just:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me assay—[3] How we mock greatness now!
Lu. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem.
If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem.
And. Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince:
'Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping, with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do aught save wrong,
Fears nothing mortal but to be unjust,
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spongy sycophants: who stands unmov'd,
Despite the jostling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him:
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting majesty:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king.
And of this empire, every man's possest,
That's worth his soul.
Lu. My lord, the Genoese had wont to say—
And. Name not the Genoese: that very word
Unkings me quite, makes me vile passion's slave.

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[1] *discursive powers*—powers of discourse or thought.
[2] Either there is something wanting in these verses, or the author wishes to represent Antonio as utterly bewildered.
[3] *Give me assay—to give the say or assay* at court was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes.—NARES.

Oh, you that made open the glibbery[1] ice
Of vulgar favour, view Andrugio.
Was never prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of triumph launched out
Into the surgy main of government:
Was never prince with more despite cast out,
Left shipwreck'd, banish'd on more guiltless ground.
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you still double, falter, under the lightest chance
That strains your veins. Alas, one battle lost,
Your whorish love, your drunken healths, your hoots and shouts,
Your smooth God save's, and all your devil's last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me, Lucio, for I am turned slave:
Observe how passion domineers o'er me.

Lu. No wonder, noble lord, having lost a son,
A country, crown, and—

And. Ay, Lucio, having lost a son, a son,
A country, house, crown, son. *O lares, misereri lares.*[2]
Which shall I first deplore? My son, my son,
My dear sweet boy, my dear Antonio.

Ant. Antonio.

And. Ay, echo, ay; I mean Antonio.

Ant. Antonio, who means Antonio?

And. Where art? what art? know'st thou Antonio?

Ant. Yes.

And. Lives he?

Ant. No.

And. Where lies he dead?

Ant. Here.

And. Where?

Ant. Here.

And. Art thou Antonio?

Ant. I think I am.

And. Dost thou but think? What, dost not know thyself?

Ant. He is a fool that thinks he knows himself.

And. Upon thy faith to heaven, give thy name.

Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,
If I denied my name's Antonio.

And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name Andrugio.
And dost thou live? Oh, let me kiss thy cheek,
And dew thy brow with trickling drops of joy.
Now Heaven's will be done: for I have lived
To see my joy, my son Antonio.
Give me thy hand; now Fortune do thy worst,
His blood, that lapp'd thy spirit in the womb,
Thus (in his love) will make his arms thy tomb.

Ant. Bless not the body with your twining arms,
Which is accurs'd of Heaven. Oh, what black sin
Hath been committed by our ancient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world, and Fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruin's branded slaves?

And. Do not expostulate the heavens' will:
But, oh, remember to forget thyself:
Forget remembrance what thou once hast been.
Come, creep with me from out this open air.
Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boy:
Which Fortune will not envy, 'tis so mean,
And like the world (all dirt) there shalt thou rip
The inwards of thy fortunes in mine ears,
Whilst I sit weeping, blind with passion's tears:
Then I'll begin, and we'll such order keep,
That one shall still tell griefs, the other weep.

[*Exit* ANDRUGIO, *leaving* ANTONIO *and his* Page.

Ant. I'll follow you. Boy, pr'ythee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this cold marsh,
Whercin we lurk, have not corrupted it.

Enter MELLIDA, *standing out of sight, in her* Page's *suit.*

I pr'ythee sing; but, sirrah (mark you me),
Let each note breathe the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extremest grief.
Make me a strain; speak, groaning like a bell,
That tolls departing souls.
Breathe me a point that may enforce me weep,
To wring my hands, to break my cursed breast,
Rave, and exclaim, lie grovelling on the earth,
Straight start up frantic, crying, Mellida!
Sing but, Antonio hath lost Mellida,
And thou shalt see me (like a man possess'd)
Howl out such passion, that even this brinish marsh
Will squeeze out tears from out his spongy cheeks:
The rocks even groan, and—
Pr'ythee, pr'ythee sing,
Or I shall ne'er ha' done when I am in,
'Tis harder for me end, than to begin.

[*The boy runs a note,* ANTONIO *breaks it.*[1]
For look thee, boy, my grief that hath no end,
I may begin to plain, but—pr'ythee sing.

[*Boy sings.*

Mel. Heaven keep you, sir!

Ant. Heaven keep you from me, sir!

Mel. I must be acquainted with you, sir.

Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamity?
Art thou true sorrow, hearty grief? canst weep?
I am not for thee if thou canst not rave,

[ANTONIO *falls on the ground.*

Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaim on Heaven;
O trifling Nature, why inspiredst thou breath?

Mel. Stay, sir, I think you named Mellida.

Ant. Know'st thou Mellida?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Hast thou seen Mellida?

Mel. Yes.

Ant. Then hast thou seen the glory of her sex,
The music of nature, the unequall'd lustre
Of unmatched excellence, the united sweet
Of heaven's graces, the most adored beauty
That ever struck amazement in the world!

Mel. You seem to love her.

Ant. With my very soul.

Mel. She'll not requite it: all her love is fix'd
Upon a gallant, on Antonio,
The Duke of Genoa's son. I was her page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;
Oh, dear Antonio! and to strengthen thought,
Would clip[2] my neck, and kiss, and kiss me thus.
Therefore leave loving her: faugh, faith, methinks
Her beauty is not half so ravishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A low forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should hear such blasphemy!

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[1] *glibbery*—slippery.

[2] 'O household gods, pity me, household gods.'

[1] *i.e.* the boy begins to sing, and Antonio interrupts him.—DILKE.

[2] *clip*—clasp.

Boy, rogue, thou liest! and
Spavento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di grava mòrte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta salvatrice sovrana Mellida
Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.
Mel. Diletta e soave anima mia Antonio,
Godevole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio e virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.[1]
Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soave baccio,
Mel. Murono i sensi nel desiato dessio:
Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara?
Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?
Ant. Dammi un baccio da quella bocca beata,
Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.
Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore
Che bea me, cosempiterno honore,
Cosi, cosi mi converra morir.
Good sweet, scout o'er the marsh: for my heart trembles
At every little breath that strikes my ear.
When thou returnest, then I'll discourse
How I deceived the court: then thou shalt tell
How thou escap'st the watch: we'll point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing commas, and even suck
The liquid breath from out each other's lips.
Ant. Dull clod, no man but such sweet favour clips.
I go, and yet my panting blood persuades me stay.
Turn coward in her sight? away, away!
[*Exit.*

Lu. I think confusion of Babel is fallen upon those lovers, that they change their language; but, I fear me, my master having but feigned the person of a woman, hath got their unfeigned imperfection, and is grown double-tongu'd: as for Mellida, she were no woman, if she could not yield strange language. But, howsoever, if I should sit in judgment, 'tis an error easier to be pardoned by the auditors, than excused by the authors; and yet some private respect may rebate[2] the edge of the keener censure.

Enter PIERO, CASTILIO, MATZAGENTE, FOROBOSCO, FELICE, GALEATZO, BALURDO, *and his* Page, *at another door.*

Pie. This way she took: search, my sweet gentlemen. How now, Balurdo, canst thou meet with anybody?

Bal. As I am a true gentleman, I made my horse sweat, that he hath ne'er a dry thread on him: and I can meet with no living creature, but men and beasts. In good sadness, I would have sworn I had seen Mellida even now: for I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peep't, and I spied a thing: and I peer'd, and I tweer'd[3] underneath: and truly a wise man might have been deceived; for it was—

Pie. What, in the name of Heaven?

Bal. A dun cow.

Feli. Sh'ad ne'er a kettle on her head?[4]

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a young lady pass this way?

Gal. Why speak you not?

Bal. God's neakes, proud elf, give the duke reverence, stand bare with a—
Whogh! heavens bless me: Mellida, Mellida!

Pie. Where, man, where?

Bal. Turn'd man, turn'd man: women wear the breeches, lo here!

Pie. Light and unduteous! kneel not, peevish elf,
Speak not, entreat not, shame unto my house,
Curse to my honour. Where's Antonio?
Thou traitress to my hate, what, is he shipp'd
For England now? well, whimpering harlot, hence!

Mel. Good father!

Pie. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprightly youth? ere thou canst term to-morrow morning old, thou shalt call him thy husband, lord, and love.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt[1] on your Ay me's; guard her safely hence.
Drag her away, I'll be your guard to-night.
Young prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnize your nuptial's eve with pomp.

Gal. The time is scant: now nimble wits appear:
Phœbus begins gleam, the welkin's clear.
[*Exeunt all but* BALURDO, *his* Page, *and* DILDO.

Bal. Now nimble wits appear: I'll myself appear,
Balurdo's self, that in quick wit doth surpass,
Will show the substance of a complete—

Dil. Ass, ass.

Bal. I'll mount my courser, and most gallantly prick—

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in the verse, sir.

Bal. I'll speak pure rhyme, and will so bravely prank it, that I'll toss love like a prank, prank it: a rhyme for prank it?

Dil. Blanket.

Bal. That'll toss love, like a dog in a blanket: ha ha, indeed la! I think, ha ha; I think, ha ha, I think I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not dead, say, Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter ANDRUGIO *and* ANTONIO *wreathed together,*[2] LUCIO.

And. Now come, united force of chap-fallen death:
Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distress.
Oh, thus infolded, we have breasts of proof
'Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an antidote
'Gainst all the poison that the world can breathe:
My Mellida, my Mellida doth bless
This bleak waste with her presence. How now, boy,
Why dost thou weep? alas! where's Mellida?

Lu. Ay me, my lord.

And. A sudden horror doth invade my blood,
My sinews tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosom to go out,
Dreading the assailant, horrid passion.
Oh, be no tyrant, kill me with one blow.
Speak quickly, briefly, boy.

Pa. Her father found and seiz'd her; she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy blood, be not froze up with grief.

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[1] Mellida here discovers herself to Antonio.
[2] *rebate*—blunt.
[3] *tweer'd*—peeped.
[4] The *Dun Cow* is intimately connected with the history of the celebrated Guy Earl of Warwick, and I believe his *kettle* is one of the pretended relics still shown there. From the text I conjecture that the *dun cow* with the *kettle on her head* was in the time of Marston a well-known sign.—DILKE.

[1] *Blirt* or *blurt* was used as an exclamation of contempt.
[2] *i.e.* folded in each other's arms.—DILKE.

Courage, sweet boy, sink not beneath the weight
Of crushing mischief. Oh, where's thy dauntless heart,
Thy father's spirit! I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.
Lu. See how his grief speaks in his slow-pac'd steps!
Alas, 'tis more than he can utter, let him go.
Dumb solitary path best suiteth woe.
And. Give me my arms, my armour, Lucio.
Lu. Dear lord, what means this rage; when lacking use
Scarce saves your life, will you in armour rise?
And. Fortune fears valour, presseth cowardice.
Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And means to blaze it.
And. Nunquam potest non esse.[1]
Lu. Patience, my lord, may bring your ills some end.
Ant. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend?
Come, let me die like old Andrugio:
Worthy my birth. Oh blood-true-honour'd graves
Are far more blessed than base life of slaves.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter BALURDO, *a* Painter *with two Pictures, and* DILDO.

Bal. And are you a painter? sir, can you draw, can you draw?
Pa. Yes, sir.
Bal. Indeed, la! now so can my father's fore-horse. And are these the workmanship of your hands?
Pa. I did limn them.
Bal. Limn them? a good word, limn them. Whose picture is this? *Anno Domini* 1599. Believe me, Master Auno Domini was of a good settled age when you limn'd him. 1599 years old? Let's see the other. *Etatis suæ* 24. By'r Lady, he is somewhat younger. Belike Master Etatis suæ was Anno Domini's son.
Pa. Is not your master a—
Dil. He hath a little proclivity to him.
Pa. Proclivity, good youth? I thank you for your courtly proclivity.
Bal. Approach, good sir. I did send for you to draw me a device, an Imprezza, by Sinecdoche a Mott. By Phœbus' crimson taffeta mantle, I think I speak as melodiously,—look you, sir, how think you on't? I would have you paint me, for my device, a good fat leg of ewe mutton, swimming in stewed broth of plum (boy, keel[2] your mouth, it runs over), and the word[3] shall be, Hold my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. Sure, in my conscience, 'twould be the most sweet device, now.
Pa. 'Twould scent of kitchen stuff too much.
Bal. God's neakes, now I remember me, I ha' the rarest device in my head that ever breathed. Can you paint me a drivelling, reeling song, and let the word be, Uh?
Pa. A belch.
Bal. Oh, no, no. Uh, paint me uh, or nothing.
Pa. It cannot be done, sir, but by a seeming kind of druukenness.
Bal. No? Well, let me have a good massy ring, with your own poesie graven in it, that must sing a small treble, word for word, thus:

And if you will my true lover be,
Come follow me to the green wood.

Pa. O Lord, sir, I cannot make a picture sing.
Bal. Why? z'lid, I have seen painted things sing as sweet;
But I hav't will tickle it, for a conceit i'faith.

Enter FELICE *and* ALBERTO.

Alb. Oh, dear Felice, give me thy device.
How shall I purchase love of Rossaline?
Feli. S'will, flatter her soundly.
Alb. Her love is such, I cannot flatter her;
But with my utmost vehemence of speech,
I have ador'd her beauties.
Feli. Hast writ good, moving, unaffected rhymes to her?
Alb. O yes, Felice; but she scorns my writ.
Feli. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gifts?
Alb. Alas! my fortunes are too weak to offer them.
Feli. Oh, then I have it, I'll tell thee what to do.
Alb. What, good Felice?
Feli. Go and hang thyself; I say, go hang thyself;
If that thou canst not give, go hang thyself.
I'll time thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.
How think'st thou of a poet that sung thus:
Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:
Munere solicites Pallada, Cypris erit.
Munera, munera.[1]
Alb. I'll go and breathe my woes unto the rocks,
And spend my grief upon the deafest seas.
I'll weep my passion to the senseless trees,
And load most solitary air with plaints.
For woods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthless as my Rossaline.
Farewell, dear friend, expect no more of me;
Here ends my part in this love's comedy.[2]
[*Exit* ALBERTO. *Exit* Painter.
Feli. Now, Master Balurdo, whither are you going, ha?
Bal. Signior Felice, how do you, faith, and by my troth, how do you?
Feli. Whither art thou going, bully?
Bal. And as Heaven help me, how do you? How, do you i'faith he?
Feli. Whither art going, man?
Bal. O God, to the court! I'll be willing to give you grace and good countenance, if I may but see you in the presence.
Feli. Oh, to court? farewell.
Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffeta doublet, cut upon carnation velure,[3] a green hat, a blue pair of velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orange tawny pair of worsted silk stockings, that's I, that's I.
Feli. Very good; farewell.
Bal. Ho, you shall know me as easily. I ha' bought me a new green feather with a red sprig; you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches; you shall know me.
Feli. Very good, very good; farewell.
Bal. Marry, in the mask 'twill be somewhat hard. But if you hear anybody speak so wittily

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[1] 'It is never possible not to be.'
[2] *keel*—cool skim. [3] *word*—motto.

[1] 'Gifts alone appease; gifts alone add beauty:
Should you solicit Pallas with a gift, she will be a Venus:
Gifts, gifts.'
[2] *comedy* often means a play generally.
[3] *velure*—velvet.

that he makes all the room laugh, that's I, that's I. Farewell, good Signior. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *a* Boy *carrying a gilt harp;* PIERO, MELLIDA *in night apparel,* ROSSALINE, FLAVIA, *two* Pages.

Pie. Advance the music's prize;[1] now, cap'ring wits,
Rise to your highest mount; let choice delight
Garland the brow of this triumphant night.
'Sfoot, a sits like Lucifer himself.

Ros. Good, sweet duke, first let their voices strain for music's price. Give me the golden harp. Faith, with your favour, I'll be ump'ress.

Pie. Sweet niece, content. Boys, clear your voice and sing. [First Boy *sings.*

Ros. By this gold, I had rather have a servant with a short nose and a thin hair, than have such a high stretch'd minikin[2] voice.

Pie. Fair niece, your reason?

Ros. By the sweet of love, I should fear extremely that he were an eunuch.

Cas. Spark[3] spirit, how like you his voice?

Ros. Spark spirit, how like you his voice?
So help me, youth, thy voice squeaks like a dry cork shoe. Come, come; let's hear the next.
[Second Boy *sings.*

Pie. Trust me, a strong mean.[4] Well sung, my boy.

Enter BALURDO.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold! Are ye blind? Could ye not see my voice coming for the harp? An I knock not division on the head,[5] take hence the harp, make me a slip, and let me go but for ninepence. Sir Mark, strike up for Master Balurdo. [BALURDO *sings.*
Judgment, gentlemen, judgment. Was't not above line?
I appeal to your mouths that heard my song.
Do me right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.

Ros. Kneel down, and I'll dub thee knight of the golden harp.

Bal. Indeed, la, do, and I'll make you lady of the silver fiddlestick.

Ros. Come, kneel, kneel.

Enter a Page *to* BALURDO.

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath never a whistle in't.

Ros. Nay, good sweet cuz, raise up your drooping eyes; and I were at the point of To have and to hold, from this day forward, I would be asham'd to look thus lumpish. Shall's dance? thou art so sad, hark in mine ear. I was about to say, but I'll forbear.

Bal. I come, I come; more then, most honeysuckle sweet ladies, pine not for my presence; I'll return in pomp. Well spoke, Sir Jeffrey Balurdo. As I am a true knight, I feel honourable eloquence begin to grope me already.
[*Exit.*

Pie. Faith, mad niece, I wonder when thou wilt marry?

Ros. Faith, kind uncle, when men abandon jealousy, forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to wear their beards so rudely long. Oh, to have a husband with a mouth continually smoking, with a bush of furs on the ridge of his chin, ready still to flop into his foaming chaps; ah! 'tis more than most intolerable.

Pie. Nay, faith, sweet niece, I was mighty strong in thought we should have shut up night with an old comedy. The Prince of Milan shall have Mellida, and thou shouldst have—

Ros. Nobody, good sweet uncle. I tell you, sir, I have thirty-nine servants, and my monkey, that makes the fortieth. Now, I love all of them lightly for something, but affect none of them seriously for anything. One's a passionate fool, and he flatters me above belief; the second's a testy ape, and he rails at me beyond reason; the third's as grave as some censor, and he strokes up his mustachoes three times, and makes six plots[1] of set faces, before he speaks one wise word; the fourth's as dry as the burr of an artichoke; the fifth paints, and hath always a good colour for what he speaks; the sixth—

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet niece; what makes you thus suspect young gallants' worth?

Ros. Oh, when I see one wear a periwig, I dread his hair; another wallow in a great slop,[2] I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and wears a ruffled boot, I fear the fashion of his leg. Thus, something in each thing, one trick in everything makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.[3]

The cornets sound a cynet.

Enter GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, *and* BALURDO *in maskery.*[4]

Pie. The room's too scant: boys, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faith, fair sir, I am too sad to dance.

Pie. How's that, how's that? Too sad? By Heaven, dance,
And grace him to, or go to,—I say no more.

Mel. A burning glass, the word *splendente Phœbo?*
'Tis too curious, I conceit it not.

Gal. Faith, I'll tell thee. I'll no longer burn, than you'll shine and smile upon my love. For look ye, fairest, by your pure sweets,
I do not dote upon your excellence.
And faith, unless you shed your brightest beams
Of sunny favour, and acceptive grace
Upon my tender love, I do not burn:
Marry but shine, and I'll reflect your beams,
With fervent ardour. Faith, I would be loath to flatter thee, fair soul, because I love, not dote, court like thy husband, which thy father swears, to-morrow morn, I must be. This is all; and now from henceforth, trust me, Mellida, I'll not speak one wise word to thee more.

Mel. I trust ye.

Gal. By my troth, I'll speak pure fool[5] to thee now.

Mel. You will speak the liker yourself.

Gal. Good faith, I'll accept of the cockscomb, so you will not refuse the bauble.[6]

Mel. Nay, good sweet, keep them both; I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Go to, I must take you down for this. Lend me your ear.

Ros. A glowworm? the word,—*Splendescit tantùm tenebris.*[7]

Mat. Oh, lady, the glowworm figurates my

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[1] Viz. a harp, as will be seen below.
[2] *minikin*—treble. [3] *spark*—bright, lively.
[4] *i.e.* a full-toned tenor voice.—DILKE.
[5] *i.e.*, we suppose if he does not beat the others 'hollow' in singing.

[1] *plots*—plats, plans, sets.
[2] *slop.* Slops were large loose breeches.
[3] *addiction*—inclination, will.
[4] *maskery*—masquerade. This is necessary to be remembered in order to understand what follows.
[5] *pure fool—i.e.* like a pure fool.
[6] The *cockscomb* and *bauble* were both appurtenances of a fool.
[7] 'Shines only in the dark.'

valour, which shineth brightest in most dark, dismal, and horrid achievements.

Ros. Or, rather, your glowworm represents your wit, which only seems to have fire in it, though indeed 'tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines only in the dark dead night of fools' admiration.

Mat. Lady, my wit hath spurs, if it were disposed to ride you.

Ros. Faith, sir, your wit's spurs have but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not draw blood: the gentlemen ushers may admit them the presence, for any wrong they can do to ladies.

Bal. Truly, I have strained a note above Ela[1] for a device; look you, 'tis a fair rul'd singing book; the word, *Perfect, if it were prickt.*[2]

Fla. Though you are mask'd, I can guess who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite Balurdo, the most rarely shap'd Balurdo.

Bal. Who, I? No, I am not Sir Jeffrey Balurdo. I am not as well known by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to love and be beloved of Flavia.

Fla. I will not scorn to favour such good parts as are applauded in your rarest self.

Bal. Truly you speak wisely, and like a gentlewoman of fourteen years of age. You know the stone called *lapis;* the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the geometricians call *avis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heaven; and love, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (there's a word, remote), the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quick; a little thing pleaseth a young lady, and a small favour contenteth an old courtier.

Enter FELICE.

Pie. What might import this flourish? Bring us word.

Feli. Stand away: here's such a company of fly-boats, hulling about this galeass of greatness, that there's no boarding him.
Do you hear yon thing call'd duke?

Pie. How now, blunt Felice; what's the news?

Feli. Yonder's a knight hath brought Andrugio's head, and craves admittance to your chair of state.

Cornets sound a cynet. Enter ANDRUGIO, *in armour.*

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous;
Sound all the pleasing instruments of joy;
Make triumph stand on tiptoe whilst we meet:
O sight most gracious, O revenge most sweet!

And. [*reads*]. *We vow, by the honour of our birth, to recompense any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twenty thousand double pistolets, and the endearing to our choicest love.*

Pie. We still with most unmov'd resolv'd confirm
Our large munificence: and here breathe
A sad and solemn protestation:
When I recall this vow, oh, let our house
Be even commanded, stain'd, and trampled on,
As worthless rubbish of nobility.

And. Then here, Piero, is Andrugio's head,
Royally casked in a helm of steel:
Give me thy love, and take it. My dauntless soul
Hath that unbounded vigour in his spirits
That it can bear more rank indignity,
With less impatience than thy cancred hate
Can sting and venom his untainted worth
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike;
Oh, let no glimpse of honour light thy thoughts;
If there be any heat of royal breath
Creeping in thy veins, oh, stifle it.
Be still thyself, bloody and treacherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired act
Of princely pity. Piero, I am come
To soil thy house with an eternal blot
Of savage cruelty; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death; that thy ne'er-dying shame
Might live immortal to posterity.
Come, be a princely hangman, stop my breath.
Oh dread thou shame no more than I dread death.

Pie. We are amaz'd, our royal spirits numb'd,
In stiff astonish'd wonder at thy prowess.
Most mighty, valiant, and high tow'ring heart.
We blush, and turn our hate upon ourselves,
For hating such an unpeer'd excellence.
I joy my state: him whom I loath'd before,
That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.

[*The still*[1] *flutes sound a mournful cynet. Enter a coffin.*

But stay; what tragic spectacle appears!
Whose body bear you in that mournful hearse?

Lu. The breathless trunk of young Antonio.

Mel. Antonio (ay me), my lord! my love! my—

And. Sweet precious issue of most honour'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe virtue, oh untimely loss!
Come hither, friend. Pr'ythee, do not weep.
Why, I am glad he's dead; he shall not see
His father's vanquish'd by his enemy,
Even in princely honour; nay, pr'ythee, speak!
How died the wretched boy?

Lu. My lord!

And. I hope he died yet like my son, i'faith.

Lu. Alas, my lord!

And. He died unforc'd,[2] I trust, and valiantly.

Lu. Poor gentleman, being—

And. Did his hand shake, or his eye look dull,
His thoughts reel, fearful when he struck the stroke?
And if they did, I'll rend them out the hearse,
Rip up his cerecloth, mangle his bleak face,
That when he comes to heaven, the powers divine
Shall ne'er take notice that he was my son.
I'll quite disclaim his birth. Nay, pr'ythee, speak:
And 'twere not hoop'd with steel, my breast would break.

Mel. Oh that my spirit in a sigh could mount
Into the sphere, where thy sweet soul doth rest!

Pie. Oh that my tears, bedewing thy wan cheek,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy cold blood!

Bal. Verily, he looks as pitifully as a poor John; as I am true knight, I could weep like a ston'd horse.

And. Villain, 'tis thou hast murdered my son!
Thy unrelenting spirit (thou black dog,
That took'st no passion[3] of his fatal love)
Hath forc'd him give his life untimely end.

Pie. Oh that my life, her love, my dearest blood
Would but redeem one minute of his breath!

Ant. I seize that breath. Stand not amaz'd, great states:
I rise from death that never liv'd till now.

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[1] *Ela*—the highest note in the scale of music.
[2] *i.e.* if the music were pricked or written on it.

[1] *still*—? low-toned.
[2] *unforc'd*—willingly.
[3] *passion*—compassion, pity.

Piero, keep thy vow, and I enjoy
More unexpressed height of happiness
Than power of thought can reach; if not, lo here
There stands my tomb, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wish'd spectators of my tragedy,
To this end have I feign'd, that her fair eye,
For whom I liv'd, might bless me ere I die.
Mel. Can breath depaint[1] my unconceived thoughts?
Can words describe my infinite delight
Of seeing thee, my lord Antonio?
Oh no; conceit, breath, passion, words, be dumb,
Whilst I instil the dew of my sweet bliss,
In the soft pressure of a melting kiss!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.[2]
Pie. Fair son (now I'll be proud to call thee son),
Enjoy me thus: my very breast is thine;
Possess me freely, I am wholly thine.
Ant. Dear father.
And. Sweet son, sweet son, I can speak no more:
My joy's passion flows above the shore,
And chokes the current of my speech.
Pie. Young Florence prince, to you my lips must beg
For a remittance of your interest.
Gal. In your fair daughter, with all my thought,
So help me faith, the naked truth I'll unfold;
He that was ne'er hot will soon be cold.
Pie. No man else makes claim unto her?
Mat. The valiant speak truth in brief: no—
Bal. Truly, for Sir Jeffrey Balurdo, he disclaims to have had anything in her.
Pie. Then here I give her to Antonio.
Royal, valiant, most respected prince,
Let's clip[3] our hands; I'll thus observe my vow:
I promised twenty thousand double pistolets,
With the indearing to my dearest love,
To him that brought thy head; thine be the gold,
To solemnize our houses' unity;
My love be thine, the all I have be thine.
Fill us fresh wine, the form we'll take by this;
We'll drink a health, while they two sip a kiss.
Now there remains no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the ear of our accord:
So please you niece to match.
Ros. Troth, uncle, when my sweet-fac'd cuz hath told me how she likes the thing called wedlock, may be I'll take a survey of the checkroll of my servants; and he that hath the best parts of, I'll prick him down for my husband.
Bal. For passion of love now, remember me to my mistress, lady Rossaline, when she is pricking down the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiff; I shall carry it.
Pie. I will.
Sound Lydian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streams of your sweet airs, to float.
Ant. Here ends the comic crosses of true love;
Oh! may the passage most successful prove!

[1] *depaint*—paint, depict.
[2] 'Thus, thus, I delight to go under his protection.'
[3] *clip*—clasp.

EPILOGUE.

Gentlemen, though I remain an armed Epilogue, I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the comedy, or for us that acted it; but a most submissive suppliant for both. What imperfection you have seen in us, leave with us, and we'll amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you, and cherish it. You shall not be more ready to embrace anything commendable, than we will endeavour to amend all things reprovable. What we are, is by your favour. What we shall be, rests all in your applausive encouragements. [*Exit.*

ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

Dramatis Personæ.

In addition to those in the first part.

GASPER STROTZO, *a Minion of Piero.*
PANDULPHO FELICE, *Felice's Father.*
MARIA, *Andrugio's Wife.*
NUTRICE, *her Maid.*

THE PROLOGUE.

THE rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps[1]
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shuddering branch; and peels the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
Oh now, methinks, a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time, with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wish'd content;
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of weighty passion

[1] *ramps*—? creeps up, seizes on.

(As from his birth, being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled[1] 'twixt the breasts of happiness),
Who winks, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not know what men must be—let such
Hurry amain from our black-visag'd shows:
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with grief, if any heart
Pierc'd through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heat is chok'd
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If ought of these strains fill this consort[1] up—
Th' arrive most welcome. Oh that our power
Could lackey or keep wing with our desires,
That with unused paize of style and sense,
We might weigh massy in judicious scale!
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes,
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.
[*Exit.*

[1] *nuzzled, nusled, nursled*—nursed.

[1] *consort*—company.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Enter PIERO *unbraced, his arms bare, smeared in blood, a poniard in one hand bloody, and a torch in the other;* STROTZO *following him with a cord.*

Pie. Ho, Gasper Strotzo, bind Felice's trunk
Unto the panting side of Mellida. [*Exit* STR.
'Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep.
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
One, two. Lord, in two hours what a topless mount
Of unpeer'd mischief have these hands cast up!

Enter STROTZO.

I can scarce coop triumphing vengeance up
From bursting forth in braggart passion.
Str. My lord, 'tis firmly said that—
Pie. Andrugio sleeps in peace: this brain hath chok'd
The organ of his breast. Felice hangs
But as a bait upon the line of death,
To 'tice on mischief. I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge. You horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms. First know, my heart was rais'd
Unto Andrugio's life upon this ground.
Str. Duke, 'tis reported—
Pie. We both were rivals in our May of blood,
Unto Maria, fair Ferrara's heir.
He won the lady to my honour's death,
And from her sweets cropp'd this Antonio;
For which I burnt in inward swelt'ring hate,
And fester'd rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belk[1] revenge upon his eyes:
And now (O blessed now!) 'tis done. Hell, night,
Give loud applause to my hypocrisy.
When his bright valour even dazzled sense,
In off'ring his own head, public reproach
Had blurr'd my name. Speak, Strotzo, had it not?
I had— If then—
Str. It had, so please—
Pie. What had so please? Unseasoned sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no numbed lord,
Senseless of all true touch; stroke not the head
Of infant speech, till it be duly born;
Go to.

[1] *belk*—belch.

Str. How now! Fut, I'll not smother your speech.
Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: 'twas but a little spleen.
(Huge plunge!
Sin's grown a slave, and must observe slight evils;
Huge villains are inforc'd to claw all devils.)
Pish, sweet thy thoughts and give me—
Str. Stroke not the head of infant speech! Go to
Pie. Nay, calm this storm. I ever held thy breast
More secret, and more firm in league of blood,
Than to be struck in heat with each slight puff.
Give me thy ears; huge infamy
Press down my honour; if even then, when
His fresh act of prowess bloom'd out full,
I had ta'en vengeance on his hated head—
Str. Why it had—
Pie. Could I avoid to give a seeming grant
Unto fruition of Antonio's love?
Str. No.
Pie. And didst thou ever see a Judas kiss,
With a more covert touch of fleering hate?
Str. No.
Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love,
Have I not crush'd them with a cruel wring?
Str. Yes.
Pie. Say, faith, didst thou e'er hear, or read, or see
Such happy vengeance, unsuspected death?
That I should drop strong poison in the bowl,
Which I myself carous'd unto his health
And future fortune of our unity,
That it should work even in the hush of night,
And strangle him on sudden; that fair show
Of death, for the excessive joy of his fate,
Might choke the murder? Ha! Strotzo, is't not rare?
Nay, but weigh it. Then Felice stabbed
(Whose sinking thought fright'ned my conscious heart),
And laid by Mellida, to stop the match,
And hale on mischief. This all in one night!
Is't to be equall'd, think'st thou? Oh, I could eat
Thy fumbling throat, for thy lagg'd censure. Fut,
Is't not rare?
Str. Yes.
Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lump?
Canst thou not honey me with fluent speech,
And even adore my topless villany?
Will I not blast my own blood for revenge?
Must not thou straight be perjur'd for revenge?
And yet no creature dream 'tis my revenge.
Will I not turn a glorious bridal morn
Unto a Stygian night? Yet naught but no, and yes!

Str. I would have told you, if the incubus
That rides your bosom would have patience.
It is reported that, in private state,
Maria, Genoa's duchess, makes to court,
Longing to see him, whom she ne'er shall see,
Her lord Andrugio. Belike she hath receiv'd
The news of reconciliation:
Reconciliation with a death?
Poor lady, shall but find poor comfort in't.
Pie. Oh, let me swoon for joy. By heaven, I think
I ha' said my prayers, within this month at least;
I am so boundless happy. Doth she come?
By this warm reeking gore, I'll marry her.
Look I not now like an inamorate?
Poison the father, butcher the son, and marry the mother, ha!
Strotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleep;
For see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the sky. To bed, to bed!
This morn my vengeance shall be amply fed.
[*Exit.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Enter LUCIO, MARIA, *and* NUTRICE.

Mar. Stay, gentle Lucio, and vouchsafe thy hand.
Lu. Oh, madam—
Mar. Nay, pr'ythee give me leave to say, vouchsafe;
Submiss[1] intreats beseem my humble fate.
Here let us sit. O Lucio, fortune's gilt
Is rubb'd quite off from my slight tin-foil'd state,
And poor Maria must appear ungrac'd
Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd majesty.
Lu. Cheer up your spirits, madam, fairer chance
Than that which courts your presence instantly
Cannot be formed by the quick mould of thought.
Mar. Art thou assur'd the dukes are reconcil'd?
Shall my womb's honour wed fair Mellida?
Will Heaven at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my Andrugio,
And wreath my arms about Antonio's neck?
Or is glib rumour grown a parasite,
Holding a false glass to my sorrow's eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of grief seem fair,
Though 'tis much rivel'd[2] with abortive care?
Lu. Most virtuous princess, banish straggling fear,
Keep league with comfort; for these eyes beheld
The dukes united; yon faint glimmering light
Ne'er peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drink a sound carouse
In sparkling Bacchus
Unto each other's health;
Your son assur'd to beauteous Mellida,
And all clouds clear'd of threatening discontent.
Mar. What age is morning of?
Lu. I think 'bout five.
Mar. Nutrice, Nutrice!
Nut. Beshrew your fingers; marry, you have disturb'd the pleasure of the finest dream. O God! I was even coming to it, la. O Jesu! 'twas coming of the sweetest. I'll tell you now: methought I was married, and methought I spent (O Lord, why did you wake me?),—and methought I spent three spur-royals[3] on the fiddlers for striking up a fresh hornpipe. Saint Ursula, I was even going to bed, and you, methought, my husband, was even putting out the tapers, when you, Lord—I shall never have such a dream come upon me as long as—
Mar. Peace, idle creature, peace!
When will the court rise?
Lu. Madam, 'twere best you took some lodging up,
And lay in private till the soil of grief
Were clear'd your cheek, and new burnish'd lustre
Cloth'd your presence, 'fore you saw the dukes,
And enter'd 'mong the proud Venetian States.
Mar. No, Lucio, my dear lord's wise, and knows
That tinsel glitter, or rich purfled[1] robes,
Curled hairs hung full of sparkling carcanets,[2]
Are not the true adornments of a wife.
So long as wives are faithful, modest, chaste,
Wise lords affect them. Virtue doth not waste,
With each slight flame of crackling vanity.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilst outward gayness light looks but entice.
Fairer than nature's fair is foulest vice.
She that loves art to get her cheek more lovers,
Much outward gauds slight inward grace discovers.
I care not to seem fair but to my lord.
Those that strive most to please most strangers' sight,
Folly may judge most fair, wisdom most light.
[*Music sounds a short strain.*
But hark, soft music gently moves the air:
I think the bridegroom's up. Lucio, stand close.
Oh now, Maria, challenge grief to stay
Thy joy's encounter. Look, Lucio, 'tis clear day.

ACT I.—SCENE III.

Enter ANTONIO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, BALURDO, PANDULPHO FELICE, ALBERTO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and a* Page.

Ant. Darkness is fled: look, infant morn hath drawn
Bright silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
And now Aurora's horse trots azure rings,
Breathing fair light about the firmament.
Stand! what's that?
Mat. And if a horned devil should burst forth,
I would pass on him with a mortal stroke.
Alb. Oh, a horned devil would prove ominous
Unto a bridegroom's eyes.
Mat. A horned devil? Good. Ha, ha, ha!—very good!
Alb. Good tann'd prince, laugh not. By the joys of love,
When thou dost girn, thy rusty face doth look
Like the head of a roasted rabbit: fie upon't.
Bal. By my troth, methinks his nose is just colour de roy.[3]
Mat. I tell thee, fool, my nose will abide no jest.
Bal. No, in truth, I do not jest; I speak truth. Truth is the touchstone of all things; and if your nose will not abide the truth, your nose will not abide the touch; and if your nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper nose, and must be nail'd up for a slip.

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[1] *submiss*—submissive.
[2] *rivel'd*—wrinkled.
[3] *spur-royal* was a gold coin worth about 15s.; it had a star on the reverse, resembling the rowel of a spur.

[1] *purfled*—ornamented with trimmings or embroidery.
[2] *carcanets* properly means jewelled necklaces, or chains; here it may mean simply jewels.
[3] *colour de roy*—? red.
[4] *slip*—a piece of counterfeit copper money, washed over with silver or gold.—HALLIWELL.

Mat. I scorn to retort the obtuse jest of a fool.

[BALURDO *draws out his writing tables, and writes.*

Bal. Retort and obtuse; good words, very good words.

Gal. Young prince, look sprightly; fie, a bride-groom sad!

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no question he would be merry; but and please my genius, I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. I'll tell you what I'll bear soon at night in my shield for my device.

Gal. What, good Balurdo?

Bal. Oh, do me right, Sir Gefferey Balurdo; sir, sir, as long as ye live, sir.

Gal. What, good Sir Gefferey Balurdo?

Bal. Marry, forsooth, I'll carry for my device my grandfather's great stone horse, flinging up his head, and jerking out his left leg. The word 'Wighy Purt,'[1] as I am a true knight, will't not be most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blow hence these sapless jests. I tell you, bloods!
My spirit's heavy, and the juice of life
Creeps slowly through my stiffen'd arteries.
Last sleep, my sense was steep'd in horrid dreams;
Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulf
Of ravenous time, when to my slumbering powers,
Two meagre ghosts made apparition.
The one's breast seemed fresh, punch'd with bleeding wounds,
Whose bubbling gore sprang in frighted eyes;
The other ghost assumed my father's shape:
Both cried, 'Revenge!' At which my trembling joints
(Iced quite over with a froz'd cold sweat)
Leap'd forth the sheets. Three times I grasp'd at shades;
And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc'd my thoughts make stand—when lo! topp'd
A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soul. The verge of heaven
Was ring'd with flames, and all the upper vault
Thick lac'd with flakes of fire, in midst whereof
A blazing comet shot his threat'ning train
Just on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
I bow'd my naked knee, and pierc'd the star
With an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus:
Deus imperat astris.[2] At which my nose straight bled;
Then doubl'd I my word, so slunk to bed.

Bal. Verily, Sir Gefferey had a monstrous strange dream the last night. For methought I dreamt I was asleep, and methought the ground yawn'd and belkt[3] up the abhominable[4] ghost of a misshapen simile, with two ugly pages; the one called master, even as going before; and the other mounser,[5] even so following after; whilst Signior Simile stalked most prodigiously in the midst. At which I bewrayed the fearlessness of my nature, and being ready to forsake the fortress of my wit, start up, called for a clean shirt, eat a mess of broth, and with that I awaked.

[1] *Wighy Purt.* *Wighy* was applied to the neighing of a horse; *Purt* is still used provincially as meaning to purt, to be sulky, but we don't know that this is the sense here.

[2] 'God rules the stars.'

[3] *belkt*—belched.

[4] *abhominable*—abominable; a common spelling of this word with our old writers, from a mistaken notion that it was derived from Latin *ab*, from, and *homo*, *hominis*, man, abhorred by man; its real derivation is *ab* and *omen*—*i.e.* to be turned *from* as *ominous*.

[5] *mounser*—(?) monsieur.

Ant. I pr'ythee, peace. I tell you, gentlemen,
The frightful shades of night yet shake my brain:
My jellied[1] blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps,
That flow in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
Yet stick within my sense, my soul is great
In expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their lord a coward. He that's nobly born
Abhors to fear. Base fear's the brand of slaves.
He that observes, pursues, slinks back for fright,
Was never cast in mould of noble sprite.

Gal. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling fear. Come, shall's salute the bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pr'ythee mix thy breath with his:
Sing one of Signior Renaldo's airs,
To rouse the slumbering bride from gluttoning
In surfeit of superfluous sleep. Good signior, sing.

[*They sing.*

What means this silence and unmoved calm!
Boy, wind thy cornet; force the leaden gates
Of lazy sleep fly open, with thy breath.
My Mellida not up? nor stirring yet? umh!

Mar. That voice should be my son Antonio's. Antonio!

Ant. Here, who calls? here stands Antonio.

Mar. Sweet son.

Ant. Dear mother.

Mar. Fair honour of a chaste and loyal bed,
Thy father's beauty, thy sad mother's love,
Were I as powerful as the voice of fate,
Felicity complete should sweet thy state;
But all the blessings that a poor banish'd wretch
Can pour upon thy head, take, gentle son:
Live, gracious youth, to close thy mother's eyes,
Lov'd of thy parents till their latest hour:
How cheers my lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my dear, dear joy.

Ant. Madam, last night I kissed his princely hand,
And took a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
Oh mother, you arrive in jubilee,
And firm atonement of all boist'rous rage;
Pleasure, united love, protested faith,
Guard my lov'd father, as sworn pensioners.
The dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of love,
And you arrive even in the solsticio
And highest point of sunshine happiness.

[*One winds a cornet within.*

Hark, madam, how yon cornet jerketh up
His strain'd shrill accents in the capering air,
As proud to summon up my bright-cheek'd love!
Now, mother, ope wide expectation;
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertain
Th' impression of an object of such worth,
That life's too poor to.

Gal. Nay, leave hyperboles.

Ant. I tell thee, prince, that presence straight appears,
Of which thou canst not form hyperboles:
The trophy of triumphing excellence,
The heart of beauty, Mellida appears.
See! look! the curtain stirs, shine nature's pride,
Love's vital spirit, dear Antonio's bride.

[*The curtain's drawn, and the body of* FELICE, *stabbed thick with wounds, appears hung up.*

What villain bloods the window of my love?
What slave hath hung yon gory ensign up,
In flat defiance of humanity?
Awake, thou fair, unspotted purity!
Death's at thy window; awake, bright Mellida,
Antonio calls!

[1] *jellied*—congealed.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

Enter PIERO *as in* Scene I., *with* FOROBOSCO.

Pie. Who gives these ill-befitting attributes
Of chaste, unspotted, bright, to Mellida?
He lies as loud as thunder; she's unchaste,
Tainted, impure, black as the soul of hell!
[ANTONIO *draws his rapier, offers to run at* PIERO, *but* MARIA *holds his arm and stays him.*
Ant. Dog! I will make thee eat thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belk't 'gainst taintless Mellida.
Pie. Ram't quickly down, that it may not rise up
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomach:
Strike me quite through with the relentless edge
Of raging fury. Boy, I'll kill thy love.
Pandulpho Felice, I have stabb'd thy son.
Look! yet his lifeblood reeks upon this steel.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Have none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your duke;
Think Mellida is not Piero's blood.
Imagine, on slight ground, I'll blast his honour!
Oh, numb my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleep, whilst law cuts off yon main,
Yon putrid ulcer of my royal blood.
For. Keep league with reason, gracious sovereign.
Pie. There glow no sparks of reason in the world;
All are rak'd up in ashy beastliness.
The bulk of man's as dark as Erebus;
No branch of reason's light hangs in his trunk.
There lives no reason to keep league withal.
I ha' no reason to be reasonable.
Her wedding eve, link'd to the noble blood
Of my most firmly reconciled friend,
And found even cling'd[1] in sensuality!
O Heaven! O Heaven! were she as near my heart
As is my liver, I would rend her off.

Enter STROTZO.

Str. Whither, oh whither shall I hurl vast grief?
Pie. Here, into my breast; 'tis a place built wide
By fate, to give receipt to boundless woes.
Str. Oh no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
With my keen, piercing news. Andrugio's dead.
Pie. Dead?
Mar. Oh me, most miserable!
Pie. Dead! alas! how dead?
[*Give seeming passion.*[2]
Fut,[3] weep, act, feign. Dead! alas! how dead?
Str. The vast delights of his large sudden joys
Open'd his powers so wide, that's native heat
So prodigally flow'd t'exterior parts,
That th' inner citadel was left unmann'd,
And so surpris'd on sudden by cold death.
Mar. O fatal, disastrous, cursed, dismal!
Choke breath and life. I breathe, I live too long.
Andrugio, my lord, I come, I come!
Pie. Be cheerful, princess; help, Castilio,
The lady's swooned; help to bear her in.
Slow comfort to huge cares is swiftest sin.
Bal. Courage, courage, sweet lady, 'tis Sir Gefferey Balurdo bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an elephant about a lady.
Pan. Dead?
Ant. Dead?
Alb. Dead?
Ant. Why, now the womb of mischief is deliver'd
Of the prodigious issue of the night.
Pan. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. My father dead? my love attaint of lust:
That's a large lie, as vast as spacious hell!
Poor, guiltless lady! Oh, accursed lie!
What, whom, whither, which shall I first lament?
A dead father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Methinks I feel the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the joints of earth to bear my woes?
Alb. Sweet prince, be patient.
Ant. 'Slid, sir, I will not in despite of thee.
Patience is slave to fools; a chain that's fix'd
Only to posts, and senseless, log-like dolts.
Alb. 'Tis reason's glory to command affects.[1]
Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed[2] eyes
New closed up by thy sad mother's hands?
Hast thou a love as spotless as the brow
Of clearest heaven, blurr'd with false defames?
Are thy moist entrails crumpled up with grief
Of parching mischiefs? Tell me, does thy heart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come, and let's sit and weep, and wreath our arms;
I'll hear thy counsel.
Alb. Take comfort.
Ant. Confusion to all comfort! I defy it.
Comfort's a parasite, a flattering Jack,
And melts resolv'd despair. Oh, boundless woe
If there be any black yet unknown grief,
If there be any horror yet unfelt,
Unthought-of mischief in thy fiend-like power,
Dash it upon my miserable head;
Make me more wretch, more cursed, if thou canst!
Oh, now my fate is more than I could fear;
My woes more weighty than my soul can bear.
[*Exit.*
Pan. Ha, ha, ha!
Alb. Why laugh you, uncle? That's my cuz, your son,
Whose breast hangs cased in his cluttered[3] gore.
Pan. True, man, true; why, wherefore should I weep?
Come, sit, kind nephew; come on; thou and I
Will talk as chorus to this tragedy.
Entreat the music strain their instruments
With a slight touch, whilst we.—Say on, fair cuz.
Alb. He was the very hope of Italy,
[*Music sounds softly.*
The blooming honour of your drooping age.
Pan. True, cuz, true. They say that men of hope are crush'd;
Good are supprest by base, desertless clods,
That stifle gasping virtue. Look, sweet youth,
How provident our quick Venetians are,
Lest hooves of jades should trample on my boy!
Look how they lift him up to eminence,
Heave him 'bove reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha!
Alb. Uncle, this laughter ill becomes your grief.
Pan. Would'st have me cry, run raving up and down,
For my son's loss? Would'st have me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimic action;
Stamp, curse, weep, rage, and then my bosom strike?

[1] *cling'd*—clasped, embraced.
[2] *i. e.* appears to be affected with grief.
[3] *Fut*—an exclamation of impatience.

[1] *affects*—affections, passions.
[2] *glossed*—glazed.
[3] *cluttered*—clotted, curdled; clutter was the name given to a preparation of curdled cream.

Away! 'tis aspish action, player-like.
If he is guiltless, why should tears be spent?
Thrice blessed soul that dieth innocent.
If he is leper'd[1] with so foul a guilt,
Why should a sigh be lent, a tear be spilt?
The gripe of chance is weak to wring a tear
From him that knows what fortitude should bear.
Listen, young blood. 'Tis not true valour's pride
To swagger, quarrel, swear, stamp, rave, and chide,
To stab in fume of blood, to keep loud coil,[2]
To bandy factions in domestic broils,
To dare the act of sins, whose filth excels
The blackest customs of blind infidels.
No, my lov'd youth: he may of valour vaunt
Whom fortune's loudest thunder cannot daunt;
Whom fretful gales of chance, stern fortune's siege,
Makes not his reason slink, the soul's fair liege,
Whose well-pac'd action ever rests upon,
Not giddy humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour, even Jove outgoes;
Jove is without, but this 'bove sense of woes:
And such a one, eternity: Behold—
Good morrow, son; thou bid'st a fig for cold.
Sound louder music: let my breath exact,
You strike sad tones unto this dismal act.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The cornets sound a cynet.

Enter two mourners with torches, two with streamers; CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with torches; a* Herald *bearing* ANDRUGIO'S *helm and sword; the coffin;* MARIA *supported by* LUCIO *and* ALBERTO; ANTONIO *by himself;* PIERO *and* STROTZO *talking;* GALEATZO *and* MATZAGENTE, BALURDO, *and* PANDULPHO: *the coffin set down; helm, sword, and streamers hung up, placed by the* Herald; *whilst* ANTONIO *and* MARIA *wet their handkerchiefs with tears, kiss them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling; all go out but* PIERO. *Cornets cease, and he speaks.*

Pie. Rot there, thou cerecloth that infolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crumbling dust;
Oblivion choke the passage of thy fame.
Trophies of honour'd birth drop quickly down:
Let naught of him, but what was vicious, live.
Though thou art dead, think not my hate is dead:
I have but newly twone[3] my arm in the curl'd locks
Of snaky vengeance. Pale, beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts.
Oh let me hug my bosom, rub thy breast,
In hope of what may hap. Andrugio rots:
Antonio lives: umh! how long? Ha, ha! how long?
Antonio pack'd hence, I'll his mother wed
Then clear my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to Florence' heir. Oh excellent!
Venice, Genoa, Florence at my beck,
At Piero's nod.—Balurdo, oh ho!—
Oh, 'twill be rare, all unsuspected done.
I have been nurs'd in blood, and still have suck'd
The steam of reeking gore.—Balurdo, ho!

Enter BALURDO *with a beard half off half on.*

Bal. When my beard is on, most noble prince, when my beard is on.

[1] *leper'd*—affected as a leper.
[2] *coil*—noise, tumult.
[3] *twone*—twined.

Pie. Why, what dost thou with a beard?

Bal. In truth, one told me that my wit was bald, and that a mermaid was half fish and half flesh, and therefore to speak wisely like one of your own counsel, as indeed it hath pleased you to make me, not only being a fool, of your counsel, but also to make me of your counsel, being a fool. If my wit be bald, and a mermaid be half fish and half conger, then I must be forced to conclude, the tiring man hath not glued on my beard half fast enough; it will not stick to fall off.

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this while?

Bal. O lord duke, I would be sorry of that. Many men can utter that which no man but themselves can conceive: but I thank a good wit, I have the gift to speak that which neither any man else nor myself understands.

Pie. Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows not what, shall never sin against his own conscience. Go to, thou art wise.

Bal. Wise? Oh no; I have a little natural discretion, or so; but for wise, I am somewhat prudent; but for wise, O lord!

Pie. Hold, take those keys, open the castle vault, and put in Mellida.

Bal. And put in Mellida? Well, let me alone.

Pie. Bid Forobosco and Castilio guard,
Endear thyself Piero's intimate.

Bal. Endear and intimate; good, I assure you. I will endear and intimate Mellida into the dungeon presently.

Pie. Will Pandulpho Felice wait on me?

Bal. I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I think Sir Jeffrey talks like a councillor. Go to, I think I tickle it.

Pie. I'll seem to wind you fool with kindest arm.
He that's ambitious minded, and but man,
Must have his followers beasts, dubb'd slavish sots,
Whose service is obedience, and whose wit
Reacheth no farther than to admire their lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.
I love a slave rak'd out of common mud
Should seem to sit in counsel with my heart.
High honour'd blood's too squeamish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poison from roses who could e'er abstract?

Enter PANDULPHO.

How now, Pandulpho, weeping for thy son?

Pan. No, no, Piero, weeping for my sins.
Had I been a good father, he had been a gracious son.

Pie. Pollution must be purg'd.

Pan. Why taint'st thou then the air with stench of flesh,
And human putrefaction's noisome scent?
I pray his body. Who less boon can crave
Than to bestow upon the dead his grave?

Pie. Grave? Why, think'st thou he deserves a grave,
That hath defiled the temple of—

Pan. Peace, peace!
Methinks I heard a humming murmur creep
From out his jellied wounds. Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows,[1] on whose tender softness,
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,

[1] *lawn pillows.* This, we suppose, means that his lips were now as white as little lawn pillows.

Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem to stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.
Pie. Think'st thou thy son could suffer wrongfully?
Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take; his breast's of such well-tempered proof,
It may be rac'd,[1] not pierc'd by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showers of darts may dark
Heaven's ample brow, but not strike out a spark,
Much less pierce the sun's cheek. Such songs as these,
I often dittied till my boy did sleep:
But now I turn plain fool, (alas) I weep.
Pie. 'Fore heaven, he makes me shrug; would a' were dead!
He is a virtuous man. What has our court to do
With virtue, in the devil's name? Pandulpho, hark:
My lustful daughter dies; start not, she dies.
I pursue justice; I love sanctity,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speak freely? Good Andrugio's dead:
And I do fear a fetch;[2] but (umh) would I durst speak.
I do mistrust; but (umh) death; is he all, all man;
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
No lickerish, womanish inquisitiveness?
Pan. Andrugio's dead!
Pie. Ay; and I fear his own unnatural blood,
To whom he gave life, hath given death for life.
How could he come on? I see false suspect[3]
Is vic'd; wrung hardly in a virtuous heart.
Well, I could give you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friend.
You know how god-like 'tis to root out sin.
Antonio is a villain. Will you join
In oath with me, against the traitor's life,
And swear you knew he sought his father's death?
I lov'd him well, yet I loved justice more.
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.
Pan. My lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glib'd
With court oil; 'twill not strike on both sides yet.
Pie. 'Tis just that subjects act commands of kings.
Pan. Command, then, just and honourable things.
Pie. Even so, myself then will traduce[4] his guilt.
Pan. Beware! take heed, lest guiltless blood be spilt.
Pie. Where only honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggary.
Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.
Pie. Tush, juiceless greybeard, 'tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exacts,
Our subjects not alone to bear, but praise our acts.
Pan. Oh, but that prince that worthful praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.
Pie. Fish, true praise, the brow of common men doth ring,
False only girds the temple of a king.
He that hath strength and's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.
Pan. 'Tis praise to do, not what we can, but should.
Pie. Hence, doting stoic: by my hope of bliss,
I'll make thee wretched.
Pan. Defiance to thy power, thou rifted jawne.[1]
Now, by the lov'd heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rinse thy foul ribs from the black filth of sin
That soots thy heart, than make me wretched. Pish!
Thou canst not coop me up. Hadst thou a jail
With treble walls, like antique Babylon,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee, duke,
I have old Fortunatus' wishing cap,
And can be where I list, even in a trice.
I'll skip from earth into the arms of heaven:
And from triumphal arch of blessedness,
Spit on thy frothy breast. Thou canst not slave
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the beard of greatness. The port-holes
Of sheathed spirit are ne'er curb'd up;
But still stand open ready to discharge
Their precious shot into the shrouds of heaven.
Pie. Oh torture! Slave, I banish thee the town,
Thy native seat of birth.
Pan. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee, duke, the blasts
Of the swoln cheek'd winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puff me out my native seat of birth.
The earth's my body's, and the heaven's my soul's
Most native place of birth, which they will keep,
Despite the menace of mortality.
Why, duke,
That's not my native place, where I was rock'd.
A wise man's home is wheresoe'er he is wise;
Now that, from man, not from the place, doth rise.
Pie. Would I were deaf (oh, plague)! Hence, dotard wretch:
Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.
His quiet's firmer than I can disease.[2]
Pan. Go, boast unto thy flatt'ring sycophants;
Pandulpho's slave, Piero hath o'erthrown.
Loose fortunes rags are lost; my own's my own.
[PIERO *going out, looks back. Exeunt at several doors.*
'Tis true, Piero, thy vex'd heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my slave, not conquered me.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

Enter ANTONIO *with a book*, LUCIO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO *in black.*

Alb. Nay, sweet, be comforted, take counsel and—
Ant. Alberto, peace: that grief is wanton sick,
Whose stomach can digest and brook the diet
Of stale ill-relish'd counsel. Pigmy cares
Can shelter under patience' shield; but giant griefs
Will burst all covert.
Lu. My lord, 'tis supper time.
Ant. Drink deep, Alberto; eat, good Lucio;
But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.
Alb. My lord, we dare not leave you thus alone.
Ant. You cannot leave Antonio alone,
The chamber of my breast is even throng'd
With firm attendance that forswears to flinch.
I have a thing sits here; it is not grief,
'Tis not despair, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with;

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[1] *rac'd*—erased.
[2] *fetch*—stratagem, trick.
[3] *suspect*—suspicion.
[4] *traduce*—propagate.

[1] *jawne*, or *chaune*—a crack or crevice; Gr. *chaunō*, to gape.
[2] *i.e.* 'I cannot touch his quiet or calmness of mind.'

But the most grieful, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. Oh, for Heaven's sake
Forsake me now; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.
Lu. Fair gentle prince—
Ant. Away, thy voice is hateful; thou dost buzz,
And beat my ears with intimations
That Mellida, that Mellida is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury![1]
I cannot brook't. I tell thee, Lucio,
Sooner will I give faith, that virtue's scant
In princes' courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choice respect, and endear'd intimate,
Sooner will I believe that friendship's rein
Will curb ambition from utility,
Than Mellida is light. Alas, poor soul,
Didst e'er see her (good heart), hast heard her speak?
Kind, kind soul. Incredulity itself
Would not be so brass-hearted, as suspect so modest cheeks.
Lu. My lord—
Ant. Away, a self-one[2] guilt doth only hatch distrust;
But a chaste thought's as far from doubt as lust.
I entreat you, leave me.
Alb. Will you endeavour to forget your grief?
Ant. Ay, faith I will, good friend, ay, faith I will.
I'll come and eat with you. Alberto, see,
I am taking physic, here's philosophy.
Good honest, leave me, I'll drink wine anon.
Alb. Since you enforce us, fair prince, we are gone. [*Exeunt* ALBERTO *and* LUCIO.

ANTONIO *reads.*

A. Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille enim extra patientiam malorum, vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: aut solvetur, aut solvet. Contemnite fortunas; nullus telum, quo feriret animum habet.[3]

Pish, thy mother was not lately widowed,
Thy dear affied love lately defam'd
With blemish of foul lust, when thou wrot'st thus,
Thou wrapt in furs, beaking[4] thy limbs 'fore fires,
Forbidst the frozen zone to shudder. Ha, ha!
'tis naught
But foamy bubbling of a fleamy[5] brain,
Naught else but smoke. Oh what dank marrish[6] spirit,
But would be fired with impatience,
At my— No more, no more; he that was never blest
With height of birth, fair expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knows not what it is
To be the pitied object of the world.
Oh, poor Antonio, thou may'st sigh!
Mel.[7] Ay me!
Ant. And curse.
Pan. Black powers.
Ant. And cry.
Mar. Oh Heaven!
Ant. And close laments with—
Alb. Oh me, most miserable!
Pan. Woe for my dear, dear son!
Mar. Woe for my dear, dear husband!
Mel. Woe for my dear, dear love!
Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me,
In me, Antonio, ha? Where live these sounds?
I can see nothing; grief's invisible,
And lurks in secret angles of the heart.
Come, sigh again, Antonio bears his part.
Mel. Oh here, here is a vent to pass my sighs.
I have surcharged the dungeon with my plaints.
Prison and heart will burst, if void of vent.
I, that is Phœbe, empress of the night,
That 'gins to mount: O chastest deity,
If I be false to my Antonio,
If the least soil of lust smears my pure love,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Than infamy, torture, death, hell, and heaven.
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poor heart with defamation's blot.
Ant. Purge my poor heart from defamation's blot!
Poor heart, how like her virtuous self she speaks!
Mellida, dear Mellida, it is Antonio:
Slink not away, 'tis thy Antonio.
Mel. How found you out, my lord (alas!), I know
'Tis easy in this age to find out woe.
I have a suit to you.
Ant. What is't, dear soul?
Mel. Kill me: i'faith I'll wink, not stir a jot.
For God sake kill me; in sooth, lov'd youth,
I am much injur'd; look, see how I creep.
I cannot wreak my wrong, but sigh and weep.
Ant. May I be cursed, but I credit thee.
Mel. To-morrow I must die.
Ant. Alas, for what?
Mel. For loving thee. 'Tis true, my sweetest breast,
I must die falsely: so must thou, dear heart.
Nets are a knitting to entrap thy life.
Thy father's death must make a Paradise
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me, sweet,
Shall I die thine? dost love me still, and still?
Ant. I do.
Mel. Then welcome Heaven's will.
Ant. Madam, I will not swell, like a tragedian,
In forced passion of affected strains.
If I had present power of ought but pitying you, I would be as ready to redress your wrongs as to pursue your love. Throngs of thoughts crowd for their passage; somewhat I will do.
Reach me thy hand; think this is honour's bent,
To live unslav'd, to die innocent.
Mel. Let me entreat a favour, gracious love.
Be patient, see me die; good, do not weep;
Go sup, sweet chuck, drink, and securely sleep.
Ant. I'faith I cannot; but I'll force my face
To palliate[1] my sickness.
Mel. Give me thy hand. Peace on thy bosom dwell.
That's all my woe can breathe: kiss. Thus farewell.
Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts; Stay, dove:
And therefore I must speak; but what? Oh love!
By this white hand: no more: read in these tears,
What crushing anguish thy Antonio bears.

[ANTONIO *kisseth* MELLIDA'S *hand; then* MELLIDA *goes from the grate.*

Mel. Good night, good heart.

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[1] *luxury*—licentiousness, indulgence.
[2] *self-one*—single.
[3] 'Bear yourselves with fortitude: by this means you surpass the gods. For they are out of the reach of misfortunes, you superior to them. Despise pain; it will either be destroyed, or it will destroy you. Be indifferent to circumstances. No one has a weapon to strike the mind.'
[4] *beaking*—basking.
[5] *fleamy*—(?) phlegmy: this word is still used provincially as equivalent to bloody, clotted.
[6] *marrish*—marshy.
[7] *Mel.* Mellida, as will be seen below, speaks through the grating of her prison, near to which Antonio is supposed to have come.

[1] *palliate*—to soften, to conceal.

Ant. Thus heat from blood, thus souls from bodies part.

Enter PIERO *and* STROTZO.

Pie. He grieves; laugh, Strotzo, laugh. He weeps.
Hath he tears? Oh pleasure! hath he tears?
Now do I scourge Andrugio with steel whips
Of knotty vengeance. Strotzo, cause me straight
Some plaining ditty to augment despair.
Triumph, Piero; hark, he groans. Oh rare!
Ant. Behold a prostrate wretch laid on his tomb.
His epitaph, thus: *Ne plus ultra.* Ho!
Let none out-woe me; mine's Herculean woe.
[STROTZO *sings.*
[*Exit* PIERO *at the end of the song.*

Enter MARIA.

Ant. May I be more cursed than Heaven can make me,
If I am not more wretched
Than man can conceive me. Sore forlorn
Orphan, what omnipotence can make thee happy?
Mar. How now, sweet son? Good youth,
What dost thou?
Ant. Weep, weep.
Mar. Dost naught but weep, weep?
Ant. Yes, mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poor breast, and wreath my tender arms.
Hark ye; I'll tell you wondrous strange, strange news.
Mar. What, my good boy, stark mad?
Ant. I am not.
Mar. Alas! is that strange news?
Ant. Strange news? Why, mother, is't not wondrous strange
I am not mad—I run not frantic, ha?
Knowing my father's trunk scarce cold, your love
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life!
Seeing the beauty of creation,
Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stow'd
Under the hatches of obscuring earth.
Heu quo labor, quo vota cecidêrunt mea! [1]

Enter PIERO.

Pie. Good evening to the fair Antonio;
Most happy fortune, sweet succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy face a bankrout [2] though.
Ant. Umh! the devil in his good time and tide forsake thee.
Pie. How now? hark ye, prince.
Ant. God be with you.
Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope ye not suspect—
Ant. Suspect! I scorn't. Here's cap and leg,[3] good night:
Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
Pie. Madam, oh that you could remember to forget—
Mar. I had a husband and a happy son.
Pie. Most powerful beauty, that enchanting grace—
Mar. Talk not of beauty nor enchanting grace:
My husband's dead, my son's distraught, accurst!
Come, I must vent my griefs, or heart will burst.
[*Exit* MARIA.
Pie. She's gone (and yet she's here): she hath left a print
Of her sweet graces fix'd within my heart,
As fresh as is her face. I'll marry her.
She's most fair, true, most chaste, most false; because
Most fair, 'tis firm I'll marry her.

Enter STROTZO.

Str. My lord.
Pie. Ha, Strotzo, my other soul, my life!
Dear, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolve?
Wilt not turn edge in execution?
Str. No.
Pie. Do it with rare passion, and present thy guilt
As if 'twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Swear that my daughter's innocent of lust,
And that Antonio brib'd thee too defame
Her maiden honour, on inveterate hate
Unto my blood; and that thy hand was fed
By his large bounty for his father's death.
Swear plainly that thou chok'dst Andrugio,
By his son's only egging.[1] Rush me in
Whilst Mellida prepares herself to die;
Halter about thy neck, and with such sighs,
Laments, and applications liven it,
As if impulsive power of remorse—
Str. I'll weep.
Pie. Ay, ay, fall on thy face, and cry: 'Why suffer you
So lewd a slave as Strotzo is to breathe?'
Str. I'll beg a strangling, grow importunate—
Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then I
Catch straight the cord's end, and, as much incens'd
With thy damn'd mischiefs, offer a rude hand
As ready to gird in thy pipe of breath;
But on the sudden straight I'll stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy virtues.
Str. Applaud my agonies and penitence.
Pie. Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder, but, surcharg'd,
Vomited'st them up in Christian piety.
Str. Then clip me in your arms.
Pie. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsel: Tut, tut, what not? what not?
Think on't, be confident, pursue the plot.
Str. Look, here's a trope: A true rogue's lips are mute:
I do not use to speak, but execute.
[*He lays his finger on his mouth, and draws his dagger.*
Pie. So, so; run headlong to confusion!
Thou slight-brain'd mischief, thou art made as dirt,
To plaster up the bracks[2] of my defects.
I'll wring what may be squeez'd from out his use;
And good night, Strotzo. Swell, plump, bold heart;
For now thy tide of vengeance rolleth in:
Oh now *Tragœdia Cothurnata*[3] mounts,
Piero's thoughts are fix'd on dire exploits.
Pell mell—confusion and black murder guides
The organs of my spirit: shrink not, heart;
Capienda rebus in malis præceps via est.[4]

---

[1] 'Alas, how has my labour been lost! how have my vows been destroyed!'
[2] *bankrout*—bankrupt.
[3] *cap and leg.* Antonio doffs his cap and bows.

[1] *egging*—urging, instigation.
[2] *bracks*—breaks, cracks.
[3] *Tragœdia Cothurnata.* The *Cothurnus* was the boot anciently worn by tragic actors; the adj. means lofty, elevated.
[4] 'The headlong way is to be taken in desperate circumstances.'

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A dumb show. The cornets sounding for the Act.

Enter CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, ALBERTO *and* BALURDO, *with poleaxes.* STROTZO *talking with* PIERO, *who seemeth to send out* STROTZO. *Exit* STROTZO. *Enter* STROTZO, MARIA, NUTRICE, *and* LUCIO. PIERO *passeth through his guard, and talks with her with seeming amorousness; she seemeth to reject his suit, flies to the tomb* [*of her husband*], *kneels and kisseth it.* PIERO *bribes* NUTRICE *and* LUCIO; *they go to her, seeming to solicit his suit. She riseth, offers to go out;* PIERO *stayeth her, tears open his breast, embraceth and kisseth her, and so they go all out in state.*

Enter two Pages, *the one with tapers, the other with a chafing dish; a perfume in it.* ANTONIO, *in his nightgown and a nightcap, unbrac'd, following after.*

Ant. The black jades of swart night trot foggy rings
'Bout heaven's brow. 'Tis now stark dead night.
Is this Saint Mark's Church?
1 *Pa.* It is, my lord.
Ant. Where stands my father's hearse?
2 *Pa.* Those streamers bear his arms. Ay, that is it.
Ant. Set tapers to the tomb, and lamp the church.
Give me the fire. Now depart and sleep.
[*Exeunt* Pages.
I purify the air with odorous fume.
Graves, vault, and tombs, groan not to bear my weight;
Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrouds,
I press you softly with a tender foot.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weep o'er thee. Tombs, I'll not be long
Ere I creep in thee, and with bloodless lips
Kiss my cold father's cheek, I pr'ythee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcass in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where'er thou hover'st
(Airy intellect) I heave up tapers to thee (view thy son)
In celebration of due obsequies.
Once every night I'll dew thy funeral hearse
With my religious tears.
Oh blessed father of a cursed son,
Thou died most happy, since thou livedst not
To see thy son most wretched, and thy wife
Pursu'd by him that seeks my guiltless blood!
Oh, in what orb thy mighty spirit soars,
Stoop and beat down this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and gird defame
About my innocent and spotless brows.
Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori.[1]
And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth
And lo the ghost of old Andrugio [up:
Forsakes his coffin. Antonio, revenge!
I was impoison'd by Piero's hand:
Revenge my blood; take spirit, gentle boy;
Revenge my blood. Thy Mellida is chaste:
Only to frustrate thy pursuit in love,
Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yields consent
To be his wife, and give his blood a son,
That made her husbandless, and doth complot
To make her sonless; but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visit her.
Thou vigour of my youth, juice of my love,
Seize on revenge, grasp the stern bended front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaized[1] clutch.
Alarm Nemesis, rouse up thy blood!
Invent some stratagem of vengeance,
Which, but to think on, may like lightning glide
With horror through thy breast. Remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis.[2]
[*Exit* ANDRUGIO'S *Ghost.*

Enter MARIA, *her hair about her ears;* NUTRICE *and* LUCIO, *with* Pages, *and torches.*

Mar. Where left you him? show me, good boys, away.
Nut. God's me, your hair!
Mar. Nurse, 'tis not yet proud day:
The neat gay mists of the light's not up,
Her cheeks not yet slurr'd over with the paint
Of borrowed crimson; the unpranked[3] world
Wears yet the night-clothes: let flare my loosed hair.
I scorn the presence of the night.
Where's my boy? Run: I'll range about the church,
Like frantic bacchanal or Jason's wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graves
To tell me where! Hah? Oh my poor wretched blood!
What dost thou up at midnight, my kind boy?
Dear soul, to bed! Oh thou hast struck a fright
Unto thy mother's panting.
Ant. O quisquis nova
Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, quisquis exeso jaces
Pavidus sub antro, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feres,
Rictus leonum, et dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos—Ulciscar.[4]
Mar. Alas! my son's distraught. Sweet boy, appease
Thy mutinous affections.
Ant. By the astonning[5] terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammy graves,
And by the mould that presseth down
My dead father's skull, I'll be revenged!
Mar. Wherefore? on whom? for what? Go, go to bed,
Good duteous son. Ho, but thy idle—
Ant. So I may sleep tomb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that sepulchre—
Mar. Forget not duty, son: to bed, to bed.
Ant. May I be cursed by my father's ghost,
And blasted with incensed breath of Heaven,
If my heart beat on ought but vengeance.
May I be numb'd with horror, and my veins
Pucker[6] with singing torture, if my brain
Digest a thought but of dire vengeance;
May I be fetter'd slave to coward Chance,
If blood, heart, brain, plot ought save vengeance.
Mar. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleep'st!
I'faith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head.
Now, faith, 'tis idle: sweet, sweet son, to bed.

---

[1] 'It is not a wretched thing to die, but it is to die wretchedly.'

[1] *unpaized*—unpoised, unmeasured, unhesitating.
[2] 'You do not avenge crimes unless you conquer.'
[3] *unpranked*—unadorned.
[4] 'O whosoever thou art, the dread judge of the shades that dispensest new punishments to the dead, whosoever thou art that liest in terror under the hollow cave, whosoever thou art that fearest the downfall of the coming mountain, whosoever thou art that shalt endure the gaping jaws of greedy lions, and entangled shudderest at the fearful bands of the furies, hear the voice of Antonio hastening to you—I will take vengeance.'
[5] *astonning*—stunning. [6] *Pucker*—wrinkle, shrink.

Ant. I have a prayer or two to offer up
For the good, good prince, my most dear, dear lord,
The Duke Piero, and your virtuous self;
And then, when those prayers have obtain'd success,
In sooth I'll come (believe it now) and couch
My head in downy mould. But first I'll see
You safely laid: I'll bring ye all to bed.
Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Lucio,
I'll see you all laid: I'll bring you all to bed,
And then, i'faith, I'll come and couch my head,
And sleep in peace.

Mar. Look then, we go before.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONIO.

Ant. Ay, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wish'd revenge. Oh, you departed souls,
That lodge in coffin'd trunks, which my feet press
(If *Pythagorean Axioms* be true,
Of spirits' transmigration), fleet no more
To human bodies, rather live in swine,
Inhabit wolves' flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather than man. The curse of Heaven rains
In plagues unlimited through all his days.
His mature age grows only mature vice,
And ripens only to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modesty.
Still striving to be more than man, he proves
More than a devil, devilish suspect, devilish cruelty:
All hell-straid[1] juice is poured to his veins,
Making him drunk with fuming surquedries,[2]
Contempt of Heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.
Fel. Murder.
Pan. Murder. } *From above and beneath.*

Ant. Ay, I will murder: graves and ghosts
Fright me no more, I'll suck red vengeance
Out of Piero's wounds. Piero's wounds.

Enter two Boys, *with* PIERO *in his nightgown and nightcap.*

Pie. Maria, love, Maria! She took this aisle.
Left you her here? On, lights, away!
I think we shall not warm our beds to-day.

Enter JULIO, FOROBOSCO, *and* CASTILIO.

Jul. Ho, father! father!

Pie. How now, Julio, my little pretty son?
Why suffer you the child to walk so late?

For. He will not sleep, but calls to follow you,
Crying that bugbears and spirits haunted him.

[ANTONIO *offers to come near and stab;* PIERO *presently withdraws.*

Ant. No, not so.
This shall be sought for; I'll force him feed on life
Till he shall loathe it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance' strain.

Pie. Away there, pages, lead on fast with light;
The church is full of damps; 'tis yet dead night.

[*Exit all, saving* JULIO.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here, i'faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me: good
Truth, I love you better than my father, 'deed.

Ant. Thy father? Gracious, O bounteous Heaven!
I do adore thy justice: *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.[1]

Jul. Truth, since my mother died, I lov'd you best.
Something hath anger'd you; pray you, look merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With cap'ring joy; chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! Heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
Griping this flesh, disdain mortality.
Oh that I knew which joint, which side, which limb,
Were father all, and had no mother in't,
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding races! but since 'tis mixt together,
Have at adventure, pell mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, you'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray you do not hurt me. An you kill me, 'deed,
I'll tell my father.

Ant. Oh, for thy sister's sake, I flag revenge.

And. Revenge!

Ant. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And clears his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins
Is it I loathe; is that, revenge must suck.
I love thy soul: and were thy heart lapt up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
I would thus kiss it; but being his, thus, thus,
And thus I'll punch it. Abandon fears.
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.

Jul. So you will love me, do even what you will.

Ant. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek'd moon;
Now lions half-clam'd[2] entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed souls;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;
And now swart night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

[*From under the stage a groan.*

Howl not, thou pury mould; groan not, ye graves.
Be dumb, all breath. Here stauds Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So: I feel no breath.
His jaws are fall'n, his dislodg'd soul is fled:
And now there's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle. Spirit of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.
May'st thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poisoned sire, suck this fume:

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[1] *hell-straid*—(?) hell-strewed.
[2] *surquedries*—presumptions.

[1] 'At length has vengeance come into my power, and that to the full.'
[2] *half-clam'd*—half-starved.

To sweet revenge perfume thy circling air,
With smoke of blood. I sprinkle round his gore,
And dew thy hearse with these fresh reeking drops.
Lo thus I heave my blood-dyed hands to heaven,
Even like insatiate hell, still crying, More.
My heart hath thirsting dropsies after gore.
Sound peace and rest to church, night ghosts, and graves.
Blood cries for blood; and murder, murder craves. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

Enter two Pages *with torches;* MARIA, *her hair loose, and* NUTRICE.

Nut. Fie, fie; to-morrow your wedding-day, and weep! God's my comfort! Andrugio could do well: Piero may do better. I have had four husbands myself. The first I called sweet duck; the second, dear heart; the third, pretty pug; but the fourth, most sweet dear, pretty, all in all: he was the very cockeall[1] of a husband. What, lady? your skin is smooth, your blood warm, your cheek fresh, your eye quick: change of pasture makes fat calves; choice of linen, clean bodies, and (no question) variety of husbands, perfect wives. I would you should know it: as few teeth as I have in my head, I have read *Aristotle's Problems*, which saith, that woman receiveth perfection by the man. What then be the men? Go to, to bed, lie on your back, dream not on Piero; I say no more. To-morrow is your wedding: go dream not of Piero.

Enter BALURDO *with a base viol.*

Mar. What an idle prate thou keep'st, good nurse; go sleep.
I have a mighty task of tears to weep.

Bal. Lady, with a most retort and obtuse leg, I kiss the curled locks of your loose hair. The duke hath sent you the most musical Sir Gefferey, with his not base, but most ennobled viol, to rock your baby thoughts in the cradle of sleep.

Mar. I give the noble duke respective[2] thanks.

Bal. Respective; truly a very pretty word. Indeed, madam, I have the most respective fiddle; did you ever smell a more sweet sound? My ditty must go thus; very witty, I assure you: I myself in an humorous passion made it, to the tune of my mistress Nutrice's beauty. Indeed, very pretty, very retort and obtuse: I'll assure you 'tis thus:—

My mistress' eye doth oil my joints,
And makes my fingers nimble:
O love, come on, untruss your points,
My fiddlestick wants rosin.
My lady's dugs are all so smooth,
That no flesh must them handle:
Her eyes do shine, for to say sooth,
Like a new snuffed candle.

Mar. Truly, very pathetical and unvulgar.

Bal. Pathetical and unvulgar; words of worth, excellent words. In sooth, madam, I have taken a murr,[3] which makes my nose run most pathetically, and unvulgarly. Have you any tobacco?

Mar. Good signior, your song.

Bal. Instantly, most unvulgarly, at your service.
Truly, here's the most pathetical rosin. Umh. [*Sings.*

Mar. In sooth, most knightly sung, and like Sir Gefferey.

Bal. Why, look you, lady, I was made a knight only for my voice; and a counsellor, only for my wit.

Mar. I believe it. Good night, gentle sir, good night.

Bal. You will give me leave to take my leave of my mistress, and I will do it most famously in rhyme.

Farewell, adieu! saith thy love true,
As to part loath.
Time bids us part, mine own sweet heart,
God bless us both.

[*Exit* BALURDO.

Mar. Good night, Nutrice. Pages, leave the room. The life of night grows short, 'tis almost dead. [*Exeunt* Pages *and* NUTRICE.
O thou cold widow bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warm pressure of my sleeping lord:
Open thy leaves, and whilst on thee I tread,
Groan out, Alas, my dear Andrugio's dead!

[MARIA *draweth the curtain: and the ghost of* ANDRUGIO *is displayed, sitting on the bed.*

Amazing terror, what portent is this?

And. Disloyal to our hymeneal rites,
What raging heat reigns in thy strumpet blood?
Hast thou so soon forgot Andrugio?
Are our love-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where lives thy plighted faith unto this breast?
O weak Maria! Go to, calm thy fears.
I pardon thee, poor soul! oh shed no tears;
Thy sex is weak. That black incarnate fiend
May trip thy faith that hath o'erthrown my life:
I was impoison'd by Piero's hand.
Join with my son to bend up strain'd revenge.
Maintain a seeming favour to his suit,
Till time may form our vengeance absolute.

Enter ANTONIO, *his arms bloody; a torch and a poniard.*

Ant. See, unamazed, I will behold thy face;
Outstare the terror of thy grim aspect,
Daring the horrid'st object of the night.
Look how I smoke in blood, reeking the steam
Of foaming vengeance! Oh my soul's enthron'd
In the triumphant chariot of revenge!
Methinks I am all air, and feel no weight
Of human dirt clog. This is Julio's blood.
Rich music, father; this is Julio's blood.
Why lives that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly, dear Antonio:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the court
In feigned habit, till Piero's blood
May even o'erflow the brim of full revenge.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Peace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
Fly thou from court, be peerless in revenge:
Sleep thou in rest, lo here I close thy couch.

[*Exit* MARIA *to her bed,* ANDRUGIO *drawing the curtains.*

And now ye sooty coursers of the night,
Hurry your chariot into hell's black womb.
Darkness, make flight; graves, eat your dead again:
Let's repossess our shrouds. Why lags delay?
Mount sparkling brightness, give the world his day. [*Exit* ANDRUGIO.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO *in a fool's habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell and soap, to make bubbles;* MARIA *and* ALBERTO.

Mar. Away with this disguise in any hand.

[1] *cockeall.* This may be for *cock-ale*, a very superior ale well known in Marston's time. Here Nutrice evidently means to say that her fourth husband was superlatively excellent.

[2] *respective*—respectful.

[3] *murr*—violent cold.

Alb. Fie, 'tis unsuiting to your elate spirit:
Rather put on some transhap'd[1] cavalier,
Some habit of a spitting critic, whose mouth
Voids nothing but genteel and unvulgar
Rheum of censure: rather assume—
Ant. Why, then, should I put on the very flesh
Of solid folly? No, this cockscomb is a crown
Which I affect, even with unbounded zeal.
Alb. 'Twill thwart your plot, disgrace your high resolve.
Ant. By wisdom's heart there is no essence mortal,
That I can envy, but a plump-cheek'd fool:
Oh, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custom, seal'd by policy,
As large as spacious thought.
Alb. You cannot press among the courtiers,
And have access to—
Ant. What? not a fool? Why, friend, a golden ass,
A baubl'd fool are sole canonical,
Whil'st pale-cheek'd wisdom and lean-ribb'd art
Are kept in distance at the halbert's point:
All held Apocrypha,[2] not worth survey.
Why, by the genius of that Florentine,
Deep, deep observing, sound-brain'd Machiavel,
He is not wise that strives not to seem fool.
When will the duke hold fee'd intelligence,
Keep wary observation in large pay,
To dog a fool's act?
Mar. Ay, but feigning known[3] disgraceth much.
Ant. Pish! Most things that morally adhere to souls,
Wholly exist in drunk opinion:
Whose reeling censure, if I value not,
It values naught.
Mar. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to pass.
Ant. Even in that, note a fool's beatitude:
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturned sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full-cramm'd fat of happiness,
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizard's cheeks: who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the first innating[4] cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy[5] apes
When they will zany men. Had Heaven been kind,
Creating me an honest senseless dolt,
A good poor fool, I should want sense to feel
The stings of anguish shoot through every vein;
I should not know what 'twere to lose a father;
I should be dead of sense, to view defame
Blur my bright love; I could not run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischief,
Stagger'd, stark fell'd with bruising stroke of chance.
I should not shoot mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischief, that might counterpoise

Enter LUCIO.

mischief, murder and— How now, Lucio?
Lu. My lord the duke, with the Venetian states,
Approach the great hall to judge Mellida.

[1] *transhap'd*—transformed.
[2] *Apocrypha*—uncanonical, profane.
[3] *feigning known*—feigning when found out.
[4] *innating*—innate, natural.
[5] *busy*—have intercourse with.

Ant. Ask'd he for Julio yet?
Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?
Ant. Alberto, see you straight rumour me dead.
Leave me, good mother; leave me, Lucio:
Forsake me, all. Now patience hoop my sides

[*Exeunt omnes, saving* ANTONIO.

With steeled ribs, lest I do burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise, stand bold,
Poor scorned habits, oft choice souls infold.

[*The cornets sound a cynet.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Enter to ANTONIO, CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, *and* ALBERTO, *with poleaxes;* LUCIO *bare.* PIERO *and* MARIA *talking together; two* Senators, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, NUTRICE.

Pie. Entreat me not: there's not a beauty lives
Hath that imperial predominance
O'er my affects,[1] as your enchanting graces:
Yet give me leave to be myself.
Ant. Ah, villain.
Pie. Just.
Ant. Most just.
Pie. Most just and upright in our judgment-seat.
Were Mellida mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd looseness, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridal robes,
That she may blush t'appear so white in show,
And black in inward substance. Bring her in.

[*Exeunt* FOROBOSCO *and* CASTILIO.

I hold Antonio, for his father's sake,
So very dearly, so entirely choice,
That knew I but a thought of prejudice
Imagin'd 'gainst his high ennobled blood,
I would maintain a mortal feud, undying hate,
'Gainst the conceiver's life. And shall justice sleep
In fleshly lethargy, for mine own blood's favour,
When the sweet prince hath so apparent scorn
By my (I will not call her) daughter? Go,
Conduct in the loved youth Antonio:

[*Exit* ALBERTO *to fetch* ANTONIO.

He shall behold me spurn my private good;
Piero loves his honour more than's blood.
Ant. The devil he does more than both.
Bal. Stand back there, fool; I do hate a fool most most pathetically. Oh, these that have no sap of retort and obtuse wit in them: faugh!
Ant. Puff, hold world; puff, hold bubble; puff, hold world; puff, break not behind; puff, thou art full of wind; puff, keep up by wind; puff, 'tis broke! and now I laugh like a good fool at the breath of mine own lips; he, he, he, he, he!
Bal. You fool!
Ant. You fool, puff!
Bal. I cannot disgest thee, the unvulgar fool. Go, fool.
Pie. Forbear, Balurdo; let the fool alone,
Come hither. Is he your fool?
Mar. Yes, my lov'd lord.
Pie. Would all the states in Venice were like thee!
Oh then I were secur'd.
He that's a villain, or but meanly soul'd,
Must still converse, and cling to routs of fools,
That cannot search the leaks of his defects.
Oh, your unsalted fresh fool is your only man:

[1] *affects*—affections.

These vinegar tart spirits are too piercing,
Too searching in the unglued joints of shaken wits.
Find they a chink, they'll wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt in his siddow[1] ribs,
Till they have opened all his rotten parts
Unto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunk the tossed galleass in depth
Of whirlpool scorn. Give me an honest fop.
Dud a dud a! Why, lo, sir, this takes he
As grateful now as a monopoly.

The still flutes sound softly.

Enter FOROBOSCO *and* CASTILIO; MELLIDA *supported by two* Waiting-women.

Mel. All honour to this royal confluence.[2]

Pie. Forbear (impure) to blot bright honour's name
With thy defiled lips. The flux of sin
Flows from thy tainted body: thou so foul,
So all-dishonour'd, canst no honour give,
No wish of good that can have good effect
To this grave senate, and illustrate bloods.
Why stays the doom of death?

1 *Sen.* Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?

2 *Sen.* You must produce apparent proof, my lord.

Pie. Why, where is Strotzo?—he that swore he saw
The very act? and vow'd that Felice fled
Upon his sight? on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous lecher with five stabs.
Go fetch in Strotzo. Now, thou impudent,
If thou hast any drop of modest blood
Shrouded within thy cheeks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumour yet may say thou felt'st defame.

Mel. Produce the devil; let your Strotzo come; I can defeat his strongest argument,
With—

Pie. With what?

Mel. With tears, with blushes, sighs, and clasped hands,
With innocent upreared arms to heaven:
With my unnook'd[3] simplicity. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt.
Heaven permits not taintless blood be spilt,
If no remorse live in your savage breast.

Pie. Then thou must die.

Mel. Yet dying, I'll be blest.

Pie. Accurs'd by me.

Mel. Yet blest, in that I strove
To live and die

Pie. My hate.

Mel. Antonio's love.

Ant. Antonio's love!

Enter STROTZO, *a cord about his neck.*

Str. Oh what vast ocean of repentant tears
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sin! Supreme Efficient,
Why cleav'st thou not my breast with thunder-
Of wing'd revenge? [bolts

Pie. What means this passion?

Ant. What villany are they decocting[4] now? Umh!

Str. In me convertite ferrum, O proceres! Nihil iste, nec ista.[5]

Pie. Lay hold on him. What strange portent is this?

Str. I will not flinch. Death, hell more grimly stare
Within my heart than in your threatening brows.
Record, thou threefold guard of dreadest power,
What I here speak is forced from my lips
By the pulsive[1] strain of conscience.
I have a mount of mischief clogs my soul,
As weighty as the high-noll'd[2] Appenine,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I have defam'd this lady wrongfully,
By instigation of Antonio,
Whose reeling love, toss'd on each fancy's surge,
Began to loathe before it fully joy'd.

Pie. Go, seize Antonio; guard him strongly in. [*Exit* FOROBOSCO.

Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd,
Fee'd by his impious hand, I poisoned
His aged father, that his thirsty hope
Might quench their dropsy of aspiring drought
With full unbounded quaff.

Pie. Seize me Antonio.

Str. Oh, why permit you now such scum of filth
As Strotzo is to live, and taint the air
With his infectious breath!

Pie. Myself will be thy strangler, unmatch'd slave.

[PIERO *comes from his chair, snatcheth the cord's end, and* CASTILIO *aideth him; both strangle* STROTZO.

Str. Now change your—

Pie. Ay, pluck Castilio—I change my humour: pluck Castilio.
Die, with thy death's intreats[3] even in thy jaws.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to work!
Why, thus should statesmen do
That cleave through knots of craggy policies,
Use men like wedges, one strike out another,
Till by degrees the tough and knurly[4] trunk
Be riv'd in sunder.—Where's Antonio?

Enter ALBERTO, *running.*

Alb. Oh, black accursed fate! Antonio's drowned.

Pie. Speak, on thy faith, on thy allegiance, speak.

Alb. As I do love Piero, he is drown'd.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mel. Ay, is this the close of all my strains in love?
Oh me most wretched maid!

Pie. Antonio drown'd! How? how? Antonio drown'd!

Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turret's top
He threw his body in the swoll'n sea,
And as he headlong topsy turvy ding'd down,
He still cried 'Mellida!'

Ant. My love's bright crown.

Mel. He still cried 'Mellida!'

Pie. Daughter, methinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosom rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mel. Ay me!

Pie. How now! Ay me! Why, art not great of thanks
To gracious Heaven, for the just revenge
Upon the author of thy obloquies!

Mar. Sweet beauty, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I know that, which I weep to know,
His fortunes should be such he dare not show
His open presence.

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[1] *siddow.* In Gloucestershire, peas which become pulpy soft by boiling are then said to be *siddow.*
[2] *confluence*—meeting, company.
[3] *unnook'd*—without nooks, guileless.
[4] *decocting*—concocting.
[5] 'Turn the sword on me, O nobles! Neither he nor she has done anything.'

[1] *pulsive*—impulsive.
[2] *high-noll'd*—high-peak'd.
[3] *intreats*—entreaties.
[4] *knurly*—knotty.

Mel. I know he lov'd me dearly, dearly; ay,
And since I cannot live with him I die.
Pie. 'Fore Heaven, her speech falters; look, she swoons.
Convey her up into her private bed.
[MARIA, NUTRICE, *and the* Ladies *bear out* MELLIDA, *as being swooned.*
I hope she'll live. If not—
Ant. Antonio's dead! The fool will follow too; he, he, he!
Now works the scene; quick observation scud
To coat the plot, or else the path is lost:
My very self am gone, my way is fled:
Ay, all is lost, if Mellida is dead.
[*Exit* ANTONIO.
Pie. Alberto, I am kind; Alberto, kind.
I am sorry for thy cuz, i'faith I am.
Go take him down, and bear him to his father.
Let him be buried: look ye, I'll pay the priest.
Alb. Please you to admit his father to the court?
Pie. No.
Alb. Please you to restore his lands and goods again?
Pie. No.
Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?
Pie. God's foot, no, thou odd uncivil fellow.
I think you do forget, sir, where you are.
Alb. I know you do forget, sir, where you must be.
Foro. You are too malapert, i'faith you are.
Your honour might do well to—
Alb. Peace, parasite; thou burr, that only sticks
Unto the nap of greatness.
Pie. Away with that same yelping cur—away.
Alb. Ay—I am gone; but mark, Piero, this,
There is a thing call'd scourging *Nemesis.*
[*Exit* ALBERTO.
Bal. God's neaks, he has wrong, that he has: and s'fut, and I were as he, I would bear no coles. La, I, I begin to swell—puff.
Pie. How now, fool, fop, fool?
Bal. Fool, fop, fool! Marry muff. I pray you, how many fools have you seen go in a suit of satin? I hope yet I do not look a fool i'faith! a fool! God's bores, I scorn't with my heel. S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a year more, I could swear richly; nay, but as poor as I am, I will swear the fellow hath wrong.
Pie.[1] Young Galeatzo! ay, a proper man;
Florence, a goodly city: it shall be so.
I'll marry her to him instantly.
Then Genoa mine, by my Maria's match,
Which I'll solemnize ere next setting sun.
Thus Venice, Florence, Genoa, strongly leagu'd.
Excellent, excellent! I'll conquer Rome,
Pop out the light of bright religion;
And then, helter-skelter, all cock sure.
Bal. Go to, 'tis just, the man hath wrong: go to.
Pie. Go to, thou shalt have right. Go to, Castilio,
Clap him into the palace dungeon;
Lap him in rags, and let him feed on slime
That smears the dungeon cheek. Away with him.
Bal. In very good truth, now, I'll ne'er do so more; this one time and—
Pie. Away with him—observe it strictly—go!
Bal. Why then, O wight! alas, poor knight!
Oh, well-a-day, Sir Geffery. Let poets roar,
And all deplore; for now I bid you good night.
[*Exit* BALURDO *with* CASTILIO.

[1] Piero apparently speaks *aside.*

Mar. Oh piteous end of love! Oh too, too rude hand
Of unrespective death! Alas, sweet maid!
Pie. Forbear[1] me, Heaven. What intend[2] these plaints?
Mar. The beauty of admir'd creation,
The life of modest unmix'd purity,
Our sex's glory, Mellida is—
Pie. What, O Heaven, what!
Mar. Dead!
Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?
Mar. Being laid upon her bed, she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep? The jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that inchas'd thy breast,
Is lost. Thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
And do I live to say Antonio's dead?
And have I liv'd to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots? O world, thou art too subtile
For honest natures to converse withal,
Therefore I'll leave thee; farewell, mart of wo,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio!
With that her head sank down upon her breast;
Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest.
Until my fool, that press'd unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope,
And star'd upon him. He, audacious fool,
Dar'd kiss her hand, wish'd her soft rest, lov'd bride;
She fumbled out, thanks good, and so she died.
Pie. And so she died! I do not use to weep;
But by thy love (out of whose fertile sweet
I hope for as fair fruit) I am deep sad.
I will not stay my marriage for all this.
Castilio, Forobosco, all,
Strain all your wits, wind up invention
Unto his highest bent; to sweet this night,
Make us drink Lethe by your quaint conceits;
That for two days oblivion smother grief.
But when my daughter's exequies approach,
Let's all turn sighers. Come, despite of fate,
Sound loudest music, lets pace out in state.
[*The cornets sound. Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Enter ANTONIO *alone, in fool's habit.*

Ant. Ay, Heaven, thou may'st, thou may'st omnipotence.
What vermin breed of putrefacted slime
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!
O Heaven, thou may'st indeed: she was all thine,
All heavenly: I did but humbly beg
To borrow her of thee a little time.
Thou gav'st her me, as some weak-breasted dame
Giveth her infant, puts it out to nurse;
And when it once goes high-lone,[3] takes it back.
She was my vital blood, and yet, and yet,
I'll not blaspheme. Look here! behold!
[ANTONIO *puts off his cup, and lieth just upon his back.*
I turn my prostrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving sigh. Oh hear but this!
I am a poor, poor orphan—a weak, weak child.
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very ouze,
The quicksand that devours all misery.
Behold the valiant'st creature that doth breathe.

[1] *Forbear*—spare.
[2] *intend*—mean.
[3] *high-lone*—quite alone.—HALLIWELL.

For all this I dare live, and I will live,
Only to numb some other cursed blood
With the dead palsy of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling incubus,
Lie on my bosom. Lo, sir, I am sped.
My breast is Golgotha, grave for the dead.

Enter PANDULPHO, ALBERTO, *and a* Page, *carrying* FELICE'S *trunk in a winding-sheet, and lay it athwart* ANTONIO'S *breast.*

Pan. Antonio, kiss my foot: I honour thee,
In laying 'thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee, boy, he was Pandulpho's son;
And I do grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The domineering monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortune's gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his own,
He whose great heart Heaven cannot force with force,
Vouchsafes his love.
Ant. I ha' lost a good wife.
Pan. Didst find her good, or didst thou make her good?
If found, thou may'st refind, because thou hadst her.
If made, the work is lost; but thou that mad'st her
Liv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
Fair, young, unblemish'd, constant, loving, chaste.
I tell thee, youth, age knows, young loves seem grac'd,
Which with grey cares, rude jars, are oft defac'd.
Ant. But she was full of hope.
Pan. May be, may be; but that which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may. She died good,
And dost thou grieve?
Alb. I ha' lost a true friend.
Pan. I live encompass'd with two blessed souls.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a true friend, ha!
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens.
But lendings, which at the fixed day of pay
Set down by fate, thou must restore again.
O what unconscionable souls are here!
Are you all like the spoke-shaves of the church?
Have you no maw to restitution?
Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee, youth, 'tis all as difficult
To find true friend in this apostate age
(That balks all right affiance 'twixt two hearts)
As 'tis to find a fixed modest heart,
Under a painted breast. Lost a true friend!
O happy soul that lost him whilst he was true!
Believe it, cuz, I to my tears have found,
Oft dirt's respect makes firmer friends unsound.
Alb. You have lost a good son.
Pan. Why, there's the comfort on't, that he was good.
Alas, poor innocent!
Alb. Why weeps mine uncle?
Pan. Ha, dost ask me why? ha, ha!
Good cuz, look here!
[*He shows him his son's breast.*
Man will break out, despite philosophy.
Why, all this while I ha' but play'd a part,
Like to some boy that acts a tragedy,
Speaks burly words, and raves out passion;
But when he thinks upon his infant weakness,
He droops his eye. I spake more than a god,
Yet am less than a man.
I am the miserablest soul that breathes.
[ANTONIO *starts up.*
Ant. S'lid, sir, ye lie! by the heart of grief, thou liest!
I scorn'd that any wretched should survive,
Outmounting me in that superlative,
Most miserable, most unmatch'd in woe.
Who dare assume that, but Antonio?
Pan. Wilt still be so, and shall yon blood-hound live?
Ant. Have I an arm, a heart, a sword, a soul?
Alb. Were you but private unto what we know.
Pan. I'll know it all; first let's inter the dead:
Let's dig his grave, with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and entrails of the murderer.
[*They strike the stage with their daggers, and the grave openeth.*
Ant. Wilt sing a dirge, boy?
Pan. No, no song; 'twill be vile out of tune.
Alb. Indeed, he's hoarse; the poor boy's voice is crack'd.
Pan. Why, cuz! why should it not be hoarse and crack'd,
When all the strings of nature's symphony
Are crack'd and jar? Why should his voice keep tune,
When there's no music in the breast of man?
I'll say an honest antic rhyme I have
(Help me, good sorrow-mates, to give him grave).
[*They all help to carry* FELICE *to his grave.*
Death, exile, plaints, and woe,
Are but man's lackeys, not his foe.
No mortal 'scapes from fortune's war
Without a wound, at least a scar.
Many have led these to the grave;
But all shall follow, none shall save.
Blood of my youth, rot and consume;
Virtue, in dirt, doth life assume.
With this old saw, close up this dust;
Thrice blessed man that dieth just.
Ant. The gloomy wing of night begins to stretch
His lazy pinion over all the air.
We must be stiff and steady in resolve;
Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our arms involve. [*They wreath their arms.*
Pan. Now swear we by this Gordian knot of love,
By the fresh turned up mould that wraps my son;
By the dead brow of triple Hecate;
Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright stars,
We'll sit as heavy on Piero's heart,
As Ætna doth on groaning Pelorus.
Ant. Thanks, good old man!
We'll cast at royal chance.
Let's think a plot—then pell mell vengeance!
[*Exeunt, their arms wreathed.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The cornets sound for the Act.

The dumb show.

Enter at one door CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with halberts; four* Pages *with torches;* LUCIO *bare;* PIERO, MARIA, *and* ALBERTO, *talking.* ALBERTO *draws out his dagger,* MARIA *her knife, aiming to menace the* Duke. *Then* GALEATZO, *betwixt two* Senators, *reading a paper to them, at which they all make semblance of loathing* PIERO, *and knit their fists at him; two* Ladies *and* NUTRICE. *All these go softly over the Stage, whilst at the other door enters the* Ghost *of* ANDRUGIO, *who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his head in triumph. All forsake the Stage, saving* ANDRUGIO, *who, speaking, begins the Act.*

And. Venit dies, tempusque, quo reddat suis
Animam squalentem sceleribus.[1]

[1] 'The time has come when he shall render back his filthy soul to its crimes.'

The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutch'd,
And stern Vindicta[1] tow'reth up aloft,
That she may fall with a more weighty paise,[2]
And crush life's sap from out Piero's veins.
Now 'gins the lep'rous cores of ulcered sins
Wheel to a head; now is his fate grown mellow,
Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
Of chap-fall'n death. Now down looks Providence,
T' attend the last act of my son's revenge.
Be gracious, observation, to our scene,
For now the plot unites his scatter'd limbs
Close in contracted bands. The Florence prince
(Drawn by firm notice of the duke's black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracy.
The states of Venice are so swoll'n in hate
Against the duke for his accursed deeds
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odd letters
Found in dead Strotzo's study, which had pass'd
Betwixt Piero and the murd'ring slave),
That they can scarce retain from bursting forth
In plain revolt. Oh, now triumphs my ghost,
Exclaiming, Heaven's just, for I shall see
The scourge of murder and impiety! [*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

BALURDO *from under the Stage.*

Bal. Ho! who's above there, ho? A murrain on all proverbs. They say hunger breaks through stone walls; but I am as gaunt as lean-ribb'd famine, yet I can burst through no stone walls. Oh now, Sir Gefferey, show thy valour, break prison and be hang'd. Nor shall the darkest nook of hell contain the discontented Sir Balurdo's ghost. Well, I am out well; I have put off the prison to put on the rope. Oh poor shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! Oh hunger, how thou domineer'st in my guts! Oh for a fat leg of ewe mutton in stew'd broth, or drunken song to feed on! I could belch rarely, for I am all wind. Oh cold, cold, cold, cold, cold! Oh poor knight! Oh, poor Sir Gefferey, sing like an unicorn before thou dost dip thy horn in the water of death. Oh cold! Oh sing! Oh cold! Oh, poor Sir Gefferey, sing, sing! [*Sings.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* ALBERTO *at several doors, their rapiers drawn, in their masking attire.*

Ant. Vindicta!
Alb. Mellida!
Ant. Alberto!
Alb. Antonio!
Ant. Hath the duke supp'd?
Alb. Yes; and triumphant revels mount aloft.
The duke drinks deep to overflow his grief.
The court is rack'd to pleasure; each man strains
To feign a jocund eye. The Florentine—
Ant. Young Galeatzo!
Alb. Even he is mighty on our part. The states of Venice—

Enter PANDULPHO, *running, in masking attire.*

Pan. Like high-swoll'n floods drive down the muddy dams
Of pent allegiance. Oh, my lusty bloods,
Heaven sits clapping[3] of our enterprise.
I have been labouring general favour firm,
And I do find the citizens grown sick
With swallowing the bloody crudities
Of black Piero's acts; they fain would cast
And vomit him from off their government.
Now is the plot of mischief ript wide ope;
Letters are found 'twixt Strotzo and the duke
So clear apparent, yet more firmly strong
By suiting circumstance, that as I walked
Muffled, to eavesdrop speech, I might observe
The graver statesmen whispering fearfully.
Here one gives nods, and hums what he would speak.
The rumour's got 'mong troop of citizens,
Making loud murmur with confused din.
One shakes his head and sighs, Oh ill-us'd power!
Another frets and sets his grinding teeth
Foaming with rage, and swears this must not be.
Here one complots,[4] and on a sudden starts,
And cries, Oh monstrous, Oh deep villany!
All knit their nerves, and from beneath swoll'n brows
Appears a gloating eye of much mislike;
Whilst swart Piero's lips reek steam of wine,
Swallows lust thoughts, devours all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not?
Oh now Vindicta, that's the word we have,
A royal vengeance, or a royal grave!
Ant. Vindicta!
Bal. I am acold.
Pan. Who's there? Sir Gefferey?
Bal. A poor knight, God wot. The nose of thy knighthood is bitten off with cold. Oh poor Sir Gefferey, cold, cold!
Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript up his heels,
And laid him in the kennel, ha?
Alb. I will discourse it all. Poor honest soul,
Hadst thou a bever[2] to clasp up thy face,
Thou shouldst associate[3] us in masquery,[4]
And see revenge.
Bal. Nay, and you talk of revenge, my stomach's up, for I am most tyrannically hungry. A bever! I have a headpiece, a skull, a brain of proof, I warrant ye.
Alb. Slink to my chamber, then, and tire thee.
Bal. Is there a fire?
Alb. Yes.
Bal. Is there a fat leg of ewe mutton?
Alb. Yes.
Bal. And a clean shirt?
Alb. Yes.
Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, and unvulgarly, la! [*Exit.*
Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtails night, opportunity shakes us his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp your resolve, embolden your spirit, grasp your swords; alarm mischief, and with an undaunted brow, outscout the grim opposition
Of most menacing peril.
Hark here, proud pomp shoots mounting triumph up,
Borne in loud accents to the front of Jove.
Pan. Oh now, he that wants soul to kill a slave,
Let him die slave, and rot in peasant's grave.
Ant. Give me thy hand, and thine, most noble heart;
Thus will we live, and, but thus, never part.
[*Exeunt, twined together.*
Cornets sound a cynet.

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[1] *Vindicta*—Vengeance.
[2] *paise*—poise, weight.
[3] *clapping*—applauding.
[4] *complots*—conspires.
[2] *bever*—the face-part of a helmet.
[3] *associate*—associate with.
[4] *masquery*—masking.

ACT V.—SCENE III.

Enter CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO; *two* Pages, *with torches;* LUCIO, *bare;* PIERO *and* MARIA, GALEATZO, *two* Senators, *and* NUTRICE.

PIERO *to* MARIA.

Pie. Sit close unto my breast, heart of my love,
Advance thy drooping eyes.
Thy son is drown'd.
Rich happiness that such a son is drown'd.
Thy husband's dead, life of my joy's most blest,
In that the sapless log that press'd thy bed
With an unpleasing weight, being lifted hence,
Even I, Piero, live to warm his place.
I tell you, lady, had you view'd us both
With an unpartial eye, when first we woo'd
Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,
'Tis firm[1] I had; for, fair, I ha' done that—

Mar. Murder!

Pie. Which he would quake to have adventur'd;
Thou know'st I have—

Mar. Murder'd my husband.

Pie. Borne out the shock of war, and done, what not,
That valour durst. Dost love me, fairest? Say.

Mar. As I do hate my son, I love thy soul.

Pie. Why then Io to Hymen, mount a lofty note.
Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let Lyeus[2] float
In burnish'd goblets. Force the plump-lipp'd god,
Skip light lavoltas[3] in your full-sapp'd veins.
'Tis well brim full. Even I have glut of blood.
Let quaff carouse. I drink this Bordeaux wine
Unto the health of dead Andrugio,
Felice, Strotzo, and Antonio's ghosts.
Would I had some poison to infuse it with;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice on't.
I would endear my favour to the full.
Boy, sing aloud; make heaven's vault to ring
With thy breath's strength. I drink. Now loudly sing. [Boy *sings.*

The song ended, the cornets sound a cynet.

Enter ANTONIO, PANDULPHO, *and* ALBERTO, *in maskery;* BALURDO, *and a* Torchbearer.

Pie. Call Julio hither. Where's the little soul?
I saw him not to-day. Here's sport alone[4]
For him, i'faith; for babes and fools, I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the show.

[*To the* Conspirators, *as they stand in rank for the measure.*

Gal. All blessed fortune crown your brave attempt. [*To* ANTONIO.
I have a troop to second your attempt.
[*To* PANDULPHO.
The Venice states join hearts unto your hands.
[*To* ALBERTO.
By the delights in contemplation
Of coming joys, 'tis magnificent.
You grace my marriage eve with sumptuous pomp.
Sound still, loud music. Oh, your breath gives grace
To curious feet, that in proud measure pace.

Ant. Mother, is Julio's body—

Mar. Speak not, doubt not; all is above all hope.

Ant. Then will I dance and whirl about the air.
Methinks I am all soul, all heart, all spirit.
Now murder shall receive his ample merit.

The measure.

While the measure is dancing, ANDRUGIO'S *ghost is placed betwixt the music houses.*

Pie. Bring hither suckets,[1] candied delicates.
We'll taste some sweetmeats, gallants, ere we sleep.

Ant. We'll cook your sweetmeats, gallants, with tart sour sauce.

And. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.
[*The* Maskers *whisper with* PIERO.

Pie. Marry and shall; i'faith I were too rude,
If I gainsaid so civil fashion.
The maskers pray you to forbear the room
Till they have banqueted. Let it be so:
No man presume to visit them on death.
[*The* Maskers *whisper again.*
Only myself? Oh, why, with all my heart:
I'll fill your consort.[2] Here Piero sits;
Come on, unmask, let's fall to.

[*The* Conspirators *bind* PIERO, *pluck out his tongue, and triumph over him.*

Ant. Murder and torture! no prayers, no entreats!

Pan. We'll spoil your oratory. Out with his tongue.

Ant. I have't, Pandulpho; the veins panting bleed,
Trickling fresh gore about my fist. Bind fast—so, so!

And. Blest be thy hand! I taste the joys of heaven,
Viewing my son triumph in his black blood.

Bal. Down to the dungeon with him; I'll dungeon with him! I'll fool you; Sir Gefferey will be Sir Gefferey. I'll tickle you.

Ant. Behold, black dog!

Pan. Grinn'st thou, thou snarling cur?

Alb. Eat thy black liver.

Ant. To thine anguish see
A fool triumphant in thy misery.
Vex him, Balurdo.

Pan. He weeps; now do I glorify my hands;
I had no vengeance, if I had no tears.

Ant. Fall to, good duke. Oh these are worthless cates,[3]
You have no stomach to them; look, look here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy father's gorge.
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lov'st. [PIERO *seems to condole his son.*

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest son?

Ant. So was Andrugio my dearest father.

Pan. So was Felice my dearest son.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. So was Andrugio my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pity in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banish'd when thou slew'st my son.

Mar. When thou impoisonedst my loving lord,
Exil'd was piety.

Ant. Now therefore, pity, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts; grim fire-ey'd rage
Possess us wholly.

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[1] *firm*—certain.
[2] *Lyeus*, from the Greek (= the unbender), was a surname of Bacchus, and is here used generally for wine.
[3] *lavolta.* See note 1, p. 87, col. 1.
[4] *sport alone*—excellent sport.

[1] *suckets*—dried sweetmeats, or sugar-plums for sucking.
[2] *consort*—company.
[3] *cates*—delicacies.

Pan. Thy son? true; and which is my most joy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood,
Thy true begotten, most legitimate
And loved issue—there's the comfort on't.
Ant. Scum of the mud of hell!
Alb. Slime of all filth!
Mar. Thou most detested toad!
Bal. Thou most retort and obtuse rascal!
Ant. Thus charge we death at thee; remember hell,
And let the howling murmurs of black spirits,
The horrid torments of the damned ghosts,
Affright thy soul as it descendeth down
Into the entrail of the ugly deep.
Pan. Sa, sa; no, let him die, and die, and still be dying.
[*They offer to run all at* PIERO, *and on a sudden stop.*
And yet not die till he hath died and died
Ten thousand deaths in agony of heart.
Ant. Now pell mell; thus the hand of Heaven chokes
The throat of murder. This for my father's blood. [*He stabs* PIERO.
Pan. This for my son.
Alb. This for them all.
And this, and this, sink to the heart of hell!
[*They run all at* PIERO *with their rapiers.*
Pan. Murder for murder, blood for blood, doth yell!
And. 'Tis done, and now my soul shall sleep in rest.
Sons that revenge their fathers' blood are blest.
[*The curtains being drawn, exit* ANDRUGIO.

Enter GALEATZO, *two* Senators, LUCIO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and* Ladies.

1 *Sen.* Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?
Ant. Mine.
Pan. No, mine.
Alb. No, mine.
Ant. I will not lose the glory of the deed,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pierc'd the monster's heart
With an undaunted hand.
Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heaven 'twas I;
'Twas I sluic'd out his life-blood.
Alb. Tush, to say truth, 'twas all.
2 *Sen.* Blest be you all, and may your honours live
Religiously held sacred, even for ever and ever.
Gal. (*to* ANTONIO). Thou art another Hercules to us,
In ridding huge pollution from our state.
1 *Sen.* Antonio, belief is fortified
With most invincible approvements[1] of much wrong,
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadrolls of mischief, plots of villany,
Laid 'twixt the duke and Strotzo, which we found
Too firmly acted.
2 *Sen.* Alas, poor orphan!
Ant. Poor, standing triumphant over Beelzebub!
Having large interest for blood, and yet deem'd poor?
1 *Sen.* What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or chiefest fortunes of the Venice state,
Claim freely. You are well-season'd props,
And will not warp, or lean to either part;
Calamity gives man a steady heart.
Ant. We are amaz'd at your benignity;
But other vows constrain another course.
Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
We would not live to know; but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth us keep this lodge
Of dirt's corruption, till dread power calls
Our souls' appearance, we will live enclos'd
In holy verge of some religious order,
Most constant votaries.
[*The curtains are drawn,* PIERO *departeth.*[1]
Ant. First let's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and entomb my love,
Over whose hearse I'll weep away my brain
In true affection's tears.
For her sake, here I vow a virgin bed.
She lives in me; with her my love is dead.
2 *Sen.* We will attend her mournful exequies;
Conduct you to your calm sequester'd life,
And then—
Mar. Leave us to meditate on misery,
To sad our thought with contemplation
Of past calamities. If any ask
Where lives the widow of the poisoned lord?
Where lies the orphan of a murder'd father?
Where lies the father of a butcher'd son?
Where lives all woe?—conduct him to us there,
The downcast ruins of calamity.
And. Sound doleful tunes, a solemn hymn advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance;
And when the subject of your passion's spent,
Sing Mellida is dead, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolement at that heavy sound.
Never more woe in lesser plot was found.
And, oh, if ever time create a muse,
That to th' immortal fame of virgin faith
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black tragedy,
May it prove gracious; may his style be deck'd
With freshest blooms of purest elegance;
May it have gentle presence, and the scenes suck'd up
By calm attention of choice audience;
And when the closing Epilogue appears,
Instead of claps, may it obtain but tears.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] *approvements*—proofs.

[1] *departeth*—*i.e.* we suppose, his body is carried out.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

[Philip Massinger, the son of Arthur Massinger, a gentleman attached in some capacity to the family of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, was born at Wilton, the seat of the Wiltons, in the year 1584. Massinger, in all likelihood, received the rudiments of his education at the place of his birth, although little is known of his early years, and nearly as little of the rest of his life. When the dramatist was sixteen years of age, the patron of himself and his father died; but William, the third earl, continued the latter in his service probably till his death. Massinger became a student of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in 1602, in the eighteenth year of his age, where he was maintained apparently at the expense of his father. While at college, Anthony-à-Wood tells us 'that he gave his mind more to poetry and romance, for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which he ought to have done.' Gifford, however, thinks he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy, for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive. He left college abruptly and without taking his degree, for which various reasons are alleged, the most likely being the death of his father, which left him entirely without the means of support, the Earl of Pembroke treating him with entire neglect. Another reason urged to account both for his abruptly leaving college and for the Earl of Pembroke's neglect is, that he had become a convert to Roman Catholicism; this, however, is a mere conjecture of Mr. Gifford's, founded on certain expressions in some of his dramas, and is in every way improbable. In all likelihood Massinger went straight to London on quitting college, and there betook himself to almost the only means then available to a friendless, penniless genius for earning a livelihood—mending and writing plays. He became connected with some of the most celebrated of his contemporaries, in conjunction with several of whom he appears to have concocted several dramas,—a practice, we have seen, then very common. We have evidence of this, as well as of Massinger's necessitous condition, in a letter written about 1612 by him, in conjunction with some others, to the well-known manager and play-broker, Henslow. It is as follows:—

'To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, These,

'Mr. Hinchlow,

'You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x*l.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v*l.* of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xx*l.* ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of need. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever,

'Your most thanckfull and loving friend,

Nat. Field.'

'The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.*

Rob. Daborne.'

'I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope you will not fail us. PHILIP MASSINGER.'

Indorsed—

'Received by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlow for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of *vl.* ROB. DAVISON.'

Massinger left college about 1606, and the earliest known play of his still extant is *The Virgin Martyr*, which did not appear in print till 1622; but it is certain that previous to this he must have written or helped to write many others, which have been either lost or cannot now be identified. A Mr. Warburton, Somerset Herald of last century, formed an extensive collection of the writings of our old dramatists, which fell into the hands of his cook; and when Warburton 'after a lapse of years condescends to revisit his hoards, he finds they have been burnt, from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper.' In this sacrilegious way, it has been conjectured, were consumed about twelve of Massinger's plays, besides forty other manuscript plays of various authors. Of these lost twelve, no doubt a number must have been written previous to 1622. After this he continued industriously writing plays till his death, eighteen altogether being still extant. Although neglected by the Earl of Pembroke, he found other patrons, who appear to have added a little to the very slender income he derived from the sale of his plays; but withal, and notwithstanding that he seems to have led a more correct life than was the case with most of his contemporaries, it appears to have been one of poverty, misfortune, and sadness. He probably never married, and to all appearance, after his father's death, he had no relation of any kind alive. His death, like his life, was mysterious and lonely; it took place on the 17th of March 1640. He went to bed, says Langbaine, in good health, and was found dead in the morning in his own house on the Bankside. 'Such is the received account,' says Hartley Coleridge; 'but he seems to have had none to care for him, none to mark his symptoms, or to detect the slow decay which he might conceal, in despair of sympathy.' He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to the grave. No stone or inscription of any kind marked his resting-place; but, on the authority of Sir Aston Cockayne, one of Massinger's most intimate acquaintance and his warm admirer, he was buried in the grave of his brother dramatist Fletcher. His death is thus entered in the parish register:—'March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger.' This entry has been pathetically commented on by Gifford and others; but Mr. Collier has shown that the word 'stranger' was applied to every person who was buried in a parish to which he did not belong.

Massinger's best known plays are *The Virgin Martyr* (printed 1622); *The Duke of Milan* (1623); *The Bondman* (acted 1622, printed 1624); *The Fatal Dowry* (1632); *The City Madam* (acted 1632); *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (1633).

The chief merits of Massinger's plays are their unusual earnestness and religiousness of tone, the power of deep reflection, and of depicting with a master hand the tenderer human emotions which they display, and the richness, beauty, music, and often stateliness of their language. His dramas display far more care and elaboration than those of Beaumont and Fletcher, on at least an equal level with whom we are inclined to place him. As we esteem Massinger one of the greatest and most worthy of our dramatists, we shall take the liberty of appending a somewhat minute list of the qualities displayed in his works, taken from the volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* on the *British Dramatists*:—'1. His style is natural, yet elegant; it is easy, clear, flowing, and unaffected. Its great beauty, indeed, is perspicuity; he does not rise into bombast; but he does sometimes descend lower than he ought. 2. If his plots are sometimes intricate, they are always connected; circumstances apparently of trifling import, are made the hinges of important events. 3. And he observes the unities more than the writers of his age, Ben Jonson and one or two more excepted. Of these, unity of action is always essential. He has rarely under-plots; and when he has, they are so skilfully allied with the pervading one, as not to affect the simplicity and clearness of the action. Sometimes, indeed, he has too much incident; and this hurries the piece so much that we have not leisure enough to dwell on the delineation of character. 4. Of his *learning*,

we can only say that it was respectable. He has many classical allusions, but these he sometimes applies with little judgment. They are proper enough in the mouth of Dorothea, the Virgin-Martyr, when she wishes to convict her pagan antagonists of folly in their monstrous creed; but they are sadly misplaced in the mouths of women and servants. He seems to have read the early fathers, or at least so much of ecclesiastical history as to be conversant with their spirit. Nor was he ignorant of general history. But he was far more conversant with the traditionary lore of the middle ages. He had read the romances of France and Italy with great attention. His plots are often founded on them. 5. Of his *morals* we say, as we have already said, that though he has many indecent expressions, many allusions still more so, he is generally ready to visit guilt with retribution. This is one of his distinguishing characteristics. Let us not, however, forget to condemn him for the obscenity of some among his dialogues. He had, indeed, no liking to it; he writes as if he were undergoing a painful necessity; as if he felt that, if he would have his dramas popular, he must sacrifice to the mob. For this reason, there is, we are glad to perceive, something very lifeless in such descriptions: they have no charm, they can have none, for the most prurient mind. He has not laboured to render vice attractive, and therefore he has not succeeded. In this, he is unlike most of his contemporaries. Beaumont, the son of a judge, Fletcher, the son of a bishop, were far more licentious. 6. His *characters* are delineated, not, indeed, with the master hand of Jonson, but with considerable felicity. They are, however, more true to nature than those of his celebrated contemporary. He drew more from history or from real life; and he has, consequently, exhibited portraits, less striking indeed, but far more just. 7. In poetic fancy he is not equal to Beaumont, or Fletcher, or Ford; but he is superior to Ben Jonson. He writes with too much ease to be studious about words; and he seldom allows a metaphor to carry him beyond the bounds of sobriety. 8. Of *sublimity* he has little. He did not, however, aim at it. 9. Nor can we say that he has great power over the passions. He inspires pity, indeed, but seldom terror; and he does not draw tears. Still he rivets the attention, both by the striking nature of his incidents, and by the animation of his dialogue. 10. Of *wit* he has absolutely none. Hence he was unfitted for comedy. On the whole, we may say of him, with Dr. Ireland, that "he does not soar to the heights of fancy: he dwells among men, and describes their business and their passions with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He has a justness of principle which is admirably fitted to the best interests of human life."'

We have selected, as giving a fair idea of Massinger's powers, *The Virgin-Martyr*, *The Duke of Milan*, and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, the last being, even at the present day, sometimes seen upon the stage.]

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

London. 1622.

Dramatis Personæ.

DIOCLESIAN, } *Emperors of Rome.*
MAXIMINUS, }
KING OF PONTUS.
KING OF EPIRE.
KING OF MACEDON.
SAPRITIUS, *Governor of Cæsarea.*
THEOPHILUS, *a zealous Persecutor of the Christians.*
SEMPRONIUS, *Captain of* SAPRITIUS' *Guards.*
ANTONINUS, *Son to* SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, *Friend to* ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, *an evil Spirit following* THEOPHILUS *in the shape of a Secretary.*
ANGELO, *a good Spirit, serving* DOROTHEA *in the habit of a* Page.

HIRCIUS, *a Whoremaster,* } *Servants of* DOROTHEA.
SPUNGIUS, *a Drunkard,* }
JULIANUS, } *Servants of* THEOPHILUS.
GETA, }
Priest of Jupiter.
British Slave.

ARTEMIA, *Daughter to* DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTA, } *Daughters to* THEOPHILUS.
CHRISTETA, }
DOROTHEA, *the* VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Officers and Executioners.

SCENE—*Cæsarea.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Governor's Palace.

Enter THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theoph. Come to Cæsarea to-night!
Harp. Most true, sir.
Theoph. The emperor in persou!
Harp. Do I live?
Theoph. 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
Are step by step observ'd; and loud-tongued Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near,
The governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But, by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this, then, excuse me,
If I appear incredulous.
Harp. At your pleasure.
Theoph. Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd me
In things more difficult, but have discover'd
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,
No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magic
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerful art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter the Priest of Jupiter, *bearing an Image, and followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA.

Harp. Look on the Vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,
Your chaste, fair daughters. Were't not to upbraid
A service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature), quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intents, taught you to use,
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them:
And, whereas they with torment should have died,
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)
[*Aside.*
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
Belonging to his deity.
Theoph. 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you.—Hail, Jove's flamen!
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,
To your opinion?
Priest. And are constant in it.
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.
Theoph. My dear daughters!
Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung sect,
In private or in public.
Harp. My best lady,
Perséver in it.
Chris. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.
Harp. Brave resolution!
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.
Theoph. I young again. To your devotions.

Harp. Do—
My prayers be present with you.
[*Exeunt* Priest, CAL. *and* CHRIS.
Theoph. O my Harpax!
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st
My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy—
Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.
Theoph. Were all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings, made into one,
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all posterities might be call'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,
And rooter out of Christians.
Harp. Oh, mine own,
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,
I ever live thy slave.

Enter SAPRITIUS *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Theoph. No more.—The governor.
Sap. Keep the ports close, and let the guards be doubled;
Disarm the Christians; call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.
Semp. I shall be careful, sir.
Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height:
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theoph. My good lord,
This care is timely for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who! the emperor?
Harp. To clear your doubts, he doth return in triumph,
Kings lackeying[1] by his triumphant chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my lord,
You have an ample share: for know, your son,
The ne'er enough commended Antoninus,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and dyed
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.
Harp. My head
Answer the forfeit.
Sap. Of his victory
There was some rumour: but it was assured,
The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,
Into the country.
Harp. It was so determined;
But, for the further honour of your son,
And to observe the government of the city,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here: [*Trumpets.*
For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.

Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city show
Her state and wealth.
Semp. I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Sap. Oh, I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,
This knowing scholar. Send [for] your fair daughters;
I will present them to the emperor,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.
Theoph. Fetch them, good Harpax.
[*Exit* HARPAX.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *at the head of the guard, soldiers leading three* Kings *bound;* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS *bearing the* Emperor's *eagles;* DIOCLESIAN *with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in* ARTEMIA; SAPRITIUS *kisses the* Emperor's *hand, then embraces his* Son; HARPAX *brings in* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA. *Loud shouts.*

Diocle. So: at all parts I find Cæsarea
Completely govern'd: the licentious soldier
Confined in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compell'd with rigour:
The ancient Roman discipline revived,
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd her
The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world;
But, above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Diocleslan's honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompense your merits.
Sap. Mightiest Cæsar,
Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did his thunder! all that I have done,
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But if in anything I have deserved
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have express'd in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect, that with one blow
(Ascribing all things to an unknown Power)
Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
Nor sacrifice nor altars.
Diocle. Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me: my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.
Sap. Sacred Cæsar,
If your imperial majesty stand pleased
To shower your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man [*points to* THEOPHILUS], to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choice committed: and, for proof,
He hath deserv'd the grace imposed upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those

[1] *Lackeying*—running by the side of it like lackeys.—GIFFORD.

Of equal nearness to himself; behold
This pair of virgins.
Diocle. What are these?
Sap. His daughters.
Artem. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine!
Theoph. They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else:
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy Powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them in the most horrid form,
All kind of tortures; part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.
Artem. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?
Theoph. I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father; to help justice,
Religion stept in, under which odds
Compassion fell:—yet still I was a father.
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my grey hairs; now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those whom torture
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods. And be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,
To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties.
Diocle. Thou deserv'st thy place;
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferr'd upon me;—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?
K. of Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire (though our fortune
Denies that happiness), who can accuse
The famish'd mouth, if it attempt to feed?
Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?
K. of Pontus. We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain
All human happiness is; and are prepared
To endure the worst.
K. of Macedon. That spoke, which now is highest
In Fortune's wheel, must, when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,
To free them from that slavery;—but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; sceptred princes
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,
In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,
For public bondmen. In the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remember'd.
Diocle. In all growing empires
Even cruelty is useful: some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off; but, when a state
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety: but to whom? not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius. Know, therefore, kings
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you,
Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of princes,
Although the fortune. Had you borne yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you; but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Even in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.
K. of Epire. Mock us not, Cæsar.
Diocle. By the gods, I do not.
Unloose their bonds:—I now as friends embrace you.
Give them their crowns again.
K. of Pontus. We are twice o'ercome:
By courage, and by courtesy.
K. of Macedon. But this latter
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.
K. of Epire. All kingdoms fall before her!
K. of Pontus. And all kings
Contend to honour Cæsar!
Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish: I'm girt round
With true felicity; faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends:
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty,
Strive to exceed each other!
Artem. I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.
Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;
Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.

Among these kings, forgetting they were captives;
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any. By Jove's dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.
Artem. It is a bounty
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other public ends, are forced
To match where they affect not. May my life
Deserve this favour!
Diocle. Speak; I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.
Artem. If that titles
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further;
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,
Not her, that boldly may call Cæsar father:
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no king that lives receive addition:
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes
No worth but that name only.
Diocle. I commend thee;
'Tis like myself.
Artem. If, then, of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have served you most faithfully; that in dangers
Have stood next to you; that have interposed
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords
Aim'd at your bosom; that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with laurel?
Macr. Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!
Harp. [*to* SAP.] Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. Her eye's on me.
Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart,
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot it in the behalf of any other:
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere.
[*Aside.*
Artem. [*advances to* ANTON.] Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!
Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever.
Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance; but if love,
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low—
Anton. Oh, rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me; and in me make it
Duty to honour you; would you refuse me?
Anton. Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,
Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!
Call it, great lady, by another name;
An humble modesty, that would not match
A molehill with Olympus.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a king; there it shines brightest,
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,
A prince in whom it is incorporate:
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a commander and a soldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,
The world yields not his equal.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.
K. of Epire. 'Tis a truth, great princess;
I'll not detract from valour.
Anton. 'Twas mere fortune;
Courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good?
Sap. Spiritless villain!
How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,
I now could kill him.
Diocle. Hold, Sapritius, hold,
On our displeasure hold!
Harp. Why, this would make
A father mad; 'tis not to be endured;
Your honour's tainted in't.
Sap. By heaven, it is:
I shall think of it.
Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What, but seen in possession of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.
Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life,
Study to appease her.
Anton. Gracious madam, hear me.
Artem. And be again refused?
Anton. The tender of
My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,
My love, my heart, my all; and pardon me,
Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of majesty,
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me?
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmanner'd hand, was death? The fox,
When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,
Was almost dead with fear; the second view
Only a little daunted him; the third,
He durst salute him boldly: pray you apply this;
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allows me.
Sap. Well excused.
Artem. You may redeem all yet.
Diocle. And that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,

Artemia, I leave you my substitute
In fair Cæsarea.
Sop. And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.
Diocle. Antoninus,
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;
Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate princes,
In our Dalmatian wars; which finished
With victory, I hope, and Maximinus,
Our brother and copartner in the empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS.
Anton. Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of Fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.
Mac. You are like to those
That are ill only 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? honour, greatness,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;
And with a princess, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.
Anton. Yet poison still is poison,
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet
And no essential food. When I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatness or empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom?
Mac. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on[1] the scornful Dorothea:
Is she, though fair, the same day to be named
With best Artemia? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia,
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The daughter to a senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink; your father's fury,
Which to resist even piety forbids:—
And but remember that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great Artemia
Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before
All joys in Dorothea: therefore leave her.
Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the *danger*,
Or call it if you will *assured destruction*,
I slight it thus.—If then thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A governor's place upon thee, be my helper.

[1] *dotage on*—excessive fondness for.

Mac. You know I dare and will do anything;
Put me unto the test.
Anton. Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which like a deity
Hath still protected me. Thou canst speak well;
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels.
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess: all lets[1] thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:—
No words to contradict this.
Mac. I am yours:
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a capon; for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.
Hir. So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.
Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.
Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting. A pox on your Christian cockatrices! they cry, like poulterers' wives, No money, no coney.
Spun. Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy[2] tipplers, and super-naculum[3] takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners' Hall, ale-conner,[4] mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses; lanceprezade[5] to red noses, and invincible adelantado[6] over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces—
Hir. What of all this?
Spun. This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.
Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.
Spun. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life when I was converted; but now, amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one ale-house, but I reel into an-

[1] *lets*—hindrances.
[2] *upsy-freesy*, or *upsee Freeze*. See note 1, p. 170, col. 2.
[3] *super-naculum*—a kind of mock-Latin term, intended to mean *upon the nail*.—NARES.
[4] *ale-conner*—an official formerly appointed by the London courts to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale, and beer.—NARES.
[5] *lanceprezade*—the lowest officer of foot.
[6] *adelantado*—commander.

other; they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms and drabbing-chambers jumbled together.

Hir. Since I left Priapus to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

Hir. Right; the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

Spun. True. Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog. No, no; I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in show I carry a Christian's face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius—

Hir. And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choked else.

Spun. Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou showed'st thyself a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners. Did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first: for, sirrah Spungius, I cried, a pox on your twopenny-wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

Spun. And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend. I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter ANGELO *with a book, and a taper lighted; seeing him, they counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. Oh! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In show to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope.

Hir. We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady
Sent, from her charitable hands, to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied them? yes. I'd be loth to have my belly so empty: yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went? no. I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the devil's way; the way of sin;
The way of hot damnation; way of lust?
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread,
In bowls of drunkenness?

Spun. Drunkenness! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk. Our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh. My cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avaunt, ye thieves and hollow hypocrites!
Your hearts to me lie open, like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? Come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

Spun. And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum.

Ang. Your names even brand you; you are Spungius call'd,
And, like a spunge, you suck up lickerish wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! Can any drunkard's legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widows' food.
And, starving them, 'tis murder; what's this but hell?—
Hircius[1] your name, and goatish is your nature;
You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?
No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch: but soothe, soothe him.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is that falling into the company of wicked he-Christians, for my part—

Hir. And she-ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by—

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; we cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing: many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light!

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my faults!

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeoman sprats to have their swing.

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[1] *Hircius* in Latin means a he-goat.

Ang. She comes,—beware, and mend.
Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Have you my messages sent to the poor,
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs?
Spun. Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow nor I am thieves.
Hir. Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.
Dor. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven; and there are thunderbolts,
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;
Were you both faithful, true distributors?
Spun. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the lie!
Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of anything,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.
Hir. Whisper!. nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.
Ang. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;
For, if you do— [
Spun. Are we Christians?
Hir. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me!
Ang. Away, and, once more, mend.
Spun. 'Takes us for botchers.
Hir. A patch, a patch![1]
[*Exeunt* SPUN. *and* HIR.
Dor. My book and taper.
Ang. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then:
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—
And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand,
No worse than yet it does; upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *a patch*—a fool.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

A Street near DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter MACRINUS, *met by* THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theoph. The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!
Mac. And thee, Theophilus!
Theoph. Glad'st thou in such scorn?[1]
I call my wish back.
Mac. I'm in haste.
Theoph. One word,
Take the least hand of time up:—stay.
Mac. Be brief.
Theoph. As thought. I pr'ythee tell me, good Macrinus,
How health and our fair princess lay together
This night, for you can tell; courtiers have flies,[2]
That buzz all news unto them.
Mac. She slept but ill.
Theoph. Double thy courtesy; how does Antoninus?
Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.
Theoph. Once more; [
—Thy head is full of windmills:—when doth the princess
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night?
Mac. I know not.
Theoph. No! thou art the manuscript
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets:
Honest Macrinus, tell me.
Mac. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Harp. Honesty is some fiend, and frights him
A many courtiers love it not. [hence;
Theoph. What piece
Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man
Is from himself divided: O thou, the eye,
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,
That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.
Harp. Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eyeballs, whose poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villanies,
That, unless charms more strong than adamant
Be used, the Roman angel's[3] wings shall melt,

[1] *Glad'st thou*, &c.—Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god.—GIFFORD.
[2] *flies*—familiars.
[3] *angel*, according to Gifford, was frequently used as meaning bird by old authors; here, he says, it no doubt means eagle.

And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss
That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,
This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.
Theoph. I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what, in the name
Of Pluto, now is hatching?
Harp. This Macrinus,
The line[1] is, upon which love-errands run
'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloodless Dorothea; who in prayer
And meditation, mocking all your gods,
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced Moon,
Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—
Theoph. And what of this?
Harp. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love
(Your coldest women do so),—had you ink
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star o' the court,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
Theoph. I now conster[2] thee.
Harp. Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being fill'd
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To pash[3] your gods in pieces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the religion there, and pagan lore,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,
Making it foul like hers, oh! the example—
Theoph. Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid poison.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,
They would be mad till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine; has this my hand
Set down a Christian's execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures;
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masquer
Strangle me in a dance?
Harp. No:—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians: on; I hug thee!
Theoph. Both hug and holy me: to this Dorothea
Fly thou and I in thunder.
Harp. Not for kingdoms
Piled upon kingdoms: there's a villain page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffic with; I do so hate his sight,
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.

[1] *line.* The allusion here is, according to Gifford, to the rude fireworks of our ancestors, which seem to have been made to run in lines.

[2] *conster*—construe, understand.

[3] *pash*—strike violently. *Bash* is still vulgarly used in the same sense.

Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to confound:
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.
Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish thee!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

A Room in DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, *and* ANGELO.

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I pr'ythee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To the good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be careful, dear boy.
Ang. Yes, my sweetest mistress. [*Exit.*
Dor. Now, sir, you may go on.
Mac. I then must study
A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others: yet, much ta'en from him,
The want shall be as little, as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness
Of needy rivers.
Dor. Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.
Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted[1] in their numerous shares;
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest; this were nothing:
The greatness of his state, his father's voice
And arm, awing Cæsarea, he ne'er boasts of;
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride: no, dearest beauty,
All these, heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you
Being put into the other.
Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.
Mac. You make me a sad messenger;—but himself

Enter ANTONINUS.

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Music more pleasing.
Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?
Mac. None I like.
Anton. But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

[1] *parted*—favoured or endowed with a part.—GIFFORD.

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon.
[*Going.*
Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.
Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.
Anton. My true love dares not do it.
Mac. Hermes inspire thee!

Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. So, now, do you see?—Our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.
Theoph. The gold you earn is here; dam up your mouths,
And no words of it. [
Hir. No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hackneyed out for silver; why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?
Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.
Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine white[1] boys.
Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.
Sap. Those fellows trouble us.
Theoph. Away, away!
Hir. I to my sweet placket.[2]
Spun. And I to my full pot.
[*Exeunt* HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.
Anton. Come, let me tune you:—glaze not thus your eyes
With self-love of a vow'd virginity,
Make every man your glass; you see our sex
Do never murder propagation;
We all desire your sweet society,
But if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.
Artem. Oh base villain!
Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess.
Anton. Could not my fortunes,
Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.
Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any slave
Is to a monarch.
Sap. So insolent, base Christian!
Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a king.
Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceress.
Anton. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath the sun
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous maid.
Sap. I curse thy baseness.
Theoph. Listen to more.
Dor. Oh kneel not, sir, to me.

[1] *white*—then a term of endearment.
[2] *placket.* See note 2, p. 79, col. 1; here it evidently means woman.

Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,
To which for pity such a princess sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
Artem. Slave, thou liest.
Anton. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theoph. A very dog!
Anton. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that
On which you Christians lean. [Power
Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.
Sirrah! [*Aloud.*
Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's
Had struck thee in the womb! [hand
Mac. We are betray'd.
Artem. Is that the idol, traitor, which thou
Trampling upon my beauty? [kneel'st to,
Theoph. Sirrah, bandog![1]
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?—
A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,
Where a whole world of furies for such tortures
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three!
Artem. Threaten not, but strike: quick vengeance flies
Into my bosom; caitiff! here all love dies.
[*Exeunt above.*
Anton. Oh! I am thunderstruck! We are both o'erwhelm'd—
Mac. With one high-raging billow.
Dor. You a soldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman!
Anton. A woman! a wrong'd princess. From such a star,
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for
But tragical events? My life is now
The subject of her tyranny.
Dor. That fear is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There's the great fear, indeed: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *a guard;* ANGELO *comes and stands close by* DOROTHEA.

Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength must use. Because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey,
By lingering out thy terrors; but, with one frown,
Kill thee. Hence with them all to execution.
Seize him; but let even death itself be weary
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks;

[1] *bandog—i.e. band* or *bound*-dog, a dog so fierce as to require to be tied up. It was used for baiting bears, and Gifford thinks was a kind of mastiff, but Nares, a bull-dog.

Give the fool what she's proud of—martyrdom:
In pieces rack that bawd too.
[*Points to* MACR.
Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods and you, are, in my bosom,
Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd
From saving this young man; yet, when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me
Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.
Artem. And I deny.
Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My blood up to your anger; nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin;
Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is,
And Cæsar never went in greater triumph,
Than I shall to the scaffold.
Artem. Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.
Dor. No, but pitying,
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures:
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.
Theoph. Cæsar's imperial daughter! hear me speak.
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down!
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall, on her belly, creep
To kiss the pavements of our paynim gods.
Artem. How to be done?
Theoph. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.
Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and, Sapritius,
Your son and that[1] be yours: death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought, grow desperate.
Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.
Ang. Oh! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you. Clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars.
[*Exeunt all but* ANGELO.

Enter HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.

Hir. How now, Angelo; how is it, how is it?
What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?
Spun. Com' esta, com' esta, poor knave?
HIR. *Comment portez-vous, comment portez-vous, mon petit garçon?*
Spun. My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?
Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in gold o'er head and ears.
Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.
Spun. Who would think that we, coming forth of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring?
Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?
Spun. And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry?
Ang. That gold will melt to poison.
Spun. Poison! would it would! whole pints for healths should down my throat.
Hir. Gold poison! There is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so.
Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewraying her to death, who stept between
You and the gallows.
Spun. It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.
Hir. The gallows and we fell out: so she did but part us.
Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine own;
She beggar'd, I left wretched.
Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.
Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.
Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.
Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.
Hir. How! a piece of silver! If thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a rush.
Spun. A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.
Hir. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.
Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat,[1] adieu!
Ang. Stay,—one word yet; you now are full of gold.
Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.
Spun. Or any sow of mine of the measles either.
Ang. Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not worth
That leather on your feet.
Hir. Away, away, boy!
Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.
Ang. I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not,
So long as this is full.
Both. And so long as this, so long as this.
Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket.
Spun. Hircius, thou hast nimm'd:[2]—*So long as!*—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

[1] *that*—Macrinus.

[1] *demi-dandiprat*—half dwarf.
[2] *nimm'd*—stolen.

Hir. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold done!

Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his horns once get into the codpiece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,
All yours: divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part;
Say, will you?

Both. Will we!

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.

Hir. Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions, if we do not.

Ang. Follow me, then; repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men, when their best days are last!

Spun. True, Master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way. [*Exit* Angelo.

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a gaol!

Hir. Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve, then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Room in Dorothea's *House.*

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Priest, Calista, *and* Christeta.

Sap. Sick to the death, I fear.

Theoph. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes, and, like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd,
And swallow'd both alive!

Theoph. There's hope left yet.

Sap. Not any: though the princess were appeased,
All title in her love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unless my son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful wife.

Priest. But, once removed
From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to anything,
For your content or his.

Theoph. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,
The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot
With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it,
In hopes to draw back this apostata,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,
Have brought my daughters hither.

Cal. And, we doubt not,
To do what you desire.

Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work; and were I not
To attend the princess, I would see and hear
How you succeed.

Theoph. I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.

Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highness. [*Exit.*

Theoph. Spare no promises,
Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea *and* Angelo.

Priest. She comes.

Theoph. We leave you;
Be constant, and be careful.
[*Exeunt* Theoph. *and* Priest.

Cal. We are sorry
To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more grieved
You are at liberty. So well I love you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow-prisoners. Pr'ythee, Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit—

Cal. We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.

Christ. Our conference must be private; pray you, therefore,
Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life,
Falsehood and he are strangers. Had you, ladies,
Been bless'd with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that, for an hour
Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me; without him I fall:
In this life he's my servant, in the other
A wish'd companion.

Ang. 'Tis not in the devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

Dor. But you were speaking, lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we,
Even from the cradle, were brought up together,
Our amity increasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,
To make you happy; and the means so easy,
That, be not you an enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it,
By your persuasion.

Cal. But what followed, lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,
And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,

As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without control,
Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!
All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters,
For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips,
In place of choice delights? our parents' curses
Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,
Fell thick upon us.
Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and reconciled
To our forsaken gods, we live again
In all prosperity.
Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian's yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar,
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,
Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.
Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not devils?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime,
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods! your temples! brothel-houses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey
For which the devil angles; your false pleasures
A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.
Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.
Dor. Which of your powerful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?
Most pitied women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? Oh blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or anything you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deified to posterity,
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?
Cal. That, piety
And duty answer for me.
Dor. Or you, Christeta,
To be hereafter register'd a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead,
'This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistress in the art of wantonness,
Knows every trick, and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest?'
Christ. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn strumpet?
Dor. No, I think you would not.
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore;
Flora, the foundress of the public stews,
And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have canonized them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human weakness, and had ample share
In men's most base affections; subject to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,
The shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains:
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your devotions
To things of less power than yourselves?
Cal. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.
Dol. By whom fashion'd?
By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confess it is a true one:
A king of Egypt, being to erect
The image of Osiris, whom they honour,
Took from the matrons' neck the richest jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials,
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be adored, and served himself his idol;
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but, being overthrown,
Enraged against his god (these are fine gods,
Subject to human fury!), he took down
The senseless thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd
His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use,
Some months it served: his mistress proving false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
Between him and the priests, of the same bason
He made his god again!—Think, think of this,
And then consider if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
Have power to win such as have reasonable souls
To put their trust in dross.
Cal. Oh that I had been born
Without a father!
Christ. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.
Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks his Godhead most, is merciful;
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears:
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy!
Cal. We are caught ourselves,
That came to take you; and assured of conquest,
We are your captives.
Dor. And in that you triumph:
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain.—Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed, sisters,
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worse apostasy.
Cal. Never, oh never! steel'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny

Christ. Here's our warrant,
You shall along and witness it.
Dor. Be confirm'd then;
And rest assured the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

The Governor's Palace.

Enter ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *and* HARPAX.

Artem. Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sickness: his contempt of us
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure. If his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it;
Say, we forgive him freely.
Sap. Your grace binds us,
Ever your humblest vassals.
Artem. Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection. If the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her:
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.
Theoph. Be happy then,
My lord Sapritius: I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her
To anything they please.
Sap. I wish they may!
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.
[*A shout within: loud music.*
Artem. What means this shout?
Sap. 'Tis seconded with music,
Triumphant music.—Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. My lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, have converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian lady;
The image of great Jupiter borne before them,
Sue for access.
Theoph. My soul divined as much.
Blest be the time when first they saw this light!
Their mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble age, filled not my longing heart
With so much joy as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest *with the image of Jupiter, incense and censers; followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA, *leading* DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,
Daughters both of my body and my mind!
Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort;
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,
Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravish'd
With the excess of joy.—Speak, happy daughters,
The blest event.
Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.
Theoph. Oh, my dear girl,
Our gods reward thee.
Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.
Christ. We are all now
Of one opinion.
Theoph. My best Christeta!
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your princely hands.
Artem. Most willingly—
Do you refuse it?
Cal. Let us first deserve it.
Theoph. My own child still! Here set our god; prepare
The incense quickly: come, fair Dorothea,
I will myself support you: now kneel down,
And pay your vows to Jupiter.
Dor. I shall do it
Better by their example.
Theoph. They shall guide you;
They are familiar with the sacrifice.
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint offering
Christ. Thus— [*They both spit at the image.*
Cal. And thus— [*Throw it down, and spurn it.*
Harp. Profane,
And impious! stand you now like a statue?
Are you the champion of the gods? where is
Your holy zeal, your anger?
Theoph. I am blasted;
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion: I would I had no sight too
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,
Give me, thou injured Power, a sea of tears
To expiate this madness in my daughters;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other.
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.
Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
Theoph. Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace! I should look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts;—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove?
Dor. Alack, poor Jove!
He is no swaggerer; how smug he stands!
He'll take a kick or anything.
Sap. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the patient'st godling! do not fear him;
He would not hurt the thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not:
And still 'tis the same quiet thing.
Theoph. Blasphemer!
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this:
Thou art past hope; but for you yet, dear daughters,
Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it,
With true contrition: be yourselves again;
Sue to the offended deity.
Christ. Not to be
The mistress of the earth.
Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years conferred upon me
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like Dorothea, Christians;
And owe her for that happiness.
Theoph. My ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms
Powerful to make man wretched.

Artem. Are these they
You bragg'd could convert others?
Sap. That want strength
To stand themselves!
Harp. Your honour is engaged,
The credit of your cause depends upon it;
Something you must do suddenly.
Theoph. And I will.
Harp. They merit death; but, falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.
Theoph. Do not blow
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is my breast, wild fire burns here,
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power!
Which from my infancy I have adored,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleased,
My fiery zeal inciting me to act,
To call that justice others may style murder.
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:
And thus, with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. [*Kills them.*
Dor. O most cruel butcher!
Theoph. My anger ends not here. Hell's dreadful porter,
Receive into thy ever-open gates
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips
On them alone be wasted; and, when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of that accursed sect; nor let me fall
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.
[*Exit, with* HARPAX.
Artem. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Enter ANGELO, *smiling.*

Dor. Oh, call him back again,
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.
Artem. Not so;
We are not so near reconciled unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.
Ang. Courage, mistress:
These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;
You shall exceed them, and not imitate.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

A Room in DOROTHEA'S *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS, *ragged, at opposite doors.*

Hir. Spungius!
Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? How goes this tattered world?
Hir. Hast any money?
Spun. Money? no. The tavern-ivy[1] clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?
Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.
Spun. I see then a tavern and a bawdy-house have faces much alike; to neither can you cry, Drawer, you rogue! or, Keep door! without a silver whistle. We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.
Hir. Thou didst; I did not. Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that stay'd my running.
Spun. Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body (and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff), that I beg, on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her sheers, and cut my thread in two; or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.
Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty[1] eloquence.
Spun. And what was thy father?
Hir. A low-minded cobbler, a cobbler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.
Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.
Hir. Long I cannot last; for all souterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.
Spun. This shows thou art a cobbler's son, by going through stitch. O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be cobblers!
Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.
Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.
Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famished.
Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.
Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.
Spun. But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?
Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?
Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.
Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon: since if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.
Spun. But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase anything.
Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?
Spun. Thou art a mere I-am-au-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.
Hir. Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assafœtida?

[1] *tavern-ivy.* See note 5, p. 47, col. 1.

[1] *nitty*—lousy.

Spun. Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

Hir. As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched;[1] honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; why, then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter ANGELO.

Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes;
And would you did so too! Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozen'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I pr'ythee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way
Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread
Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,
To draw drops of repentance from your heart:
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want; till then, my pity dies.
[*Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter HARPAX *behind.*

Spun. Oh you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *Score a pottle of sack* is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster wench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be—I do not like when conscience
Thaws; keep her frozen still. [*Comes forward.*] How now, my masters!
Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn?
Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirlwind
Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. Oh, but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust
Yourselves into the service of that lady,
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort[2] of rogues,
And lousy prisoners?

Hir. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Poh!

Harp. You're rightly served; before that peevish[1] lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, and money
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh, those days! those days!

Harp. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;
Those days shall come again, be ruled by me;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

Harp. Yes, yes; in show his servant: but—hark, hither!—
Take heed nobody listens.

Spun. Not a mouse stirs.

Harp. I am a prince disguised.

Hir. Disguised! how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk;
I am a prince, and any man by me,
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that, sir, we're so ragged—

Harp. You'll say, you'd serve me?

Hir. Before any master under the zodiac.

Harp. For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you; now that you see
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hang'd!

Spun. And pox'd!

Harp. Why, now you're mine;
Come, let my bosom touch you.

Spun. We have bugs, sir.

Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

Hir. Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress; a man cannot prosper worse if he serve the devil.

Harp. How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil,
He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving
To man, than man to man is.

Hir. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

Harp. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, anything; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavern to you or other.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him.

Harp. Some people he cannot endure

Hir. We'll give him no such cause.

Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?[2]

Harp. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

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[1] *caroched*—in a caroche or coach.
[2] *sort*—lot, company.

[1] *peevish*—foolish.
[2] *commoner*—a common lawyer.

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole,[1] does he not?

Harp. As a bearward[2] doth a dog. A catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

Spun. How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for anything, see if it does not come.

Spun. Anything!

Hir. Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

Harp. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. Oh my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you—

Hir. How? on the chaps?

Harp. No, on the shoulder; and cries, Oh, my brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman?

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst word he gives you: A pox on't, go on!

Hir. Oh inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.

Harp. Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass of youth,
And let the sands run merrily: nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away to beggars—

Hir. Hang them!

Harp. And to the scrubbing poor.

Hir. I'll see them hang'd first.

Harp. One service you must do me.

Both. Anything.

Harp. Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, sir?

Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand master,
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company: should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ply you this business; he her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [*Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master, you rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Governor's Palace.

ANTONINUS *on a couch, asleep, with* Doctors *about him;* SAPRITIUS *and* MACRINUS.

Sap. Oh you, that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes
Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,
T'increase the number of this young man's days:
And, for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold
With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,
And, as he's half himself, be you all mine.

1 *Doct.* What art can do, we promise; physic's hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If heaven make not the med'cine: all this while,
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;
And, from that observation, sure I find
It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. Is he with child? A midwife!

Mac. Yes, with child;
And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow
Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;
And, when his arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleased with embracings of her airy form.
Physicians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face:
She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,
The princess' strict command barring that happiness,
To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not;
I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar
Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than cease
To be a father. [*Exit.*

Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.

Anton. Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea!

Mac. She's here:—enjoy her.

Anton. Where? Why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty
(In truth I am bewitch'd), offer my life,
And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers:
Yet, for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pity.

1 *Doct.* Let him have some music.

Anton. Hell on your fiddling!
[*Starting from his couch.*

1 *Doct.* Take again your bed, sir;
Sleep is a sovereign physic.

Anton. Take an ass's head, sir:
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—
Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,
Thy pills and base apothecary drugs
Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend.

Anton. Myself, Macrinus!
How can I be myself, when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? Here moves my head,
But where's my heart? Wherever—that lies dead.

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[1] *catchpole*—a bailiff's assistant.
[2] *bearward*—ward or keeper of a bear for baiting.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS, *dragging in* DOROTHEA *by the hair*, ANGELO *following*.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress! Call up thy spirits,
And, if they can, now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.
Anton. I am that spirit:
Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my love's beauty.
Sap. Art thou sick?
Anton. To death.
Sap. Wouldst thou recover?
Anton. Would I live in bliss!
Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?
Anton. It is not in the world.
Sap. It's here.
Anton. To treasure, by enchantment lock'd
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.
Sap. Break that enchanted cave: enter, and rifle
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend
To a base office, and become thy pander,
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's
Weak wall; to't, 'tis thine own, but beat this down.
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery,
How the coy strumpet yields.
1 *Doct.* Shall the boy stay, sir?
Sap. No matter for the boy:—pages are used
To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones.—
Let the pimp stay.

[*Exeunt* SAP., MAC., *and* DOCT.

Dor. Oh, guard me, angels!
What tragedy must begin now?
Anton. When a tiger
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,
Being hunger-starv'd, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death; I am happy so; you, hitherto,
Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.
Ang. Fear not, mistress;
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? Your eye
Bears danger in it.
Anton. I must—
Dor. What?
Sap. [*within.*] Speak it out.
Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.
Sap. [*within.*] Plague o' your trees!
Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.
Sap. [*within.*] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!
Dor. Oh, kill me, [*Kneels.*
And Heaven will take it as a sacrifice;
But, if you play the ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.
Sap. [*within.*] Let her swallow thee!
Anton. Rise:—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced,
Are unripe apples, sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,
That I should seize upon you as my prey;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villany of man did ever act.

[SAPRITIUS *breaks in with* MACRINUS.

Dor. Die happy for this language!
Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish idiot!
Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.
Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are geldings;
Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling! Had a tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers,
Had ruffled her by this: but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes,
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;
You, captain, of our guard, fetch a slave hither.
Anton. What will you do, dear sir?
Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

Enter Soldiers *with a* Slave.

Mac. A slave is come; what now?
Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour; from what country
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave?
Slave. From Britain.
Sap. In the West Ocean?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An island?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I'm fitted,[1]—Sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then, when the battering-ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself: what is for man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.
Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set thee
Upon a piece of work is fit for man;
Brave for a Briton:—drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.
Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am, as yet,
But half a slave; but, when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.

[1] *fitted*—suited.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
Slave. Thou art more slave than I.
[*He is carried in.*
Dor. That Power supernal, on whom waits my soul,
Is captain o'er my chastity.
Anton. Good sir, give o'er:
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down I throw
Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.
Call in ten slaves.

Enter Slaves.

Mac. They are come, sir, at your call.
Sap. Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

Enter THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Where is the governor?
Anton. There's my wretched father.
Theoph. My lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my lord!
That witch there—
Anton. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearful terrors. Oh, thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
Dor. I do.
Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd. It is thou
Hast done this act infernal.
Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down
(I can no miracles work), yet, from my soul,
Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.
Theoph. He stirs,—help, raise him up,—my lord!
Sap. Where am I?
Theoph. One cheek is blasted.
Sap. Blasted! where's the lamia[1]
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd! seize on her.
Dor. I'm here; do what you please.
Theoph. Spurn her to the bar.
Dor. Come, boy, being there, more near to heaven we are.
Sap. Kick harder; go out, witch!
[*Exeunt.*
Anton. Oh bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give thee breath!
Each of thy tortures is my several death.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Public Square.

Enter HARPAX, HIRCIUS, *and* SPUNGIUS.

Harp. Do you like my service now? Say, am not I
A master worth attendance?
Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles.
Hir. A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they are unlucky to meet.
Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your arms.
Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.
Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.
Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole.
Hir. If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.
Harp. Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me;
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly;
That's all.
Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah!
Spun. But what walnut tree is it we must beat?
Harp. Your mistress.
Hir. How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman.
Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my mistress!
Harp. You're coxcombs, silly animals.
Hir. What's that?
Harp. Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune: say, you fall off,
It must be done. You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians.
Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whitleather.[1]
Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.
Harp. Deny this, and each pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes—
Hir. If we be cuckolds.
Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.
Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.
Hir. I desire but one inch longer.
Harp. The senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this give you gold. When you are dead,
Happy that man shall be can get a nail,
The paring, nay, the dirt under the nail,
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to Spungius or Hircius.
Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.
Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.
Spun. And I the hips,—we may strike anywhere?
Harp. Yes, anywhere.
Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.
Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I must not
To see this done, great business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence.
[*Exit.*
Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.
Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack-thirlery bouncing.

[1] *lamia*—Greek for sorceress, hag.

[1] *whitleather*—leather made very rough by peculiar dressing.

Enter DOROTHEA, *led prisoner*; SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, *and a* Hangman, *who sets up a Pillar.* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS *sit;* ANGELO *stands by* DOROTHEA. *A* Guard *attending.*

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind
That Christian to a pillar.
Theoph. Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me; me! for flagitious facts,
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer
Any slight sacrifice; or do but swear
By Cæsar's fortune, and—be free.
Sap. Thou shalt.
Dor. Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy
Your hangmen; you now show me whither to fly.
Sap. Are her tormentors ready?
Ang. Shrink not, dear mistress.
Spun. and *Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the business.
Dor. You two! whom I like foster'd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread.
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors!
Both. Yes, we.
Dor. Divine Powers pardon you!
Sap. Strike.
[*They strike at her:* ANGELO, *kneeling, holds her fast.*
Theoph. Beat out her brains.
Dor. Receive me, you bright angels!
Sap. Faster, slaves.
Spun. Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I were to beat a buck,[1] I can strike no harder.
Hir. Oh mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.
Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,
I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,
And feast your fury full.
Theoph. These dogs are curs,
[*Comes from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles! cannot an eye start out,
With these?
Hir. No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis full of ironwork.
Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit?
Ang. There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.
There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. [*Exit.*
Dor. Ever, ever, ever!

Enter HARPAX, *sneaking.*

Theoph. We're mock'd; these bats have power to fell down giants,
Yet her skin is not scarr'd.
Sap. What rogues are these?
Theoph. Cannot these force a shriek?
[*Beats* SPUNGIUS.
Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.
Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?
[*Beats* HIRCIUS; *he roars.*
Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they?
Spun. We serve that noble gentleman there; he enticed us to this dry beating. Oh for one half pot!
Harp. My servants! two base rogues, and sometime servants
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.
Sap. Unbind her; hang up these.
Theoph. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.
Hir. Hang us! Master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?
Harp. What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?
Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on.
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-hounds! traitors!
Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman
Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course
Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;—
But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.
Hir. I thank you.
Harp. 'Tis your best course.
Theoph. Why stay they trifling here?
To the gallows drag them by the heels;—away!
Spun. By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.
Hir. Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.
Harp. Despatch them.
Spun. The devil despatch thee!
[*Exeunt* Guard *with* SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS.
Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.
See this witch made away too.
Theoph. My soul thirsts for it;
Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.
Dor. Oh haste me to my coronation day!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

The Place of Execution. A Scaffold, Block, &c.

Enter ANTONINUS, *supported by* MACRINUS, *and* Servants.

Anton. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus?
Mac. By this preparation,
You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.
Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.
Mac. Strange affection!

[1] *beat a buck.* To buck is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth plank or stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the sides.

Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.
Anton. Nay, weep not;
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away. It is decreed
That I must die with her; our clue of life
Was spun together.
Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eye-witness
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.
Anton. Oh, Macrinus!
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharp by my constant love
And true affection? It may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd
Among her blessed actions: and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard *bringing in* DOROTHEA, *a* Headsman *before her; followed by* THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* HARPAX.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their power, deface the masterpiece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer heaven.
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!
Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
Mac. It was his will;
And we were left to serve him, not command him.
Anton. Good sir, be not offended; nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be blest with.
Theoph. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines
(Mammon's unknown exchequer) shall redeem thee:
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou turn'd apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.
Anton. She smiles,
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.
Theoph. Derided too! despatch, I say.
Dor. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of.
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades; for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.
Anton. Oh, take me thither with you!
Dor. Trace my steps,
And be assured you shall.
Sap. With my own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.
Theoph. By no means;
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man,
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagined place,—
That place of all delights,—pray you, observe me,
And meet those cursed things I once call'd Daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.
Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.
Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?
Theoph. The gates to hell are open.
Dor. Know, thou tyrant,
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

Enter ANGELO, *in the Angel's habit.*[1]

Harp. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hid me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me!
Theoph. What's the matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.
Theoph. Harpax, my Harpax, speak!
Harp. I dare not stay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compared (and with what now I suffer),
Hell's torments are but sweet slumbers!
[*Exit.*
Sap. Follow him.
Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die,
Till my return.
[*Exeunt* SAP. *and* THEOPH.

[1] It appears that Angelo was not meant to be seen or heard by any of the people present but Dorothea.—GIFFORD.

Anton. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?
Mac. I see nothing.
Anton. Mark her.
Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve!
(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo.
Ang. Know I am the same;
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you sent them),
To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in such habits, often
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask anything from me, and rest assured,
You shall obtain it.
Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments. Since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of heaven.
Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?
Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.
Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.
Mac. I am amazed.
Anton. I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss. [*Kneels.*

Re-enter SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.
Theoph. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.
Sap. Villain!
Anton. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.
Theoph. I'll quickly make a separation of them:
Hast thou aught else to say?
Dor. Nothing, but to blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight. Strike, oh! strike quickly;
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
'She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies.'
[*Her head is struck off.*

Anton. Oh, take my soul along, to wait on thine!
Mac. Your son sinks too.
[ANTONINUS *falls.*
Sap. Already dead!
Theoph. Die all
That are, or favour this accursed sect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcases, to o'erlook
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian.
[*Loud music. Exit* ANGELO, *having first laid his hand upon the mouths of* ANTON. *and* DOR.
Sap. Ha! heavenly music!
Mac. 'Tis in the air.
Theoph. Illusions of the devil,
Wrought by some witch of her religion,
That fain would make her death a miracle;
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial; but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

THEOPHILUS *discovered sitting in his Study: books about him.*

Theoph. Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,
Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances,
My muster-book of hellhounds. Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches; no, I'm carried
With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. *Great Britain,*[1]—what?
[*Reads.*
A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,
Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine;
And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,
Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starv'd Christians.
Ha! ha!
Again, again,—*East Angles,*—oh, *East Angles:*
Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried
A thousand British rascals, stied up fat
Of purpose, stripped naked and disarm'd.
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter.—*Twelve hundred*
Eyes bored with augers out—Oh! *Eleven thousand*

[1] *Great Britain* is a curious anachronism, but this our old dramatic writers were little solicitous to avoid.—GIFFORD.

Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ramm'd in the earth
To the armpits, and full platters round about them,
But far enough for reaching. Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha! [*He rises.*
Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings,
Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

Enter ANGELO *with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one; but let such horror follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake. How now? [*Music.*

Ang. Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!
Theoph. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?
Ang. To you:
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.
Theoph. Cannot I see this garden?
Ang. Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance. [*He vanishes.*
Theoph. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-cheek'd child I ever view'd;
Sweet-smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these!
In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous,
Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February,
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? Pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?—
My delicate boy—gone! vanish'd! Within there,
Julianus! Geta!—

Enter JULIANUS *and* GETA.

Both. My lord.
Theoph. Are my gates shut?
Geta. And guarded.
Theoph. Saw you not
A boy?
Jul. Where?
Theoph. Here he enter'd; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes;
A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket.
Geta. No, sir!
Theoph. Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [*Exeunt* JUL. *and* GETA.
No!—vanish'd and not seen!—Be thou a spirit,
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential,[1] and howe'er it grows,
Will taste it. [*Eats of the fruit.*
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. So good! I'll have some more, sure.
Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!
Theoph. What art thou?
Harp. A fisherman.
Theoph. What dost thou catch?

[1] *essential*—pure, exquisite.

Harp. Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.
Theoph. Geta!

Re-enter GETA.

Geta. My lord.
Harp. [*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. What insolent slave is this, dares laugh at me?
Or what is't the dog grins at so?
Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.
Theoph. Jupiter! all within me is not well;
And yet not sick.
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. What's thy name, slave?
Harp. [*at one end of the room.*] Go look.
Geta. 'Tis Harpax' voice.
Theoph. Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
Harp. [*at the other end.*] Fool, thou liest!
Geta. He's yonder, now, my lord.
Theoph. Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.
Harp. [*in the middle.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. He is at barley-break,[1] and the last couple
Are now in hell.
Search for him. [*Exit* GETA.] All this ground, methinks, is bloody,
And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes
Whom I have tortured; and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled,
And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings;
And hence he flew:—'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,
For all my sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile?
Or wooden image laugh? [*Music.*] Ha! I remember,
Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,
Or from some better place; a Power divine,
Through my dark ignorance, on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay, drown'd, and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.
Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;
If so toothful,[2] I will be banqueted.
[*Eats again.*

Enter HARPAX *in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.*

Harp. Hold!
Theoph. Not for Cæsar.
Harp. But for me thou shalt.

[1] *barley-break* was a game played by six people, three of each sex, coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advance from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by pre-occupation, from the other place . . . When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended.—GIFFORD.

[2] *toothful.* Probably this should be *toothsome—i.e.* palatable.

Theoph. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
Ye powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me!
What art thou?
Harp. I am thy master.
Theoph. Mine!
Harp. And thou my everlasting slave: that Harpax,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.
Theoph. Avaunt!
Harp. I will not; cast thou down
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.
Theoph. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? see! [*Eats again.*
Harp. Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.
Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted! See, here's more. [*Pulls out a handful of flowers.*
Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee
In a contorted chain of icicles,
In the frigid zone: down with them!
Theoph. At the bottom
One thing I found not yet. See!
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*
Harp. Oh! I am tortured.
Theoph. Can this do't? Hence, thou fiend infernal, hence!
Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.
Theoph. At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,
I serve a better master: he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on[1] by thee.—
By thy damn'd rhetoric did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand
Beg a forgiveness.
Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.
Theoph. I serve a strength above thine; this small weapon,
Methinks, is armour hard enough.
Harp. Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*
Theoph. Art posting to thy centre? down, hellhound! down!
Me thou hast lost. That arm, which hurls thee hence, [Harpax *disappears.*
Save me, and set me up, the strong defence,
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow;
And to that garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king.
[*Exit.*
Theoph. It is, it is, some angel. Vanish'd again!
Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st me,
Teach me what I must to do, and to do well,
That my last act the best may parallel.
[*Exit.*

[1] *put on*—urged, instigated.

ACT V.—SCENE II.

Diocclesian's *Palace.*

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, *the* kings *of* Epire, Pontus, *and* Macedon, *meeting* Artemia; Attendants.

Artem. Glory and conquest still attend upon
Triumphant Cæsar!
Diocle. Let thy wish, fair daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar.
Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love and empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy
To be my mistress.
Artem. Sir, you show yourself
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is Love;
His bow and arrows are the same: Great Julius,
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd
With the dead carcases of senators,
And citizens of Rome; when the world knew
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too
(And men grey-hair'd forget the lusts of youth),
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,
A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive:
Nor are you more secure.
Max. Were you deform'd
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent),
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me;
And I should be more proud in being prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.
Diocle. This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,
With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was: thy fate
Reserved thee for this better choice; embrace it.
Max. This happy match brings new nerves to give strength
To our continued league.
Diocle. Hymen himself
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the presence of these kings.
K. of Pontus. Who rest most happy,
To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the empire.
Diocle. We much thank your loves.—
But where's Sapritius, our governor,
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish
His piety and service.

Artem. Sir, the governor
Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd
Apostate in death; but bold Theophilus,
Who, for the same cause, in my presence seal'd
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts;
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her lose her head.
Diocle. He is all worthy:
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.
Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature),
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,
Than the least pity.
Diocle. To that end I would hear it.

Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* MACRINUS.

Artem. He comes; with him the governor.
Diocle. Oh, Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it. Good Theophilus,
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.
[*To* SAPRITIUS.
Theoph. [*aside to* MACRINUS.] By Antoninus' soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet:—By the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians,
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what shall follow?
Theoph. Haste then to the port;
You there shall find two tall[1] ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound: the Deity
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone:
Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you!
Mac. I'll undertake't; there's something prompts me to it;
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act
And to be merciful has never been
By mortal men themselves esteem'd a sin.
[*Exit.*
Diocle. You know your charge?
Sap. And will with care observe it.
Diocle. For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers.—Welcome, my best servant,
My careful, zealous provost! thou hast toil'd
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.
Pr'ythee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness or scoffs,
Before my brother and these kings, how took
The Christian her death?
Theoph. And such a presence
Though every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellence and wonder.
Diocle. Ha! how is this?
Theoph. Oh, mark it, therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an embassy from heaven
By a wing'd legate; for the truth deliver'd,
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonized Spartan ladies were,
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own matrons,
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics, in her history
Will find a second urn; Gracchus' Cornelia,
Paulina, that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.
Max. Is he mad?
Diocle. Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more.
Theoph. They, out of desperation,
Or for vainglory of an after name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A doting mother, as Cornelia was.
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in his cause
Who only can bestow it; who sent down
Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven, who entertain'd it
With choice celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres; she, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were present at her death: did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?
Sap. Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.
Theoph. I then heard it
With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.
Diocle. Why, dost thou now?
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing—
Theoph. Were my voice
As loud as his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship,
But dreams of fools and madmen.
Max. Lay hands on him.
Diocle. Thou twice a child! for doting age so makes thee,
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost passed through, in this last moment
Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or great—
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?
Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.
Max. Do; no way is left, else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.

[1] *tall*—stout.

Diocle. But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.
Theoph. Hear me, yet;
Hear, for my service past.
Artem. What will he say?
Theoph. As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon: 'tis not for life I sue for;
Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity
To any Christian, being one myself,
Should look for any; no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty. I stand
Accountable for thousand Christians' deaths;
And, were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easy penance, and I should pass through
A gentle cleansing fire: but, that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My suit is you would have no pity on me.
In mine own house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians; let me feel
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horrid'st you can find; and I will say,
In death, that you are merciful.
Diocle. Despair not;
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:
[*Exeunt some of the* Guard.
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!—
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting
To the torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians
That are in hold; and here, before his face,
Cut them in pieces.
Theoph. 'Tis not in thy power:
It was the first good deed I ever did.
They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er,
I was determined for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty;
And still I dare thy worst.

Re-enter Guard *with racks and other instruments of torture.*

Diocle. Bind him, I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
Shall have ten thousand drachmas. Wretch! I'll force thee
To curse the Power thou worship'st.
Theoph. Never, never:
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on him,
[*They torment him.*
But what shall speak his majesty or mercy.
I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,
More tortures, more,—alas! you are unskilful—
For Heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;
Spare no part of me.
Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.
Sap. No sigh nor groan,
To witness he hath feeling.
Diocle. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever.
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it:—Oh me!
My ancient enemies again! [*Falls down.*

Enter DOROTHEA *in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by* ANGELO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA *following, all in white, but less glorious;* ANGELO *holds out a crown to* THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Most glorious vision!—
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death! till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [*Dies.*
Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet
A constancy like this.
Harp. I am twice damn'd.
Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!
[HARPAX *sinks with thunder and lightning.*
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day.
[*Exit with* DOR. &c.
Diocle. I think the centre of the earth be crack'd—
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on.
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

THE DUKE OF MILAN.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

London. 1623.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT MORE ADMIRED FOR HER VIRTUE,

THE LADY KATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE, BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,—If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend), plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, ever will be

An humble servant
to your Ladyship, and yours,
PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.

LUDOVICO SFORZA, *supposed Duke of Milan.*
FRANCISCO, *his especial Favourite.*
TIBERIO, STEPHANO, } *Lords of his Council.*
GRACCHO, *a creature of* MARIANA.
JULIO, GIOVANNI, } *Courtiers.*
CHARLES, *the Emperor.*
PESCARA, *an Imperialist, but a Friend to* SFORZA.
HERNANDO, MEDINA, ALPHONSO, } *Captains to the Emperor.*
Three Gentlemen.
Fiddlers.
An Officer.
Two Doctors.
Two Couriers.

MARCELIA, *the Duchess, Wife to* SFORZA.
ISABELLA, *Mother to* SFORZA.
MARIANA, *Wife to* FRANCISCO, *and Sister to* SFORZA.
EUGENIA, *Sister to* FRANCISCO.
A Gentlewoman.

Guards, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE.—*For the First and Second Acts, in Milan; during part of the Third, in the Imperial Camp near Pavia; the rest of the play, in Milan and its Neighbourhood.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

MILAN. *An outer Room in the Castle.*

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI, *with Flagons.*

Grac. Take every man his flagon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I am sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.
Jul. Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?
Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry, *'Tis rare music!* bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you
An officer preaching of sobriety, [meet
Unless he read it in Geneva print,[1]
Lay him by the heels.
Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason:
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd,[2]
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,
And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,

[1] *Geneva print*—alluding to the spirituous liquor so called.—MASON.
[2] *distemper'd*—drunk.—GIFFORD.

Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills[1] not; what's a private man,
For the public honour! We've nought else to think on.
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the duchess!

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?

Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse.[2] Long live the duchess! [*Exeunt* GRAC. JUL. *and* GIO.

Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face! which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest duchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune, guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome),
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.

Steph. I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;
The people well affected; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interess'd,[3] in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.

Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.

Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword
Who hath the better cause: for the success,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense on whose fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs! in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the duchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doted;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

Steph. She's indeed
A lady of most exquisite form.

Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.

Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.

Tib. On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But when beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd
It will at length break out.

Steph. He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!

Tib. Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.

Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot[1]
In her proud train.

Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty?

Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,

[1] *skills*—signifies, matters.
[2] *rouse*—carouse.
[3] *interess'd*—implicated, involved.—GIFFORD.

[1] Mariana alludes to the *spots* in the peacock's tail.—GIFFORD.

And, madam, if you please receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself?

Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.

Mari. Others are as fair;
I am sure, as noble.

Fran. I detract from none.
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the duchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure,
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be played with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.

Isab. 'Tis but truth:
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;
But not to serve his idol.

Mari. I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high, to fall; but stoop to rise.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE III.

A State Room in the same.

Enter three Gentlemen, *setting forth a banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the court put on
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery[1]
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a masque:
Have you heard what's the invention?

1 *Gent.* No matter:
It is intended for the duchess' honour;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke. [*Loud music.*] They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in order.

Flourish. Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
Oh my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possessed of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
Oh mother, look on her; sister, admire her!
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,
The phœnix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.

Fran. She's indeed
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your excellence,
Though I confess you give her but her own,
Forces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art indeed
So absolute[1] in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!

Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.

Sfor. A mistress, mother! she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,
May think their wooing done: no night to me
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat,
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it number'd
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
Conferr'd upon mankind.

Marc. My worthiest lord!
The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant. By these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss—

Sfor. Oh swear, for ever swear!

Marc. I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure: and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On those gross cates,[2] while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.

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[1] *bravery*—show, decoration.

[1] *absolute*—perfect.
[2] *cates*—provisions, dainties.

I could live ever thus.—Command the eunuch
To sing the ditty that I last composed,

Enter a Courier.

In praise of my Marcelia.—From whence?
Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.
Sfor. Speak, is all lost?
Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform you. [*Exit.*
Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!
Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.
Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battailes[1] being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.

Your Highness' humble servant,
GASPERO.

Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure. [*Aside.*
Marc. My lord.
Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power
By supernatural, not usual means,
T'inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their counsels wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me. [*Aside.*
Fran. Excellent lady,
This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dares speak to him.
Marc. I will run the hazard.—
My lord!
Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.
Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.
Sfor. Out of my sight!
[*Throws away the Letter.*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose its splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a masque.

[1] *battailes*—battalions.

Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it.
Sfor. Bid them enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my days and years shall be employ'd
To do thee honour.
Marc. And my life to serve you.
[*A horn without.*
Sfor. Another post! Go hang him, hang him, I say;
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.
Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights?
Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?
Cour. That was, my lord.
Sfor. How! dead?
Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] With the delivery of this, and prayers
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man.
Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me.—Silence that harsh music;
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me: I am sick.
Marc. My lord!
Sfor. Sick to the death, Marcelia. Remove
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but usher'd
Sorrow and ruin.
Marc. Bless us, heaven!
Isab. My son.
Marc. What sudden change is this?
Sfor. All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience?—Stay, Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* Attendants.
Marc. And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy and courage
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me
With such fix'd looks? Love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
Sfor. Oh Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward: for myself, unmoved,
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The king of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.
Marc. Then you have just cause
To show you are a man.
Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command

On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates; suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,
And sister ravish'd, and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph, or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so . . . forced,[1] Marcelia: and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;
Or those sweet lips yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,
There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his;
I was born only yours, and I will die so.

Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The Marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither.

[*Exit* FRANCISCO.

And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing.

[*Exit.*

Sfor. The Marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with* PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might
And not add this,—to fear! [end so,

Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favoured.—But my haste forbids
All compliment: thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.

Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Pesc. Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself, to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least, excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.

Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the meantime, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*

Sfor. With all care,
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?

Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement: and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret, of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinences: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments

[1] There is evidently some omission here.

That fright the wicked or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now!
To fall upon't like thunder.
Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.
Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For, 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come near us.—
Art thou not shaken yet?
Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd—
Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
Fran. As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?
Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;
Her innocence, her honour: oh, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations: there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies,
That she would have removed—
Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet in that hatred her idolater.
One smile of hers would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.
Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the instrument!
Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes;
A strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. Oh, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her, nor a hell
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire
By the wife and slave that living they loved best,
To do them service in another world;
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but, in thy looks,
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.
Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it:
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.
Sfor. I will, Francisco:
But still remember that a prince's secrets
Are balm conceal'd, but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—but
I know thee honest.
Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.
Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The same. An open space before the Castle.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Steph. How! left the court?
Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.
Steph. No enemy near to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?
Tib. No; those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas,
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is, with all strength, conferr'd
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:
To me they are riddles.
Steph. Well, he shall not be
My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.
But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.
Tib. Oh, sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off
(What promises soever passed between them),
Upon the sight of this,[1] forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raised up to this height.
Steph. But how is
His absence borne?
Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the duchess;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted. In the church,
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast off: and she, that lately
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,

[1] *this*—*i.e.* the duchess.

Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.
Steph. It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
Tib. You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the duchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appeared so full of mirth.
Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter GRACCHO *with* Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.
Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.
1 *Fid.* But if we should offend,
The duchess having silenced us,—and these lords,
Stand by to hear us.—
Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the duchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'll be for my lady's.
Tib. Signior Graccho.
Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords and councillors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.
Tib. Come; we know
You are a man in grace.[1]
Grac. Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next morning.
Steph. He derides us.
Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all.
Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times: I should ask of your lordships,
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them;
Who the duchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:
It is our element; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.
Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.
Tib. And would be laid by the heels.
Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change places too.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA; GRACCHO *whispers the latter.*

Tib. The princess!
We must be patient.
Steph. There is no contending.

[1] *grace*—favour.

Tib. See, the informing rogue!
Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!
Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To anything of mine.—Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you're noble;—look to your wives too;
The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.
Tib. No way to be a freeman!

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Grac. Your Excellence hath the best gift to despatch
These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.
Mari. I can speak sometimes.
Grac. And cover so your bitter pills with sweetness
Of princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallow'd.
Isab. But the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?
Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.
Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall! A devil of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside.*
Mari. On her birthday
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too.—Play anything
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport.

[*Music and a song.*

MARCELIA *appears at a Window above, in black.*

Isab. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
Mari. May it please your greatness,
We heard that your late physic hath not work'd;
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your highness' vassals,
And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antic?
Isab. 'Twould show rare in ladies.
Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.
Isab. Fie! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.
Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will enshrine it as a holy relic.
Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.

Marc. If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and, in making answer
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger—
Isab. A set speech, on my life.
Mari. Penn'd by her chaplain.
Marc. Yes, it can speak, without instruction speak,
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.
Grac. Now the game begins.
Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness to disturb
The least of my retirements.
Mari. Note her, now.
Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
Isab. How, a nurse!
Marc. A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.
Isab. I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one!
Marc. For you, puppet—
Mari. What of me, pine-tree?
Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance
You owe him, as a subject, due to me—
Mari. To you?
Marc. To me: and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
Isab. A princess!
Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.
Isab. Scornful thing!
Proud of a white face.
Mari. Let her but remember
The issue in her leg.
Isab. The charge she puts
The state to, for perfumes.
Mari. And howsoe'er
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above the ground. Oh that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her nails
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those
Do but come down. [eyes out.
Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbraved thus. [*She retires.*
Grac. Forty ducats
Upon the little hen; she's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit. [*Aside.*
Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!
But these weak hands shall show my spleen—

Re-enter MARCELIA *below.*

Marc. Where are you,
You modicum, you dwarf!
Mari. Here, giantess, here.

Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Guards.

Fran. A tumult in the court!
Mari. Let her come on.
Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.
Mari. I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And, do you hear, sir!
Or right me on this monster (she's three feet
Too high for a woman), or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.
Isab. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Fran. Oh forbear;
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you;
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.
Mari. This is fine, i'faith.
Grac. I would I were well off!
Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown not,
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.
Mari. Oh base!
Isab. We are like
To have an equal judge!
Fran. But, should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a prince.
1 *Fid.* Without reward,
Pray you dismiss us.
Grac. Would I were five leagues hence!
Fran. I will be partial
To none, not to myself;
Be you but pleased to show me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.
Isab. I am one,
And I will justify it.
Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.
Fran. Remember, she's the duchess.
Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,
Which with all willingness I would make my prison
During the absence of my lord, denied me:
But if he e'er return—
Fran. Were you an actor
In this lewd comedy?
Mari. Ay, marry was I;
And will be one again.
Isab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you;
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.
Isab. Mari. Prisoners!
Fran. Bear them hence:
This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.
Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!

Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a paradise at her entreaty;
And, for you, upstart—
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. What shall become of these?
Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.
Tib. Now, Signior Graccho,
What think you of your greatness?
Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
1 *Fid.* I was never yet
At such a hunt's-up,[1] nor was so rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* MARCELIA.
Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will show nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you: who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow? [*Aside.*
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell, circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and useful form of speech:
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And therefore, lady—
Marc. Keep off!—O you Powers!—
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime which creatures wanting reason fly from.
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days' absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!
Fran. Hear my excuse.
Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that but a princess,
No women can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish
I'll be thy strumpet. [me,
Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.
Marc. Unheard-of impudence!
Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful, when he, that first tasted,
And had so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity; and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate! You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead:—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.
Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,

[1] The *hunt's-up* was a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen, to call them up in the morning. It was, probably, sufficiently obstreperous, for it is frequently applied by our old writers, as in this place, to any noise or clamour of an awakening or alarming nature.—GIFFORD.

False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie, and bring up their young;
Or anything that is averse to nature;
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. Oh innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here—[*Gives her a paper.*]—and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved[1] of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.

Fran. Pray you do so.

Marc. [*Reads.*] You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it! every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*Swoons.*

Fran. What have I done?
Madam! for Heaven's sake, madam!—Oh my fate!
I'll bend her body: this is yet some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—

Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—Oh unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another!
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!

Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women!

Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*

Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot!
Revenge first wrought me; murder's his twin-brother:
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Imperial Camp, before PAVIA.

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war;
And now expect reward.

Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd:
When usually, something in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.

Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour—

Med. I long to be at it;
To see these chuffs,[1] that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins:
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

Hern. I would be tousing

[1] *resolved*—convinced.

[1] *chuff* was a term of reproach usually applied to avaricious old citizens.—NARES.

Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,
Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thousands;
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,
Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd,
Durst enter into any common brothel,
Though all varieties of stink contend there;
Yet praise the entertainment.

Med. I may live
To see the tatter'd'st rascals of my troop
Drag them out of their closets, with a vengeance!
When neither threat'ning, flattering, kneeling, howling,
Can ransom one poor jewel, or redeem
Themselves from their blunt wooing.

Hern. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.

Alph. Every day,
We look for a remove.

Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The Duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge.
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.

Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in.[1]

Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To show his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.

Med. The emperor!

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, *and* Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder:—nay, it is no counsel,[2]
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have thought
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain),
First kneel for mercy?

Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! Of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.

Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!

Med. With your honour
You cannot hear him.

Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.

Charl. I am not so weak
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:
Yet, for our glory, and to show him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.

[*Exit* PESCARA.

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue: all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it; then add to that
A tale of King Tigranes, and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely, 'twas more honour
To make a king, than kill one: which, applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted
To him an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary. [*Aside to* MED.

Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA *with* SFORZA, *strongly guarded.*

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.

Hern. I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name!

Med. Hear him speak.

Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power; I was thine enemy,
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
More than thyself, and all men.

Med. By Saint Jaques,
This is no flattery.

Hern. There is fire and spirit in't;
But not long-lived, I hope.

Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.—
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken!

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate
Less than I did. [him

[1] *coming in*—surrender.
[2] *counsel*—secret.—GIFFORD.

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd, and cherish'd
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power, when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow,
And could part with three quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.

Sfor. But if example
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories are now mix'd with yours,—
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,—
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful: this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders, should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.

Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.

Med. How like a block
The emperor sits!

Hern. He hath deliver'd reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely (I myself am one,
I care not who knows it), as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:
Mercy, an't be thy will!

Charl. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That, since my purposes must now be changed,
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.

Hern. This sounds well.

Charl. All former passages of hate be buried:
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But, in that as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

[*Flourish.* *Exit with* Attendants.

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour:
And there we are your scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend
In love hereafter; in the meantime, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet;
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And when great Charles commands me to his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the favour.

Hern. In this, and all things,
We are your servants.

Sfor. A name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt* Medina, Hernando, *and* Alphonso.

Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes; but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace), may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being; I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife, Pescara,
Being absent, I am dead. Pr'ythee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me: I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.

Sfor. Farewell grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,—
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter an Officer *with* GRACCHO.

Offic. What I did I had warrant for: you have tasted
My office gently, and for those strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.
Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?
Offic. Fie! no;
Your honour's not impaired in't. What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt blood, and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me, to take off
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by [brokage,
And so forgets his betters.
Grac. Very good, sir;
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?
Offic. Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could indite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days' after,
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
Cap-a-pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off
With oil of angels.[1]
Grac. 'Twas a sovereign cure.
Offic. There was a sectary, too, that would not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue and truss'd his haunches,
Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed.
Had he not cause to thank me?
Grac. There was physic
Was to the purpose.
Offic. Now for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.
Grac. Pr'ythee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.
Offic. There was lately
A fine she-waiter in the court that doted
Extremely of a gentleman that had
His main dependence on a signior's favour
I will not name, but could not compass him
On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight,
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at push-pin with her.
Grac. But what follow'd?
Pr'ythee be brief.
Offic. Why this, sir: she deliver'd,
Had store of crowns assign'd her by her patron,
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her and say he was the party
Found in Lob's pound:[2] so she, that before gladly
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?
Grac. Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?
Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.
Grac. I thank you, knave.
Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*
Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth! 'Tis well;
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge.[1]

Enter JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is. How he looks now,
After his castigation!
Jul. As he came
From a close fight at sea under the hatches,
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak too,
Or I am cozen'd.
Giov. Let's be merry with him.
Grac. How they stare at me! Am I turn'd to an owl?—
The wonder, gentlemen?
Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But now I look on you, my wonder ceases.
Grac. The reason, sir?
Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, Signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.
Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.
Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second:
And then I'll answer you.
Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.
[*Exeunt* JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.
Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO *and a* Servant.

Hell now inspire me. How, the lord protector!
My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*
Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits or suitors.
Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?
Fran. Say I am rid
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.
Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*
Fran. Within there, ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?

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[1] *angels*—alluding to the coin so called.

[2] *Lob's pound*—a cant name for the jail, and also for any confined place, as 'behind the arras' above.—NARES.

[1] *the porter's lodge*, in our author's days, when the great claimed, and indeed frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment.—GIFFORD.

Fran. Pr'ythee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the duchess.
Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.
Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.
Where is thy lady?
Gentlew. If you venture on her,
She's walking in the gallery; perhaps
You will find her less tractable.
Fran. Bring me to her.
Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold entertainment, when
You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.
Fran. Pr'ythee, leave fooling:
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;
He is train'd up for his master's ease,
And he will cool thee.
[*Exeunt* FRAN. *and* Gentlew.
Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the duchess, and I whipt!
That with an iron pen is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—
And all his bribed approaches to the duchess
To be conceal'd! Good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd as I'll order it, runs her mad.—
But this may prove but courtship![1] let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO.

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be hoped,
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?
Fran. Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better;
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.
Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning! [*Aside.*
Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself
Will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you, there being no more,
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.
Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.
Fran. Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear,
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.
Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.
Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love.
And if I ne'er return (so said great Sforza),
No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead (for no man after me
Must e'er enjoy her), fail not to kill her—
But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost (these were his words),
Observe and honour her, as if the soul
Of woman's goodness only dwelt in hers.
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd;
And if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it. [*Draws his sword.*
Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which though, such is my love, I would no nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.
Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity), would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.
Marc. Have your wishes;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.
Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all.
[*Aside and exit.—Shout and flourish.*
Marc. What shout is that?

[1] *But this may prove*, &c.—*i.e.* merely paying his court to her as duchess.—MASON.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the duchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!
Marc. He's welcome.
Steph. How coldly she receives it!
Tib. Observe the encounter.

Flourish. Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, GRACCHO, *and* Attendants.

Mari. What you have told me, Graccho, is believed,
And I'll find time to stir in't.
Grac. As you see cause;
I will not do ill offices.
Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.
Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.
Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me;
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds:—come; kiss me.
Marc. I obey you.
Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quenched the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?
Marc. Neither, sir;
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me: there was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.
Sfor. How!
Marc. The pleasures,
That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;
And there is more of beast in't than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not;
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.
Grac. Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance;
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
Mari. No more; I mark it.
Steph. How the duke stands!
Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.
Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?
Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burden to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, show me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.—
But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit* MARC.]—Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride,
And harshness deadly hatred! From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight.
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new;
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store:
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?
Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship,[1]
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common,
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives
Rewards for them in private.
Fran. Well observed.
Put on;[2] we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing;
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offer'd
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush

[1] *courtship*—court policy.—MASON.
[2] *Put on*—*i.e.* be covered.

Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me show'd rarely.
Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.
Fran. True:
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hoped for.
Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the wheel of fortune? No; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such things seen
In the memory of man.
Fran. But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the duchess.
Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.
Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me. Canst thou think, dull Graccho,
My power and honours were conferred upon me,
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleased me a day, the duchess two
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her),
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.
Grac. That may prove your ruin:
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.
Fran. There thou art cozen'd;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.
Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.
Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true;
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine.
[*Exit.*
Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions[1]
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!
Tib. 'Twas in his fury.
Steph. And he repents it, madam.
Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?
Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.
Steph. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.
Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private:
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted.
[*Exit* Gentlewoman.
Tib. How! Francisco?
Steph. He, that at every stage keeps livery mistresses;
The stallion of the state!
Tib. They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.
Steph. If I were
The duke (I freely must confess my weakness),

[1] *to try conclusions*—to try experiments; *commenced, and gone out*, which occur in the next line, are university terms.—GIFFORD.

Enter FRANCISCO.

I should wear yellow breeches.[1] Here he comes.
Tib. Nay, spare your labour, lady; we know our duty,
And quit the room.
Steph. Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.
[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.
Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?
Fran. Oh, best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness
Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy,
Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.
Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.
Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.
Marc. Jealousy!
Fran. [*Aside.*] It takes.
Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.
Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours shown unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.
Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.
Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster!
Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*
Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth.
[*Exit.*

[1] *wear yellow breeches—i.e.* be jealous.—GIFFORD.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, *and three* Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.
1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.
2 *Gent.* Your Excellence vouchsafing to make choice
Of that which best affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; you are rude.
3 *Gent.* I have my answer,
Before I ask the question. [*Aside.*
Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compelled
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare show it.
Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject!
Sfor. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.
Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you return'd with honour,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman?
—Yet I have seen her equals.
Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly
(To all men else my sword should make reply),
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.
But you will say she's cross: 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe; or, if she were averse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
Her excellence increasing with her years too,
I might have fallen into idolatry,
And from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no power above her;
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.

Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,
As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement.[1]
Sfor. Time, and my submission,

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

May work her to it.—Oh! you are well return'd;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.
Tib. She, sir, yet is froward
And desires respite, and some privacy.
Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted, seem'd not
Implacable.
Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.
Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and country,
Basely begg'd mercy!
Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.
Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.
Sfor. Oh my patience!
My vassal speak thus?
Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.
Pesc. Well said, old fellow. [*Aside.*
Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your favours,
Though to be named with reverence, Lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.
[SFORZA *lays his hand on his sword.*
Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.
Steph. It may be they confer of joining lordships;
I'm sure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd tradesmen,
The undeserving lord, or the unable!
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic
From her young doctor, physic upon her back,
Because thou hast the palsy in that part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:
Were I matched to another Messaline,
While I found merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment; but, alas!
Enjoying one that but to me's a Dian,
I am too secure.
Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Grac. There he is; now speak,
Or be for ever silent.
Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.
Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.
Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.
Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A lump of patience only? no fire in you?
But do your pleasure:—here your mother was
Committed by your servant (for I scorn
To call him husband), and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adultress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.
Sfor. Take her head off!
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.
Isab. Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a whore?
Sfor. Oh hell, what do I suffer!
Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion, that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the duchess,
Hath leap'd into her bed.
Sfor. Some proof, vile creature,
Or thou hast spoke thy last!
Mari. The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,
This were enough; but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesses.
Isab. Would you have us
To be her bawds?
Sfor. Oh the malice
And envy of base women, that with horror,
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted!
Ye are in your natures devils, and your ends,
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have raised
A monumental trophy to her pureness,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.
Isab. All is in vain; he is not to be moved.
Mari. She has bewitch'd him.

[1] *atonement*—reconciliation, a making *at one*.

Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shows a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.
Serv. [*within.*] I shall, my lord.
Grac. He's come.
What gimcrack have we next?
Fran. Great sir.
Sfor. Francisco,
Though all the joys in woman are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
Fran. I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
Sfor. All leave the room.

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and* GRACCHO.

Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
Pesc. You speak, sir,
The language I should use. [*Exit.*
Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
Tib. We shall, sir.

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Sfor. Say on, my comfort.
Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once despatch me.
Fran. Draw your sword, then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! Curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.
Sfor. I am on the rack:
Dissolve[1] this doubtful riddle.
Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your duchess loves me.
Sfor. Loves thee!
Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.
Sfor. Oh!
Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.
Sfor. Oh women! women!
Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger:
Denied her, and with scorn.
Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.
Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill show
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.
Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,
And, like to me, a thing so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust
To all-deceiving women! Or, since it is
The will of Heaven to preserve mankind,
That we must know and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do! — Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest!—I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree in hate.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.
Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—
Steph. What wicked woman, sir?
Sfor. The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as show it.—Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act.
Steph. There's no disputing.
Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dream'd of?

[*Exeunt* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.
Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.
Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.
Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do: yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call.—Now to the upshot!
Howe'er, I'll shift for one. [*Aside and exit.*

[1] *Dissolve.* Our old writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately; or, if they made any difference, it was in favour of the former.—GIFFORD.

Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Guard, *with* MARCELIA.

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here, sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you
(For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet),
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?
Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! Thy intent
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush: what had the act done?
Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou deserv'st;
Though willingly I had given up myself
To every common lecher.
Sfor. Your chief minion,
Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know he's dead,
And by my hand.
Marc. The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wondered at, thy love
Does know no other object. Thou hast kill'd, then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.
Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*
Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.
Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco;—for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him;
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Signior Francisco, sir, but even now
Took horse without the ports.
Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—Oh my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, show'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.
Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.
Marc. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue! As I do,
May Heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*
Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.
Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.
Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.
Steph. Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.
Sfor. Oh my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The MILANESE. *A Room in* EUGENIA'S *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, *and* EUGENIA *in male attire.*

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes, still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? Look up, my dearest;
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
And an assurance of all happiness,
But hastened her sad ruin.
Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.
Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice—
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice—
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes
(Love banish'd from his heart), to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.
Eug. Dead!
Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.
Eug. Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime,
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort,
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and tears,
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name and my maiden honour
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded
In his forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.
Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?

Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?
Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever! Vengeance, arm'd with fury,
Possess me wholly now!
Fran. The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?
Eug. Ask thy fears:
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and then, with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak woman.
Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not.
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge. Only, best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking; we will be
As sudden as you could wish.
Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?
Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied:
His haste, he says, concerns you.
Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit* Servant.
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains.
[*Aside.*
Fran. Now, my good Graccho!
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
Grac. Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,
That you could wish conceal'd. The duchess' wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.
Fran. This I expected;
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.
Grac. I would not hurt you.
Fran. How! hurt me? such another word's thy death;
Why dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
To outlive what I determine?
Grac. How he awes me! [*Aside.*
Fran. Be brief; what brought thee hither?
Grac. Care to inform you
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.
Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.
Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadful preparations.
Fran. 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.
Grac. He instructs me
What I should do. [*Aside.*
Fran. What's that?
Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am deliver'd of't.
Fran. I told you.—
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.
Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended; confident that there
They never should be sought for.
Eug. 'Tis a strange one!
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.
Fran. And not to be discover'd?
Grac. But by myself.
Fran. By thee! Alas! I know thee honest, Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,

Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within there?
Grac. In the devil's name, what means he!
Enter Servants.
Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast:
I would not part with him.
Grac. My good lord.
Fran. Despatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping,
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee! Thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead,
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings;
And then, at my return, perhaps, I'll free thee,
To make me further sport. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.
[*Exeunt* Servants *with* Graccho.
We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

MILAN. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.
Steph. In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.
Tib. For Francisco
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.
Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.
Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes
(I would not say blasphemed), and cried that Heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness;
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent,
That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword,
T'have killed them both; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself;
When wisely his physicians, looking on
The duchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out it was not mortal.
Tib. 'Twas well thought on.
Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else! flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour
Vary their judgments, as they find he's fit
To suffer intermission or extremes;
For his behaviour since—
Sfor. [*within.*] As you have pity,
Support her gently.
Pesc. Now be your own witnesses;
I am prevented.

Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors, *and* Servants *with the body of* MARCELIA.

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you;
The gentlest touch torments her; and then think
What I shall suffer. Oh you earthly gods,
You second natures that from your great master,
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men! you have a patient,
On whom to express the excellence of art,
Will bind even Heaven your debtor, though it pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks! Oh pardon me,
That I presume (dy'd o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!
This once was Cupid's firebrand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!
Yet in this temper she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,
The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.
Mari. Is not this strange?
Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact—

Enter a Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

Mari. 'Tis now past help.
Pesc. With me? What is he?
Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life, will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.
Pesc. Bring me to him.
As I find cause I'll do. [*Exeunt* PESC. *and* Serv.
Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!—How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,

Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?
1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but if we should wake her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.
Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.
1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.
Sfor. She was ever kind;
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. Oh you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream [*Kneels.*
Thus on my knees before her (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient); let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horror fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near which,
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursed hand and arm that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly—
1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
Her sweet repose.
Sfor. I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.
2 *Doct.* He's past hope.
1 *Doct.* The body too will putrefy, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.
Tib. Which, in his death, will quickly be discover'd.
I can but weep his fortune.
Steph. Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him; time
May lessen his distraction.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO *as a Jew doctor, and* EUGENIA *disguised as before.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run high too,
As if they had true motion.
Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.
Fran. The art I use
Admits no looker-on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.
Pesc. I will procure it.
2 *Doct.* What stranger's this?
Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
There's a main end in it.
Fran. Beware!
Eug. I am warn'd.
Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.
Sfor. From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were, [*Rises.*
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The duchess' wished recovery, to enquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things: be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. Oh, be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!
[*Exeunt all but* FRANCISCO *and* EUGENIA.
Fran. 'Tis my purpose;
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!
Eug. You amaze me:
What follows now?
Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,
And art with nature studied to preserve her)
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
In the court of Death. But I lose time.
Eug. What mean you?
Fran. Disturb me not.—Your ladyship looks pale;
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse[1] for you.—
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adored in court, borrow these helps,
[*Paints the cheeks.*
And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this.—Your mouth smells sour too,
But here is that shall take away the scent;
A precious antidote old ladies use,
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten. [*Paints the lips.*
These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. [*Paints the hands.*]
—So! 'tis done.
How do you like my workmanship?
Eug. I tremble;
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhuman.
Fran. Come we for revenge,

[1] *ceruse*—a cosmetic.

And can we think on pity! Now to the upshot,
And, as it proves, applaud it.—My lord the duke!
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA *and the rest.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?
Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once;
That will ask longer time.
Pesc. 'Tis wondrous strange!
Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
These lips invite too. I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter GRACCHO *hastily.*

Grac. Treason, treason!
Tib. Call up the guard.
Fran. Graccho! then we are lost. [*Aside.*

Enter Guard.

Grac. I am got off, Sir Jew; a bribe hath done it,
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.
Sfor. Speak.
Grac. I am out of breath,
But this is—
Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.
All. Monster of men!
Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco;
Francisco, that was raised by you and made
The minion of the time; the same Francisco
That would have whored this trunk when it had life,
And after breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed Heaven will not pardon,
Which was to kill an innocent.
Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.
Fran. I dare the worst.
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood: 'tis Eugenia.
Sfor. Eugenia!
Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduced and fool'd by thee: but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet!—
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
THOU art mark'd for the grave. I've given thee poison
In this cup,[1] now observe me, which thy lust
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.
Pesc. Oh damn'd villain!
Isab. How do you, sir?
Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty[2] cruelty can invent.
Pesc. Away with him!
Tib. In all things we will serve you.
Fran. Farewell, sister!
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That, wrong'd, do right themselves before they die. [*Exeunt* Guard *with* FRANCISCO.
Steph. A desperate wretch!
Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be— [*Dies.*
Tib. His speech is stopp'd.
Steph. Already dead!
Pesc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *In this cup*—*i.e.* in the lips of Marcelia.
[2] *witty*—knowing, ingenious.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

London. 1633.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,

MASTER-FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

My good Lord,—Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady,[1] and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

Philip Massinger.

[1] Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.—Malone.

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach, *a cruel Extortioner.*
Frank Wellborn, *a Prodigal.*
Tom Allworth, *a young Gentleman, Page to* Lord Lovell.
Greedy, *a hungry Justice of Peace.*
Marrall, *a Term-Driver; a creature of* Sir Giles Overreach.
Order, *Steward*, Amble, *Usher*, Furnace, *Cook*, Watchall, *Porter* } *to* Lady Allworth.

Willdo, *a Parson.*
Tapwell, *an Alehouse-Keeper.*

Creditors, Servants, etc.

Lady Allworth, *a rich Widow.*
Margaret, Overreach's *Daughter.*
Froth, Tapwell's *Wife.*

Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

Scene—*The Country near Nottingham.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Before Tapwell's *House.*

Enter Wellborn *in tattered apparel*, Tapwell, *and* Froth.

Well. No bouse?[1] nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

[1] *bouse*—drink.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache![1]
The devil turn'd precisian:[2] Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

[1] *brache.*—See note 4, p. 145, col. 2.
[2] *precisian*—Puritan.

Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak,[1] you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tatter'd, lousy—
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril. Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember—not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tap-
Does keep no other register. [well
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee?
Wert thou not born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills[2] not:
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,
And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordships melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them),
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,[3]
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment—
Well. Yes, to whores and canters,[1]
Clubbers by night.
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,[2]
And thus— [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. [*To his wife.*] Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hellhound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir:
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licences, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken.
[*Beats him again.*
Tap. Oh!
Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold, for my sake hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.
Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They crawl off on their hands and knees.*
Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,

[1] *Plymouth cloak*—a whimsical phrase for a stick or cudgel.—NARES.
[2] *skills*—signifies, matters.
[3] *token*—a small coin, struck by private individuals, to pass for a farthing.—NARES.

[1] *canters*—those who use cant; a rogue, a sturdy beggar.
[2] *dog-bolt*—See note 5, p. 44, col. 1.

With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Pr'ythee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord, excepted; such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again, but to no purpose;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start,
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge,[1]
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,[2]
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear,
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?
All. And yours too.
Well. I confess it.
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat,—and I hope his own too,—
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But, in the meantime, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer:
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant.
Furn. I am friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.
Ord. With whom?
Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
Watch. Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Furn. Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,

[1] *the porter's lodge*—the first degree of servitude.—GIFFORD.

[2] *pantofle*—slipper. One page was considered as attached to the pantofles, it being his duty to bring them.

And raise fortifications in the pastry,[1]
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries,
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it—
Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.
Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady?
Furn. What's this? marry this; when I am three-parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,[2]
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.
Ord. Justice Greedy?
Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
[*Knocking within.*
Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*
Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL *with* ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.
Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
Ord. His father's picture in little.
Furn. We are all your servants.
Amb. In you he lives.
All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.
L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.
Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoonmeat more?
To what use serve I?
L. All. Pr'ythee be not angry;
I shall ere long: i' the meantime, there is gold
To buy thee aprons and a summer suit.
Furn. I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool.
L. All. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
Ord. I shall, madam.

L. All. Do, and leave me.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.
All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
L. All. So soon turn'd courtier!
All. Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.
L. All. Well, you shall o ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?
All. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
L. All. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
L. All. And how approve you of his course? you are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
All. Any form you please
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
L. All. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of Heaven took him from me,
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear,
With such respect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
All. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.
L. All. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son*
Follow the war, tell him it is a school,
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such
As repair thither as a place in which
They do presume they may with licence practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for their country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,
When plenty of provision fails, with hunger,
Are the essential parts make up a soldier,
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.
All. There is no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.
L. All. To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn;
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity,

[1] *fortifications in the pastry*—then a common mode of ornamenting pastry. The siege of Breda was one of the most celebrated of the time. Spinola sat down before the town, August 26, 1624, and it did not surrender until the 1st of July following.—GIFFORD.
[2] *panada*—a bread pottage.—NARES.

But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.
All. I shall obey in all things.
L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.
All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE III.

A Hall in the same.

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall, *and* Marrall.

Greedy. Not to be seen!
Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Greedy. Is it of the right race?
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship.
Greedy. Honest master cook, thy hand; again; how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well season'd.
Greedy. Good!
Furn. A pheasant, larded.
Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!
Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.
Greedy. A stag, man!
Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.
Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red-deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Over. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'errule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, master cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of threepences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter Wellborn.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipp'd.
Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.—
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt* Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall.
Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the basket,[1]
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth.

Well. This is rare.
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million.
[*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! What thing's this?
Cham. A creature
Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs,[2] and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black jacks or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shows me the way?
Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady Allworth, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.
Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
L. All. To me!
Well. And though I have met with

[1] *from the basket*—*i.e.* from the broken bread and meat, which, in great houses, were distributed to the poor and other necessitous persons.
[2] *make legs*—bows.

But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
L. All. I am amazed
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentle temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.
Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.
Ord. How she starts!
Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.
L. All. Have you aught else to say?
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his:
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.
Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?
Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.
L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.
L. All. For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.
Well. No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this.
[*Whispers to her.*
L. All. Fie! nothing else?
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.
L. All. What you demand is yours.
Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition—[*Aside.*]—I have said all;
When you please, you may retire. [*Exit* LADY ALLWORTH.]—Nay, all's forgotten;
[*To the* Servants.
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
Ord. Agreed, agreed.
Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH *and* MARRALL.

Over. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.
Mar. Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet,
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience,—and his knowledge too,
With your good favour,—to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.
Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.
Mar. I wonder,
Still with your licence, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?
Over. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.
Mar. You are all wisdom.
Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.
Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many
Is a foul blemish. [lordships,
Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Over. Well thought on.
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor
Nor hunger kill him? [cold
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do anything to work him to despair;
And 'tis thy masterpiece.
Mar. I will do my best, sir.
Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Loveli,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.
Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. Sir, your wife's nephew;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.
Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.—
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him. [*Aside, and Exit.*
Mar. I warrant you, sir.
Well. By this light, I think he's mad.
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on your-
You long since had been mad. [self,
Well. You have ta'en a course
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—
Well. By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed:—but what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang your-
And presently, as you love your credit. [self,
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?—
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may
And so despatch the business? [murder,
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take
For your reputation. [some course
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the
Will not persuade me or to give, or lend, [air,
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders or abram-men[1] that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous: but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake,[2] or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *padders or abram-men.* *Padders* are lurkers about the highways, foot-pads; *abram-men* were impudent imposters, who, under the garb and appearance of lunatics, wandered about the country, and compelled the servants of small families to give them, through fear, whatever they demanded.—GIFFORD.

[2] *lady of the lake*—a prominent character in *Morte d'Arthur*, and other old romances.

ACT II.—SCENE II.

A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
Cham. Or half an hour?
All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.
Cham. And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.
Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir.
[ALLWORTH *kisses them severally.*
Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.
All. My service
To both.
Woman. Ours waits on you.
Cham. And shall do ever.
Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts. [*Exeunt* Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.
Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.
Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potato-roots, and marrow,
Coral and ambergris: were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.
All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort.
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Knocking within. Exit* WATCHALL.
Mar. [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.
Ord. 'Tis he; disperse!
Amb. Perform it bravely.
Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.

Re-enter WATCHALL, *ceremoniously introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.
Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.
Mar. For his sake!
Well. Mum; this is nothing.
Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dung-hill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on *blankets, and on dog-whips!*

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on Sundays. [*Aside.*
Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Well. What think you of *the hedge we shall dine*
Shall we feed gratis? [*under?*
Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.
Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Re-enter Waiting-woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. Oh! sir, you are wish'd for.
Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.
Woman. And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approach'd here.
Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.
Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints, nor angels,
Could have won me to have faith in.
Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

L. All. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses* WELLBORN.
Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!
Well. I am wholly yours: yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
L. All. Sir, you may command me.
[*Advances to salute* MARRALL, *who retires.*
Well. Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of.
[*Offers to kiss her foot.*
L. All. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.
L. All. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still:
My art ne'er thought on!
L. All. Your arm, Master Wellborn:—
Nay, keep us company. [*To* MARRALL.
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN, LADY ALLWORTH, AMBLE, MARRALL, Waiting-woman, *and* Chambermaid.
Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
Furn. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth, and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE *laughing.*

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney—
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn:
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE.
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering:
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that. [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

The Country near LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL *bareheaded.*

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.
Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.
Well. Pr'ythee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,

To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.
Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
[*Aside.*
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel:
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment
(Still with your worship's favour), I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savour'd not of amber.
Well. I do now then!
Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.—
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding-suit.
Well. But where's the horse?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it;
What's twenty pounds?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that!
Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward),
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on,
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be,
I'll presently think of the means.
[*Walks by, musing.*

Enter OVERREACH, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Over. Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives:
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.
Over. With him! what lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth.
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Over. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table.
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.
Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!—
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk checks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids,—for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman,—or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn—
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship— [*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot!
[*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord,
I'll thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time— [*Aside.*
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Country near OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter LORD LOVELL, ALLWORTH, *and* Servants.

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
All. Oh, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?
Lov. Loving youth;
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.
All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are taxed with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted —oh!
Lov. Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!
All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise:
Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery), I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
Lov. So young, and jealous!
All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those two seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself (provided
They may advantage you), must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing (such as Ulysses, if [he]
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist), the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too: when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gum and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
Oh my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a misshapen negro beautiful
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection), must
Prevail for her. I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. Oh, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?
All. At the most, some half-hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. Oh that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. *Store indeed's no sore*, sir.
Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.
Over. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
[*Exit* MARRALL.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them—
Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.
Over. I do confer that providence,[1] with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.
Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked,
For which I will eat often; and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*
Over. It must be so:—should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all: she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET.

Alone—and let your women wait without.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well-placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well-proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?
Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin[2] gown
(Even starv'd for want of twopenny chops), to serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter, and there let them howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways; but for me I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Over. How! interrupted!
Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience: there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three pence.
Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; pr'ythee, leave me.
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?
Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.
Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit.*
Over. But to our business, Meg; you have heard who dines here?
Marg. I have, sir.
Over. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.
Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?
Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks—
Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.
Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;

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[1] *providence*—province.
[2] *tamin*—a sort of coarse linsey-woolsey stuff, probably the same as is now called *taminy*, or *tammy*.—GIFFORD.

And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
Over. [*aloud.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [*Exit.*
Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say, private:
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Over. Learn anything,
And from any creature that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
Marg. This is but devilish doctrine! [*Aside.*
Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour.
Marg. In your house,
Your own house, sir! for Heaven's sake, what are you, then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
Over. Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,
In worldly policy, this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er tempted by others: so, in judgment,
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Over. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion, or is this arm
Shrunk up, or withered? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoyed thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit* MARGARET.
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me:
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter LORD LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.
Over. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. Strange! so humble. [*Aside.*
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Greedy. This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling. [*Aside.*
Over. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
Over. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir.
[*Exeunt all but* OVERREACH.
Over. 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach.—

Re-enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom, think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on;[1]
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect— He comes.

Re-enter LORD LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.
[LORD LOVELL *salutes* MARGARET.
Lov. As I live, a rare one.
All. He's ta'en already: I am lost. [*Aside.*
Over. That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.
[*Exeunt all but* OVER. LOV. *and* MARG.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but—

[1] *Put on—i.e.* be covered.—GIFFORD.

Over. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Remember. [*Aside to* MARGARET, *and exit.*
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which, forced too much, may break.
Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
Lov. Do you think I am old?
Marg. I am sure I am too young.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
Oh, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Re-enter OVERREACH *behind, listening.*

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY *behind.*

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!
Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon,
The baked-meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.
Over. I shall powder you.
Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles![1] [*Strikes him.*
Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason,
Edwardi quinti: but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.
Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day: disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!
Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.
Over. Mum, villain, vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts* GREEDY *off.*
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.
Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles?
[OVERREACH *comes forward.*

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Over. So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.
Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*
Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
[*Noise within, as of a coach.*
Over. A coach!
Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! Oh my guts!

Enter LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth!
Over. And thus attended!
[LOVELL *salutes* LADY ALLWORTH, LADY ALLWORTH *salutes* MARGARET.
Mar. No, *I am a dolt!*
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me!
Over. Peace, Patch;[1]
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent[2] my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words, to give you thanks.
L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach.
[*Salutes him.*
—How dost thou, Marrall? Liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
L. All. When you please, Master Greedy;

[1] *barathrum of the shambles.* Literally from Horace. *Barathrum* is frequently used by our old poets in the classical sense of an abyss or devouring gulf.—GIFFORD.

[1] *Patch* was the cant name of a fool kept by Cardinal Wolsey; but Nares thinks the name may be derived from fools wearing a patched or parti-coloured garment.

[2] *prevent*—anticipate.

If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.—
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman, howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents* WELLBORN.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Over. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have!
Pray let it be mended.

[LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN.

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is *rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,*
That should hang or drown himself; no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help them.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt all but* GREEDY.
Greedy. Dear Master Wellborn! So she said: heaven! heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, *Dear Master Wellborn!*
And, *My good nephew!*—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must; my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug[1] words, sir;
Should his worship hear you—
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting-women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *bug*—frightful, ugly; *bug* formerly was used for bugbear.

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Another Room in OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, *as from dinner.*

Over. She's caught! Oh women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat, to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it: pr'ythee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who! the *rogue*
The lady scorn'd to look on?
Over. You are a wag.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.
L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two,
In your rare garden.
Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt* LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.
Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:
This lady's lust's most monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter LORD LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* LADY ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is return'd.
L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.
Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
L. All. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest,
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.

L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! Nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once; Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us, Soon overtake your ladyship.
L. All. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. This parting kiss:—[*Kisses* MARGARET.] —you shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt* LORD LOVELL, LADY ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.
Over. Daughter, to your chamber.
[*Exit* MARGARET.
You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing;
Compassion rather, sir.
Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*
Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no end
Over. As it is, nephew. [else—
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Over. No compliments; you are stayed for: ere you have supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you
That say you are hard-hearted!
Over. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter LORD LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH.

Lov. 'Tis well: give me my cloak. I now discharge you
From further service; mind your own affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt;
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you too, Master Greedy, up so soon?
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady Allworth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles' riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too.
Toss'd like a dog still! [*Aside, and exit.*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.—
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a licence,
Still by this token. I'll have it despatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! Did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentlemen,
I will not have you feed, like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I to line
My Christmas coffer.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.

Over. To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion—that were poor and trivial.
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he likes it and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible!
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-born's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be),
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted.
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her.
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.
Nay more; if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in a word,
Is it a match? [therefore,
Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.
Over. Then rest secure, not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please;
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*
Lov. He's gone.—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat; yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, Waiting-woman, *and* AMBLE.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner.
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On other's privacies; yet against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty.—Wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
Woman. And well know our distance. [*Exeunt* AMBLE *and* Woman.
L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your breeding.

Now, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend—
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus:
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims), 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours, than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank),
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition),
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.
L. All. Pray you do, my lord.
Lov. Were Overreach' states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.
L. All. I am glad to hear this.— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure?
L. All. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good.
Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves,
To search each other further, you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

Before TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter TAPWELL *and* FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marrall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment to do anything;
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R[1]
Printed upon it.
Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder: as for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.
Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!
Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way, to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave Master Wellborn.

Tap. Yes;—I hear him.
Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

[1] *R*—for *Rogue.*

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL, *kneeling, delivers his petition.*

Well. How's this! petition'd too?—
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear me not Sir Giles.
Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.
Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Greedy. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.—
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset; have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozen'd in them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:—
Forget his turkeys, and call in his licence,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion!—Come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.
Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
Froth. No mercy?
Greedy. Vanish!
If I show any, may my promised oxen gore me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.

Well. Speak; what are you?
1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.[1]
Well. I remember.
1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—
Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.—
What are you?
2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock; but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers.—Oh, I know thy face:
[*To* 3 Creditor.
Thou wert my surgeon; you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharg'd;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;
And this, for thy respect—[*To* ORDER.]—take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
Ord. You are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors.
Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, so I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present moneys. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *the Bankside.*—See note 6, col. 1, p. 86.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

A Room in OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest:
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world,—that hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever,
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for,
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will;
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they are nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,
In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.
Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH *behind.*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth. [*Seeing her father.*
All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.
Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T'appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.
All. I hope better,
Good lady.
Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.
Over. I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads*] *Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys:
Therefore, this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming:
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night.
Tempt me no further; if you do, this goad [*Points to his sword.*
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the meantime,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd Parson Wilco:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you[1] too.—Paper and ink, there!
All. I can furnish you.
Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*
All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away!—[MARGARET *kneels.*] My blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, begone.—Good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt* ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.
Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto
(This is state in ladies), or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd — then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow—
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Room in LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter LORD LOVELL, LADY ALLWORTH, *and* AMBLE.

L. All. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the downtrod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well:
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.

[1] *prevent you*—anticipate your objections.—GIFFORD.

L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building though well-grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it;
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.
L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness,
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it—[*Kisses him*];—yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, *handsomely apparelled.*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.
Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you:
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.
L. All. For me, I am happy

That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions
About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.
Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.
L. All. I strongly hope.
Over. [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall sol fa you, rogue!
Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.
[*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord, her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make curtseys
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be better taught.—Nephew!
Well. Sir.
Over. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*
L. All. This is excellent!
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes[1] to the gaol: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*
Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.
Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him.
Arm'd with his cutthroat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.
Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.
[*Aside to* WELLBORN.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt! Oh impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, enclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; secoud him
In his dishonest practices; but when

[1] *lavender robes—i.e.* your clothes which have just been redeemed out of pawn. To lay a thing in *lavender* was a common phrase for pawning it.—GIFFORD.

This manor is extended[1] to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
L. All. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
L. All. A fair skin of parchment.
Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing! Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?
[*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The *idiot*, the *Patch*, the *slave*, the *booby*,
The *property fit only to be beaten*
For your morning exercise, your *football*, or
The *unprofitable lump of flesh*, your *drudge*,
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride: and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. Oh that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.
Well. All will come out.
L. All. The better.
Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.
Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* PARSON WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you.
Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided. Empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing[1] dishes.
Over. Instantly be here?
[*Whispering to* WILLDO.
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me,
And hope to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud music*]—they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!
Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,
[*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Over. How!
All. So I assure you; all the rights of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;

[1] *extended*—seized.—GIFFORD.

[1] *bearing*—portly, solid, substantial.—GIFFORD.

And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Over. Devil! are they married?
Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.
Willdo. They are married.
Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!
Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.
Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares show itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants,
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*
Mar. Is't not brave sport?
Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.
L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice will be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison.—Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery; but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*
Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. Oh my dear father!
[*They force* OVERREACH *off.*
All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions; and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me,
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.
Well. [*coming forward.*] *Nothing wants then*
But your allowance[1]*—and in that our all*
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours (as you may),
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *allowance*—approval.

JOHN FORD.

[This dramatist belonged to a good Devonshire family, being the second son of Thomas Ford of Ilsington, where he was born in April 1586. It is not known how he passed his early years till his appearance as a student of the Middle Temple, which he entered in November 1602. Here he seems diligently to have prosecuted his professional studies, and apparently was so successful in his career as a lawyer, as to be quite independent of literature as a source of income. Both in his student days and afterwards he appears to have led a sober, respectable, and somewhat retired life, exhibiting a marked contrast in this respect to most of his brother dramatists. He made his first appearance as an author in 1606, in the eighteenth year of his age, when he published an occasional poem, entitled *Fame's Memorial*, a tribute to the memory of Charles Blunt, Earl of Devonshire. His first essays in connection with the drama were made in conjunction with Webster, Dekker, and others. As Ford was quite independent of the stage for a livelihood, he wrote at his leisure, and more for love than reward. His first independent dramatic composition was *The Lover's Melancholy*, acted in 1628 and published in 1629, although possibly *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* had possession of the stage previous to the former. This latter, along with *The Broken Heart* and *Love's Sacrifice*, made its appearance in print in 1633. Next year appeared 'a compact consecutive representation of a portion of English history,' under the title of *Perkin Warbeck*. This was followed in 1638 by a comedy, *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*, and in 1639 by his tragi-comedy, *The Lady's Trial*. Besides these, Ford wrote a number of other dramas, now irrecoverably lost. It has been supposed that this dramatist died shortly after the publication of his last play (1639); although 'inquiries, too late to arrive at certainty, have scented a faint tradition that he withdrew to his native place, married, became a father, lived respected, and died at a good old age.' From the tenor of his works it has been inferred that Ford was of a somewhat irritable and melancholy temperament; and this opinion gets some countenance from a contemporary distich which photographs him thus:—

'Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.'

Various estimates have been formed of Ford as a dramatist, although nearly all critics agree that he is inferior to Massinger, Jonson, and Fletcher; Weber, however, thinking that he excels them all in point of pathetic effect. Hazlitt does not admire him, and says truly, that the general characteristic of his style is an artificial elaborateness, and, of course, along with all others, reprobates his morbid love of repulsive plots, low characters, and filthy language. Mr. Hartley Coleridge speaks of him thus:—'He disowned all courtship of the vulgar taste; we might therefore suppose that the horrible stories which he has embraced in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, *The Broken Heart*, and *Love's Sacrifice*, were his own choice, and his own taste. But it would be unfair from hence to conclude that he delighted in the contemplation of vice and misery, as vice and misery. He delighted in the sensation of intellectual power, he found himself strong in the imagination of crime and of agony; his moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, by compassion for rare extremes of suffering. He abhorred vice—he admired virtue; but

ordinary vice or modern virtue were, to him, as light wine to a dram-drinker. His genius was a telescope, ill-adapted for neighbouring objects, but powerful to bring within the sphere of vision, what nature has wisely placed at an unsociable distance. Passion must be incestuous or adulterous, grief must be something more than martyrdom, before he could make them big enough to be seen. Unquestionably he displayed great *power* in these horrors, which was all he desired; but had he been "of the first order of poets," he would have found and displayed superior power in "familiar matter of to-day," in failings to which all are liable, virtues which all may practise, and sorrows for which all may be the better.'

After much consideration we have deemed *The Lady's Trial* most suitable for insertion in these pages.]

THE LADY'S TRIAL:

ACTED BY BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS AT THE PRIVATE HOUSE IN DRURY LANE.

FIDE HONOR.[1]

London. 1639.

TO MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN

MRS. MARY WYRLEY, HIS WIFE,

THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search; the other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy; so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions.

JOHN FORD.

Dramatis Personæ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*
ADURNI, *a young Lord.*
AURELIO, *Friend to* AURIA.
MALFATO, *a discontented Lover.*
TRELCATIO, MARTINO, } *Citizens of Genoa.*
PIERO, FUTELLI, } *Dependents on* ADURNI.

GUZMAN, *a braggadocio Spaniard.*
FULGOSO, *an upstart Gallant.*
BENATZI, *Husband to* LEVIDOLCHE.

SPINELLA, *Wife to* AURIA.
CASTANNA, *her Sister.*
AMORETTA, *a fantastic Maid.*
LEVIDOLCHE, *a Wanton.*

SCENE—*Genoa.*

[1] *Fide Honor.* An anagram on Ford's name, sometimes spelled Forde.

PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear to see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter, as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.[1]

[1] Theophilus Bird was a celebrated actor, who edited the plays of various dramatists.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of AURIA.

Enter PIERO *and* FUTELLI *at opposite doors.*

Piero. Accomplished man of fashion!
Fut. The times' wonder!
Gallaut of gallants, Genoa's Piero!
Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!
The newest news unvamp'd.[1]
Fut. I am no foot-post,
No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist
Of forged Corantos, monger of gazettes.
Piero. Monger of courtezans, fine Futelli;
In certain kind a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade; a taker-up,
Rather indeed a knocker-down; the word
Will carry either sense. But in pure earnest,
How trowls[2] the common noise?
Fut. Auria, who lately
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting
To cuff the Turkish pirates in the service
Of the great Duke of Florence.
Piero. Does not carry
His pretty thing along.
Fut. Leaves her to buffet
Land-pirates here at home.
Piero. That's thou and I;
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!
To run from such an armful of pleasures,
For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour.
Most sottish and abominable!
Fut. Wicked,
Shameful and cowardly, I will maintain.
Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit?
Fut. Hold thy peace, man;
It makes for us. He comes; let's part demurely.
[*They take different sides.*

[1] *unvamp'd.* I have not met with this singular word. To *vamp*, is to cover an old thing with a new part, and the word in the text, therefore, signifies uncovered, disclosed. Perhaps we should read *unvamp't*—*i.e.* disclose it.—WEBER.

[2] *trowls*—passes or goes round. The meaning is, 'What is the common talk?'

Enter ADURNI *and* AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and safety;
Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors!
Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.
Piero. I present you
My service for a farewell; let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.
Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd (for there's the short and long [on't),
Call me your shadow's hench-boy.
Aur. Gentlemen,
My business urging on a present haste,
Enforceth short reply.
Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness!
Piero and Fut. Contents!
[*Exeunt* ADURNI, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.
Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.—

Enter TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprenticed heart. Thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmed unity for ever:
Such will our next embraces be, for life;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,
Or night of fear or envy. To your charge,
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do entrust this treasure.
Trel. I dare promise
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.
Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.
Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of goodness,

Grown on the selfsame stock with my Spinella.—
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech
[*To* SPIN.
In so much silent sadness? Oh! at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family!
I take my leave.

Trel. Blessings and health preserve you!
[*Exit.*

Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our counsels:
A while you are design'd your sister's husband.
Give me thy hand, Spinella: you did promise
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.

Spi. What friend have I left in your absence?

Aur. Many:
Thy virtues are such friends, they cannot fail thee;
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness
As would force scandal to a blush.

Spi. Admit, sir,
The patent of your life should be call'd in;
How am I then left to account with griefs,
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?
Auria, soul of my comforts, I let fall
No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn
No entertainment to divided hopes,
I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;
And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive
How easy 'tis (without impossibility)
Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
If I conclude I may be miserable,
Most miserable.

Cast. And such conclusion, sister,
Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,
Than cause by likelihood.

Aur. 'Tis true, Castanna.

Spi. I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,
And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from you,
At your command, and not as much as trouble
Your thought with one poor looking back.

Aur. I thank thee,
My worthy wife! Before we kiss, receive
This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,
Let us bid farewell.
[CAST. *walks aside.*

Spi. Speak, good, speak.

Aur. The steps
Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed,
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways, then, in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
Some widowed neglect of handsome value:
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enrich'd with noble company: remember,
A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs:
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—
No more. [*Kisses her.*

Spi. Dear heaven! go, sister, go.
[*Exeunt* SPINELLA *and* CASTANNA.

Aur. Done bravely,
And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
One of earth's best I have foregone—

Enter AURELIO.

See, see!
Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
A perfect one, Aurelio.

Aurel. Had I been
No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,
You might have sorted[1] me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs
I should have ventured on against thy fate
Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why, before
This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship [and forbearing]
To talk your wants.—Fie!

Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided[2] my superior, friend,
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

Aurel. You show
Nor certainty nor weak assurance yet,
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.

Aur. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a young,
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

Aur. Show me the man that lives, and to my face
Dare speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.

Aurel. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio: that Aurelio
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much the opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate; it hath done so to both.

Aur. I find it hath.

Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white; or, at the best,

---

[1] *sorted*—chosen, allotted.
[2] *sided*—equalled, matched.—WEBER.

For that his mistress owes an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;
Whose virtues are her only dower else [1]
. . . . . .
In either kind, ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,[2]
Have fool'd to little purpose.
Aur. She's my wife.
Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:
This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.
Aur. Sir, said ye?
Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.
Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.
Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being yet so young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father?—leave such thoughts.
Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:
I would not trust her uncle,—he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us, would undo
My resolution; walk a little, pr'ythee,
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not speak
Another word.
Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

A Room in the House of ADURNI.

Enter ADURNI, *and* FUTELLI *with a letter, which he presents to* ADURNI.

Adur. With her own hand?
Fut. She never used, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cry'd, 'Oh, my poor heart!' and, in an instant,
'Commend my truth and secrecy.' Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.
Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceived; but that we both
Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She fee'd you liberally?
Fut. Twenty ducats
She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men (I use, my lord,
Her very words), the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sighed,—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.
Adur. Devil!
How durst she tempt thee, Futelli, knowing
Thy love to me?
Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,
Rather her craft; first she began, what pity
It was that men should differ in estates
Without proportion; some so straugely rich,
Others so miserable poor; 'and yet,'
Quoth she, 'since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
All should be equals, so I must confess,
It were good justice that the properest men
Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
Genoa, for aught I know, had wond'rous few,
Not two to boast of.'
Adur. Here began her itch.
Fut. I answer'd she was happy then, whose choice
In you, my lord, was singular.
Adur. Well urg'd.
Fut. She smiled, and said, it might be so; and yet—
There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and concluded
The title of a lord was not enough
For absolute perfection; I had seen
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.
Adur. And love thee for it.
Fut. 'Phew, let that pass,' quoth she; 'and now we prattle
Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow;
Is he not, pray, sir?' I had then the truth
Of what I roved[1] at, and with more than praise
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,
That soon we both concluded of the man,
The match and business.
Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato?
Fut. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests—
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.
Adur. [*reads.*] *Present to the most accomplished of men, Malfata, with this love a service.*
Kind superscription! pr'ythee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.
Fut. Will not your lordship peruse the contents?
Adur. Enough, I know too much; be just and cunning;
A wanton mistress is a common sewer.—
Much newer project labours in my brain.

Enter PIERO.

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?
Piero. Very fine,
I do protest, my lord.

[1] *else*, &c. There is apparently some defect here.
[2] *idle*—foolish, weak.—WEBER.

[1] *roved*—aimed, a term in archery.

Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' th' plot.
Adur. As how?
Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter;
An honest man, but poor.
Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord;
It is a common rule.
Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—
Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her, instruct me.
Piero. Speak, Futelli.
Fut. Spare me.
Piero has the tongue more pregnant.[1]
Piero. Fie!
Play on your creature?
Fut. Shall be yours.
Piero. Nay, good.
Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honeys; agree
Some two days hence, till when—
Piero. By any means,
Partake the sport, my lord; this thing of youth—
Fut. Handsome enough, good face, quick eye, well bred.
Piero. Is yet possest so strangely—
Fut. With an humour
Of thinking she deserves—
Piero. A duke, a count,
At least a viscount, for her husband, that—
Fut. She scorns all mention of a match beneath
One of the foresaid nobles; will not ride
In a caroch without eight horses.
Piero. Six
She may be drawn to; four—
Fut. Are for the poor:
But for two horses in a coach—
Piero. She says,
They're not for creatures of Heaven's making; fitter—
Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Than people Christian: yet herself—
Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether
A coach doth trot or amble—
Fut. But by hearsay.
Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both;
Are out of breath, sure: 'tis a kind of compliment
Scarce enter'd to the times; but certainly
You coin a humour; let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.
Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.
Adur. Trelcatio's daughter?
Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts;
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.
Adur. Now, your design for sport?
Piero. Without prevention:
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.
Fut. For rival unto whom we have enraged
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd[2] him
He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,
Who, troubled long time with a strangury,
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,
As drown'd the land 'twixt Zirick-see and Vere,
Where steeples' tops are only seen. He casts
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet,
In spite of Don.
Adur. You must abuse the maid,
Beyond amends.
Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,
To work a reformation on the maiden:
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promised;
Our ends are harmless trials.
Adur. I betray
No secrets of such use.
Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE III.

A Room in MALFATO's *House.*

Enter AURELIO *and* MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Received into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith and confidence we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Oft-times the best physician; for, admit
We find no remedy, we cannot miss
Advice instead of comfort; and believe,
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.
Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.
Aurel. Perhaps
You measure what I say, the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.
Mal. Not I, sir.
Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.—
Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.
Mal. To me! Your mind.
Fut. This letter will inform ye.
[*Gives him the letter.*
Mal. Letter? how's this? what's here?
Fut. Speak you to me, sir?
Mal. Brave riddle! I'll endeavour to unfold it.
Aurel. How fares the Lord Adurni?
Fut. Sure in health, sir.
Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.
Mal. You know from whence this comes?
Fut. I do.
Mal. D'ye laugh!
But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead:—there!
[*Throws him the letter.*
Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions! tell this lord,

[1] *pregnant*—able, ready.—WEBER.
[2] *resolv'd*—satisfied, convinced.

He ventured on a foolish policy,
In aiming at the scandal of my blood;
The trick is childish, base,—say base.
Fut. You wrong him.
Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.
Mal. Say, I know this whore.
She who sent this temptation, was wife
To his abused servant; and divorced
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That Madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without control,
Secure, uncheck'd.
Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.
Mal. I am
A gentleman free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promised
(Reward for long attendance), and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I am sure more ancient.
Aurel. Let me tell you then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.
Make all men equals, and confound all course
Of order, and of nature! this is madness.
Mal. 'Tis so; and I have reason to be mad,
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is famed
The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast suit of bawdry? Aurelio,
You are as I am, you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.—
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: so say; begone!
Fut. I shall report your answer. [*Exit.*
Mal. What have I
Deserv'd to be so used! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquired, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.
Aurel. We will consider
The meaning of this mystery.
Mal. Not so;
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter FUTELLI *and* GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.
Guz. We understand.
Fut. In subtleties of war,
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please—unto a soldier,
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,
Or downright cutting throats, is all one thing.
Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.
Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company
(No matter which, for terms), before you draw
Into the field; so in the feats of courtship,
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos,[1] cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!
Guz. We understand all these: advance.
Fut. Then next,
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;
Then fall to open treaty, or to work
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
The chambermaid, a fatal engine, or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
With some of her near friends, for half her portion;
Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.
Guz. We do vouchsafe her.
Fut. Hold her then fast.
Guz. As fast as can the arms
Of strong imagination hold her.
Fut. No,
She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent
Of your war over-worn habiliments,
Which I forgot in my instructions
To warn you of: therefore, my warlike Don,
Apparel speedily your imaginations
With a more courtly outside.
Guz. 'Tis soon done.
Fut. As soon as said; in all the clothes thou hast,
More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.
[*Aside.*
Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado[2] doublet,
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,[3]
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
The Duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.
Fut. Ay, this is brave[4] indeed!
Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
For ransom of his life; rated in value
At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon
Of our achievement, when we rescued
The infanta from the boar, in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.
Fut. Top and top-gallant brave!
Guz. We will appear
Before our Amoretta, like the issue
Of our progenitors.
Fut. Imagine so,
And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now (which is most probable)
As that apparel:—here stands your Amoretta,
Make your approach and court her.
Guz. Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,

[1] 'Kissing hands.'
[2] *mockado*—a stuff made in imitation of velvet, and sometimes of silk.—NARES.
[3] *quellio*—a corruption of the Spanish *cuello*, a collar.—WEBER.
[4] *brave*—Scotch, *braw*; gallant, gorgeous.

The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with swords,
Become great Guzman's oratory best,
Who, though victorious (and during life
Must be), yet now grants parley to thy smiles.
Fut. S'foot, Don, you talk too big, you make her tremble;
Do you not see't imaginarily?
I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar: she rather hears
Of feasting than of fighting; take her that way.
Guz. Yes, we will feast; my queen, my empress, saint,
Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest
With costlier spices than the Arabian bird
Sweetens her funeral bed with; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.
Fut. Can more be said by one that feeds on herring
And garlic constantly? [*Aside.*
Guz. Yes, we will feast—
Fut. Enough! she's taken, and will love you now,
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery.
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your 'mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd breeches;'
Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.
Guz. The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.
Fut. Why, so! you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such an high employment.
Guz. Gravely spoken;
You may be proud on't.—

Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO *and* PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et cæteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what;
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?
Piero. A very spark, I vow; you will be styled
Fulgoso the invincible. But did
The fair Spinella lose an equal part?
How much in all, d'you say?
Ful. Bare threescore ducats,
Thirty apiece, we need not care who know it.
She play'd; I went her half, walk'd by, and whistled—
After my usual manner thus—unmoved,
[*Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,
Although I saw the winners share my money:
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off.
Piero. A noble confidence.
Ful. D'you note your rival?
Guz. With contempt I do.
Ful. I can forego things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections, and my blood;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.
Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.
Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own past losing.
Piero. It tickles me to think with how much state,
You, as it were, did run at tilt in love,
Before your Amoretta.
Ful. Broke my lance.
Piero. Of wit! of wit!
Ful. I mean so, as it were,
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.
Piero. Right, as it were.
Ful. What else, man, as it were?
Guz. [*crossing over to* FUL.] Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*
[FULGOSO *whistles the Spanish Pavin.*[1]
Fut. What think you, Don, of this brave man?
Guz. A man!
It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.
Fut. Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not from him
An inch; your grounds are honour.
Piero. Stoutly ventured,
Don, hold him to't.
Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,
A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so!
If not, not; for 'my duck, or doe,' said I,
'It is no fault of mine that I am noble:
Grant it; another may be noble, too,
And then we're both one noble;'[2] better still!—
Hab-nab's[3] good; wink and choose; if one must have her,
The other goes without her,—best of all!—
My spirit is too high to fight for woman,
I am too full of mercy to be angry;
A foolish generous quality, from which
No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.
Guz. Hast thou a spirit then, ha? speaks thy weapon
Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?[4]
If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,
Be brief, we challenge answer.
Fut. Famous Don.
Ful. What does he talk? my weapon speaks no language,
'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.
Guz. Dutch!
Fut. And, if need be,
'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.
Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.
Ful. Hold me too,
Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;
Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:
If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel
I defy he's and she's: twit me with Dutch!
Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!

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[1] *Pavin*—a grave and majestic dance, from Lat. *pavo*, a peacock.

[2] *one noble*—a quibble upon the coin so named.—WEBER.

[3] *Hab-nab*—generally spelled *hob-nob*, signifies, 'let it happen or not, it is all one.'—WEBER.

[4] *Toledo* and *Bilboa* were famous for their excellent sword-blades; only a very common and coarse kind were produced at Pisa.—WEBER.

I know what's what, I know upon which side
My bread is butter'd.
Guz. Butter'd? Dutch again:
You come not with intention to affront us?
Ful. Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry, squabble—
Here's my defence, and thy destruction.
[*Whistles a charge.*
If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.
Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.
Fut. Still Don is Don the great.
Piero. He shows the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.
Fut. 'Twas the ready means
To catch his friendship.
Piero. You're a pair of worthies,
That make the Nine no wonder.
Fut. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone
Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty
To show himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of th' other: he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.
Piero. And, till then,
Live brothers in society.
Guz. We are fast.
Ful. I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.
Guz. Fair conditions.

ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, *and* CASTANNA *pass over the Stage.*

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.
Piero. My lord, we wait you.
Fut. We shall soon return.
[*Exeunt all but* FUL. *and* GUZ.
Ful. What's that I saw?—a sound.—
Guz. A voice for certain.
Ful. It named a lord.
Guz. Here are lords too, we take it;
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any o' the twelve Cæsars.
Ful. Gulls or Moguls,
Tag, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,
Ship-jacks, or chouses.[1] Whoo! the brace are flinch'd,
The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don:
Why, what are we!
Guz. The valiant will stand to't.
Ful. So say I; we will eat and drink, and squander,
Till all do split again.
Guz. March on with greediness. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy: had she lived
Till now, and known the vanities your life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.
Lev. Sir, consider
My sex; were I mankind, my sword should quit[1]
A wounded honour, and reprieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Vomit such base aspersions: as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue; my desert
Stands far above their malice.
Mart. Levidolche,
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature; call to mind
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,
In love, and married,—married (hark ye!) whom?
A trencher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but
Your childhood then excused that fault; for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's chambers.
Lev. Pray let me not be bandied, sir, and baffled,
By your intelligence.
Mart. So touch'd to the quick!
Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length
The progress of your infamy: in colour
Of disagreement, you must be divorced;
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons:
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,
Provided you my care, nay, justified
Your alteration; joy'd to entertain
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
Civil respects: but then, even then—
Lev. What then?
Sweet uncle, do not spare me.
Mart. I more shame
To fear my hospitality was bawd,
And name it so, to your unchaste desires,
Than you to hear and know it.
Lev. Whose whore am I?
For that's your plainest meaning.
Mart. Were you modest,
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.
Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension;
But you know none of this! you are grown a tavern-talk,
Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation: even this morning,
Before the common-council, young Malfato—
(Convented[2] for some lands he held, supposed
Belong'd to certain orphans), as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right;
For if the humour held him, he could make
A jointure to my over-loving niece,
Without oppression; bade me tell her too,
She was a kind young soul, and might in time
Be sued to by a loving man: no doubt,
Here was a jolly breakfast!
Lev. Uncles are privileged
More than our parents; some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
Whilst all the policy for public business
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse; but, by your leave,
I from a stranger's table rather wish
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

[1] *chouses.* See note 2, col. 1, p. 147. *Hogen-mogen* and *vanden* (properly *van-der*) were commonly used for ludicrously denoting a Dutchman.—WEBER. *Skip-jacks* were youths who rode horses up and down for the sight of purchasers.—NARES.

[1] *quit*—requite.
[2] *Convented* seems here to mean summoned.

Mart. Come, come, to the point.
Lev. All the curses
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,
Dam up their graceless mouths!
Mart. Now you turn rampant,
Just in the wenches' trim and garb; these prayers
Speak your devotions purely.
Lev. Sir, alas! [*Weeps.*
What would you have me do? I have no orators,
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open ear against my honest fame.
Would all their spite could harry[1] my contents
Unto a desperate ruin! Oh, dear goodness!
There is a right for wrongs.
Mart. There is; but first
Sit in commission on your own defects,
Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,
And executioner; I make no sport
Of my vexation.
Lev. All the short remains
Of undesired life shall only speak
The extremity of penance; your opinion
Enjoins it too.
Mart. Enough; thy tears prevail
Against credulity.
Lev. My miseries,
As in a glass, present me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.
Mart. No more.

Enter TRELCATIO *with an open letter.*

Trelcatio!
Some business speeds you hither.
Trel. Happy news—
Signor Martino, pray your ear: my nephew,
Auria, hath done brave service; and I hear—
Let's be exceeding private—is return'd
High in the Duke of Florence's respects;
'Tis said—but make no words—that he has firk'd[2]
And mumbled the rogue Turks.
Mart. Why would you have
His merits so unknown?
Trel. I am not yet
Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall read
All what this paper talks.
Mart. So!—Levidolche,
You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trelcatio,—
Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
Without companions near; thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.
[*Exeunt* MART. *and* TREL.
Lev. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—
Discover'd!
I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE III.

An Apartment in ADURNI'S *House.*

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think
They breathe and smile upon you.
Amor. Ha' they crownths,
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?
Piero. Pure gold;
Drawn all in state.
Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?
Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.
Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?
Fut. Viewing the rooms;
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:
This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for ladies' sights.
Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thight
Of printhethes ith a fine thight.
Cast. Good, let us find her.
Piero. Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure. [*Aside to* FUT.
Fut. Doubt not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.

Enter ADURNI *and* SPINELLA.—*A Song within.*

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts attend ye,
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair.
Lose not opportunity for air.[1]

She is cruel that denies it,
Bounty best appears in granting,
Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,
Whilst the dues of love are wanting.
Here's the sweet exchange of bliss
When each whisper proves a kiss.
In the game are felt no pains,
For in all the loser gains.

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of pity,
So incompassionately 'gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;
Thus may you yield and conquer.
Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours; henceforth cast off far,
Far from your noblest nature, the contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.
Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to rain down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would you
Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot,
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings; for that saint
To whom I vow myself, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.

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[1] *harry*—harass, vex, torment.—NARES.
[2] *firk'd*—beaten.

[1] *air* must here mean haughty affectation of virtue.—WEBER.

Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home!
Adur. Oh, never rank,
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,
Amongst your country's enemies; I use
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.
Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild desires,
Fawn on abuse of virtue! Pray, my lord,
Make not your house my prison.
Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—
[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*

Enter AURELIO, *followed by* CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, *and* PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!
A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,
Dishonourable man!
Adur. What sees this rudeness,
That can broach scandal here?
Aurel. For you, hereafter.—
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,
Thy wrong'd Auria is come home with glory!
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.
Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal
Both from his heart and memory!
Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,
Without a proof or warrant!
Fut. Have I life, sir?
Faith? Christianity?
Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the galleys, if—
Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandise of scorn! your sounds are deadly.
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice; but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.
Cast. Use your tyranny.
Spin. What rests behind for me? out with it!
Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,
To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall;
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [*Exit.*
Spin. How unmanly
His anger threatens mischief!
Amor. Whom, I pr'ythee,
Doth the man speak to?
Adur. Lady, be not mov'd;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.
Spin. Mercy, heaven!
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!
He lives; and, for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, yours, to leave me;
I need no followers now: let me appear,
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,
(Like some forsaken client), in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery!
[*Exit.*
Adur. Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.
Cast. By no means, sir: you've followed her already,
I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.
Adur. I will stand
The roughness of th' encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Street before MARTINO'S *House.*

Enter FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Ful. I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.
And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.
Guz. Wench, said ye? most mechanically, faugh!
Wench is your trull, your blowze,[1] your dowdie; but,
Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet veil'd, or saying grace,
As at some paranymphal feast, is rude,
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!
Ful. So am I too,—
Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, madams,
Fairs, fines, and honeys, are but flesh and blood,
And now and then too, when the fit's come on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-pufkins.
Guz. Our choler must advance.
Ful. Dost long for a beating?
Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; I'll tap
[*Draws.*
A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.
Guz. Not in friendship, brother.
Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.
Guz. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two banks
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
A temple from whence oracles proceed,
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.
Ful. Heyday! what's this?
Guz. Oh! but those other parts,
All—
Ful. All?—hold there, I bar play under board,
My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wire-draw thus.

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[1] *blowze*—a vulgar term for a ruddy country girl. *Tirliry-pufkins*, which occurs lower down, was probably a cant word for strumpet at the time.—WEBER.

Guz. I have dreamt
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—
As if I had took measure with a compass,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.
Ful. Oh, rare!
And all this in a dream!
Guz. A very dream.
Ful. My waking brother soldier is turn'd
Into a sleeping carpenter, or tailor,
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? (*seeing* BENATZI) bear up!

Enter BENATZI, *as an outlaw*, LEVIDOLCHE *at a window above.*

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, galleys, rack, are ridiculous fopperies; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues! they will swoon at the scar of a pin; one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.
Ful. Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,
His eyes like copper-basons; he has changed
Hair with a shag-dog.
Guz. Let us then avoid him,
Or stand upon our guard; the foe approaches.
Ben. Cutthroats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies.[1] Brave man-at-arms, go turn pander, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth — damnable! honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered!
Guz. Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour
In tugging with a man-fiend.
Ful. I defy him.
It gabbles like I know not what:—believe it.
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.
Ben. Look else: the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns; down, cur; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage: here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis; —beasts call pleading howling.—So then! there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns; the ass by the hare for his burthen; the ox by the leopard for his yoke; nor the goat by the ram for his beard: only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.
Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making:
What art?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.
Guz. Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on't.
Ben. A match; observe well this switch; with this only switch have I pash'd[2] out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.
Ful. What, man, thirteen! is't possible thou liest not?
Ben. I was once a scholar, then I begg'd without pity; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar: a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up; offered to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes; was lastly, for my good parts, press'd into the galleys, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me?—say.
Ful. A shaver of all trades! What course of life
Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.
Guz. Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves
Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.
Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.
Lev. [*Above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it, [to]
Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.
[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*
Ful. Heyday! a purse in troth, who dropp'd? —stay, stay:
Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;
Is't your purse, brother Don?
Guz. Not mine; I seldom
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.
Ful. Has it any money in it, honest blade?
A bots[1] on empty purses!
Guz. We defy them.
Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortal! You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish. This is the land of fairies. — Imperial queen of elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess, and liberality.—A French tailor—neat! — Persian cook — dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—Flanders mares—stately!—Spanish salads — poignant! — Venetian wanton — ravishing! — English bawd — unmatchable!—Sirs, I am fitted.
Ful. All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!
Prate sense and don't be mad; I like thy humour,
'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,
I care not greatly if I entertain thee:
Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;
Else choose, and sneck up![2] pish, I scorn to flinch, man.
Guz. Forsake not fair advancement; money, certes,
Will flit and drop off, like a cozening friend;
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,
Unless he gripe it fast: be ruled by counsel.
Ben. Excellent! what place shall I be admitted to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?
Ful. Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's shake hands on't.
Thy name?
Ben. Parado, sir.
Ful. The great affairs
I shall employ thee most in, will be news,
And telling what's a clock, for aught I know yet.
Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.
Ful. I do not ask thee now, or if I did,
We are not much the wiser: and for news—
Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be received with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already throng'd with lookers-on.

[1] *fripperies*—old clothes shops.—WEBER.
[2] *pash'd*—bash'd, knocked.

[1] *bots* are a kind of worms that feed on horses.—WEBER. Sometimes used for *pax*.
[2] *sneck up*—be hanged.

Ful. That's well remember'd; brother Don, let's trudge,
Or we shall come too late.
Guz. By no means, brother.
Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.
Ben. As your shadows. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Hall in the House of AURIA.

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;
And though the low deserts of success
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a noble cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The Duke of Florence had too highly prized
My duty in my service, by example,
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue
Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.
Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
Not willing that a native of her own,
So able for her safety, should take pension
From any other prince, hath cast upon you
The government of Corsica.
Trel. Adds thereto,
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
Belonging to Savona, with the office
Of admiral of Genoa.
Adur. Presenting
By my hands, from their public treasury,
A thousand ducats.
Mart. But they limit only
One month of stay for your despatch; no more.
Fut. In all your great attempts, may you grow thrifty,
Secure and prosperous!
Piero. If you please to rank,
Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to wait the charge.
Aur. Oh, still the state
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen
Unequal for my weakness: to you, gentlemen,
I will prove friendly honest; of all mindful.
Adur. In memory, my LORD (such is your style now),
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
Amongst their general acts, have register'd
The great duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.
Aur. Load upon load! let not my want of modesty
Trespass against good manners; I must study
Retirement to compose this weighty business,
And moderately digest so large a plenty,
For fear it swell into a surfeit.
Adur. May I
Be bold to press a visit?
Aur. At your pleasure:
Good time of day, and peace!
All. Health to your lordship!
[*Exeunt all but* ADURNI *and* FUTELLI.
Adur. What of Spinella yet?
Fut. Quite lost; no prints,
Or any tongue of tracing her. However
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
Her husband carries little peace about him.
Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a goodness
Above temptation; more to be adored
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.
Fut. Levidolche,
For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy
(Just so she term'd it); but for you, my lord,
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,
Some respite, wherein it might learn again
The means of growing straight.
Adur. She has found mercy;
Which I will seek and sue for.
Fut. You are happy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,
Praised, courted, flatter'd! sure this bulk[1] of mine
Tails in the size a tympany of greatness,
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
How surely dost thou malice[2] these extremes,
Uncomfortable man! When I was needy,
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys
A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,
Reason most paradoxically; now,
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
Becalms your learned noise.
Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.
Aur. Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your dulness,
Whilst the whole ging[3] crow'd to me. Hark! my triumphs
Are echo'd under every roof; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.
Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travails in unrest at home.
Aur. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worst, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—my wife
I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?—
The woman—would we had together fed
On any outcast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not lived divided thus! I could have begg'd
For both; for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

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[1] *bulk*—body.
[2] *malice*—regard with ill-will. *Extremes* refers to Auria's extreme honours.—WEBER.
[3] *ging*—gang, crew.

Aurel. This is not
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature:
You pity her; think rather on revenge.
Aur. Revenge! for what? uncharitable friend,
On whom? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house:
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely:
Her sister and another with her; so!
Invited, nobly done; but he with her
Privately chamber'd:—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.
Aurel. But I broke ope the doors upon them.
Aur. Marry,
It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profaned
That shrine of chastity and innocence
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stamp'd the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.
Aurel. Adurni might have done the like; but that
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.
Aur. Oh fie, fie!
How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,
Against a party liable to law!
For had that lord offended with that creature,
Her presence would have doubled every strength
Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both
With a smile only to correct your rudeness.
Aurel. 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:
Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their
Such way leads to a fame too! [injuries;
Aur. Not uncivilly,
Though violently, friend.
Aurel. Wherefore, then, think you,
Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?
You grant, of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd;
And I in person told her your return:
Where lies she hid the while?
Aur. That rests for answer
In you; now I come to you: we have exchanged
Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;
Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;
He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:
I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd
Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;
So dearly (witness with me my integrity)
I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,
My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:
Give back that holy signature of friendship,
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former compliments.
Aurel. D'you imagine
I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Leads you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.
Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.
Aurel. Since then the occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.
Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor the bawd,
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal (now kindled to a flame),
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'erdo that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and begg'd
A speedy execution on her trespass;
Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once more
I make demand—my wife!—you—sir—
[*Draws his sword.*
Aurel. Roar louder,
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must follow,
By way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.
Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale
[*Draws.*
At sight of that. Again hear, and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to do,
I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious;
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.
Aur. Honour and duty
Stand my compurgators: never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
Against Aurelio; let me rather want
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing[1] brains,
And prate of things as we pretend they were.
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
Bear our discomfort quietly.
Aurel. So, doubtless,
She may be soon discover'd.
Aur. That's spoke cheerfully.
Why, there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall not.—

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, Castanna's here!—Welcome, fair figure
Of choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,
More precious than the public view should sully.
Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what terms
Of prejudice against my course or custom,

[1] *discoursing*—thinking, reasoning; an old sense of the word.—WEBER.

Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,
As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
So would all good folks may wish none to me!
Aur. None does, sweet sister.
Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
Forgive them, is my prayer; but, perhaps,
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should not)
How I am faulty in my sister's absence:
Indeed, 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my lord intended,
Save civil entertainment: pray, what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure noblemen will show that they are such
With those of their own rank;—and that was all
My sister can be charged with.
Aur. Is't not, friend,
An excellent maid?
Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her virtuous.
Cast. With your leave,
You used most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits: not very kind
To me myself; she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desired no creature else should follow her;
And, in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.
Aur. Stay'd she not
Within the house, then?
Cast. 'Las, not she!—Aurelio
Was passing rough.
Aur. Strange! nowhere to be found?
Cast. Not yet; but, on my life, ere many hours,
I shall hear from her.
Aur. Shalt thou? Worthy maid,
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—Friend,
Good news!—most sweet Castanna!
Aurel. May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENATZI.

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions appointed this the place, the time now: here dance I attendance; she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado! so I overheard you named.
Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality, and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beauty, have long since lain bedrid in the ashes of the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to new-shape me.
Lev. A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit.
[*Aside.*
What country claims your birth?
Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari, toward Afric, in Sardinia; was bred up in Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service under the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.
Lev. You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.
Ben. Reputed no less: many children oftentimes inherit their lands who peradventure never begot them. My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth; but no man is too old to father his wife's child. Your servant, I am sure, I will ever prove entirely.
Lev. Dare you be secret?
Ben. Yes.
Lev. And sudden?
Ben. Yes.
Lev. But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?
Ben. Yes, yes, yes.
Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents
A man of quality has robb'd mine honour. ['em:
Ben. Name him.
Lev. Adurni.
Ben. He shall bleed.
Lev. Malfato
Contemn'd my proffer'd love.
Ben. Yoke them in death.—
What's my reward?
Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.
Ben. You for my wife.
Lev. Ha!
Ben. Nothing else: deny me,
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin;
Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.
Lev. I do: despatch the task I have enjoin'd,
Then claim my promise.
Ben. No such matter, pretty one—
We'll marry first—or—farewell. [*Going.*
Lev. Stay: examine
From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosom; though I blush to say it,
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,
Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally
Between Adurni's arms.
Ben. This lord's?
Lev. The same.
More; not content with him, I courted
A newer pleasure, but was there refused
By him I named so late.
Ben. Malfato?
Lev. Right:
Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts; then change my life
For some rare penance. Canst thou love me [now?
Ben. Better;
I do believe 'tis possible you may mend:
All this breaks off no bargain.
Lev. Accept my hand; with this a faith as constant
As vows can urge; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.
Ben. Settle the time.
Lev. Meet here to-morrow night;
We will determine further, as behoves us.
Ben. How is my new love call'd?
Lev. Levidolche.
Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—
But you'll fly off.
Ben. Not I, by all that's noble!
A kiss—farewell, dear fate! [*Exit.*
Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.
False pleasures I cashier ye; fair truth welcome!
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of MALFATO.

Enter MALFATO *and* SPINELLA.

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,

May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,
For I myself am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charms my attention.
Spin. But my husband's honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more they tempt belief to credit
The wreck and ruin of my injured name.
Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to the roots,
The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles
At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel
In censuring a liberty allow'd.
Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni
Importunately wanton?
Spin. In excess
Of entertainment, else not.
Mal. Not the boldness
Of an uncivil courtship?
Spin. What that meant
I never understood. I have at once
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,
And best of men; so excellent a man
As lives without comparison; his love
To me was matchless.
Mal. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Followed your Auria in the height; affection
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be;
You may not chide the story.
Spin. Fortune's minions
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.
Mal. Listen
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
A kinsman of Spinella (so it runs),
Her father's sister's son, some time before
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
As she was stored with; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest;
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal styled his own;
Found in the argument one only flaw
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and wish'd;
Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
And still the fondling durst not—'cause he durst not.
Spin. 'Twas wonderful.
Mal. Exceeding wonderful,
Beyond all wonder; yet 'tis known for truth.
After her marriage, when remain'd not ought
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
His reason then, now—then—could not reduce
The violence of passion, though he vow'd
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,
Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd
Not to come near her presence, but to avoid
All opportunities, however proffer'd.
Spin. An understanding dull'd by the infelicity
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fasten'd on another subject.
Mal. Can you
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;
Will, against any, I except no quality,
Maintain all supposition misapplied,
Unhonest, false, and villanous.
Spin. Dear cousin,
As you're a gentleman—
Mal. I'll bless that hand,
Whose honourable pity seals the passport
For my incessant turmoils to their rest.
If I prevail (which Heaven forbid!), these ages
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.
Spin. No more; I dare not hear it.
Mal. All is said:
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither; I am come.
Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part
Not to take me along wi' you.
Mal. Chide her for it;
Castanna, this house is as freely yours
As ever was your father's.
Cast. We conceive so,
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel in us.
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
Am I not welcome to you?
Spin. Lives Auria safe?
Oh, pr'ythee do not hear me call him husband,
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,
Yet do not,—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
And he, good man, believes it.
Cast. Now, in truth—
Spin. Hold! my heart trembles; I perceive thy tongue
Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.
Cast. In perfect health.
Spin. For that, my thanks to Heaven.
Mal. The world hath not another wife like this.—
Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,
So much your passion rules.
Spin. Even what she pleases:
Go on, Castanna.
Cast. Your most noble husband
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.
Mal. Why look ye, cousin, now!
Spin. Indeed!
Cast. Will value
No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living; if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He both laughs at and scorns it.
Spin. Does he?
Mal. Therein
He shows himself desertful of his happiness.
Cast. Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister—
You are not well.
Mal. Not well!
Spin. I am unworthy—
Mal. Of whom? what? why?
Spin. Go, cousin;—come, Castanna.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of TRELCATIO.

Enter TRELCATIO, PIERO, *and* FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
My coming will be late; now, therefore, gentlemen,
This house is free; as your intents are sober,
Your pains shall be accepted.
Fut. Mirth sometimes
Falls into earnest, signior.
Piero. We, for our parts,
Aim at the best.
Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else:
Good success to you! [*Exit.*
Piero. Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which means
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.
Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,
For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!
No, let them be admired that love foul linen;
I'll run a new course.
Piero. Get the coin we spend,
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.—
Fut. Hush, man; one suitor comes.
Piero. The t'other follows.
Fut. Be not so loud— [*Music below.*
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips;
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye! Ith thith muthicke yourth, or can ye tell what great manth's fidleth made it? tith vedeo petty noyth, but who thold thend it?
Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?
Amor. I do not uthe
To thpend lip-labour upon quethtionths,
That I mythelfe can anthwer.
Fut. No, sweet madam,
Your lips are destined to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of lisping maids.
Amor. Kithing you mean; pay come behind with your mockths then.
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other.—
How now, whath neckth?

SONG *below.*

What, ho! we come to be merry,
Open the doors, a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er,
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.
Pithee, pithee, leth's come in,
Oue thall all oua favous win,
Dently, dently, we thall paase;
None kitheth like the lithping lasse.

Piero. What call ye this? a song?
Amor. Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth prety.
Fut. A very country-catch! (*Aside.*)—Doubtless, some prince
Belike, hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.
Amor. Thinke ye tho, thignior?
It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure printh,
That thuns the light.
Piero. Perhaps the prince of darkness.
Amor. Of darkneth! what ith he?
Fut. A courtier matchless;
He woos and wins more beauties to his love
Than all the kings on earth.
Amor. Whea thandth hith court, pey?
Fut. This gentleman approaching, I presume,
Has more relation to his court than I,
And comes in time t'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?
I'm thure you know him.
Piero. Lady, you'll perceive it.
Ful. She seems in my first entrance to admire me;
Protest she eyes me round; Fulg. she's thine own! [*Aside.*
Piero. Noble Fulgoso.
Ful. Did you hear the music?
'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ha, ha!
Amor. Pay, what pinth thent it?
Ful. Prince! no prince, but we;
We set the ditty, and composed the song;
There's not a note or foot in't but our own,
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain;
We can do things and things.
Amor. Dood! thing't youa thelfe then.
Ful. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet;
But you shall here me whistle it. [*Whistles.*
Amor. Thith thingth thome jethter;
Thure he belongth unto the pinth of darkneth.
Piero. Yes, and I tell you what his office is;
His prince delights himself exceedingly
In birds of divers kinds; this gentleman
Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds;
He took his skill first from his father's carter.
Amor. Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange meanes
Thome men are raised to plathes.
Ful. I do hear you,
And thank you heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts; but what I live on,
Is simple trade of money from my lands:
Hang sharks! I am no shifter.
Amor. Ith pothible?

Enter GUZMAN.

Bleth uth, whoth thith?
Fut. Oh, 'tis the man of might.
Guz. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars—
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate—
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid; therefore,
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.
Amor. Faya weather keep me! what a thorne ith thith?
Fut. Oh, Don, keep off at farther distance; yet
A little farther; do you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady?
Guz. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as gently
As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows
In some sweet lady's chamber; for I can
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.
Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while, brave Don,
And let her only view your parts; they'll take her.
Guz. I'll publish them in silence.
Piero. Stand you there,
Fulgoso the magnificent.

Ful. Here?
Piero. Just there;
Let her survey you both; you'll be her choice,
Ne'er doubt it, man.
Ful. I cannot doubt it, man.
Piero. But speak not till I bid you.
Ful. I may whistle?
Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.
Amor. Both foolth, you thay?
Fut. But hear them for your sport.
Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, Don; she has survey'd
Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents
And wounds of your apparel.
Guz. She is politic;
My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.
Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.
Guz. My words
Are music to her. [*Aside.*
Amor. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.
Guz. She took him for my man! love, thou wert just. [*Aside.*
Ful. I will not hold;—his man! 'tis time to speak
Before my time; oh scurvy, I his man,
That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-rents!
Guz. Have I with this one rapier—
Piero. He has no other.
Guz. Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads I lopt
As easily as the bloody-minded youth
Lopt off the poppy-heads?
Ful. The puppet-heads.
Guz. Have I—have I—have I?
Ful. Thou liest, thou hast not,
And I'll maintain't.
Guz. Have I—but let that pass;
For though my famous acts were damn'd to silence,
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.
Amor. That I would lithen to.
Guz. List and wonder.
My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Styled Desver di Gonzado.
Fut. That's, in Spanish,
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatch'd rogue; he thinks we understand not.
Guz. So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.[1]
Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader; pray mark it.
Guz. My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,
Conde Scrivano.
Fut. A crop-ear'd scrivener.
Guz. Whose son, my mother's father, was a marquis,
Hijo di puto.
Piero. That's the son of a whore.
Guz. And my renowned sire, Don Picaro,—
Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—Oh, brave Don!
Guz. Hijo di una pravada—
Piero. He goes on,
Son of a branded bitch—high-spirited Don!
Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—
Fut. The galleys and Bridewell.
Ful. I'll not endure it.
To hear a canting mongrel.—Hear me, lady!
Guz. 'Tis no fair play.
Ful. I care not, fair or foul.—
I from a king derive my pedigree,
King Oberon by name, from whom my father,
The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,
Was lineally descended; and my mother
(In right of whose blood I must ever honour
The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.
Fut. He'll blow up
The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.
Ful. Her father was Grave[1] Hans Van Herne, the son
Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.
Guz. Oh, diabolo!
Ful. Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snorten-fert,
And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargubush,[2]
Managed by well-lined butter-boxes, took
A thousand Spanish jobbernowls[3] by surprise,
And beat a sconce about their ears.
Guz. My fury
Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [*Draws.*
Amor. 'Lath, they thall not fight.
Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.
Piero. Be advised, great spirits.
Ful. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;
Else hang't, who cares!
Guz. Mine honour is my tutor,
Already tried and known.
Fut. Why, there's the point,
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion;
There's none but harebrain'd youths of mettle use it.
Piero. Yet put not up your swords; it is the pleasure
Of the fair lady that you quit the field,
With brandish'd blades in hand.
Fut. And more, to show
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
You both should take a competence of kicks.
Both. How?
Fut. and Piero. Thus and thus! [*kicking them.*] —away, you brace of stinkards!
Ful. Pheugh! as it were.— [*Whistles.*
Guz. Why, since it is her pleasure,
I dare and will endure it.
Ful. Pheugh!
Piero. Away,
But stay below.
Fut. Budge not, I charge ye,
Till you have further leave.
Guz. Mine honour claims
The last foot in the field.
Ful. I'll lead the van then.
Fut. Yet more? begone!
[*Exeunt* FULG. *and* GUZ.
Are not these precious suitors—

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Trel. What tumults fright the house?
Fut. A brace of castrels,[4]
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,
Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse,
And so took hedge.
Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.
Amor. I thkorne thuch trumpery; and will thape my luffe,
Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

[1] *Argozile*—a corruption of *alguazil*, a beadle or catch-pole.—WEBER.

[1] *grave*—graff, count. [2] *hargubush*—harquebusses.
[3] *jobbernowls*—thickheads.
[4] *castrel*—the hovering hawk, a wild sort, not fit for training. *Haggard*, a wild untrained hawk. A hawk is said *to give the souse* when he descends rapidly upon his prey.

Trel. Why, now thou sing'st in tune, my Amoretta;
And, my good friends, you have, like wise physicians,
Prescribed a healthful diet: I shall think on
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
To noble Auria, such as your descents
Commend; but for the present we must quit
This room to privacy: they come—
Amor. Nay, predee,
Leave me not, dentlemen.
Fut. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, *and* AURELIO.

Aur. You are welcome, be assured you are; for proof,
Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)
Of visit to commands: if this man's presence
Be not of use, dismiss him.
Adur. 'Tis, with favour,
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
How far my reputation stands engaged
To noble reconcilement.
Aur. I observe
No party here amongst us, who can challenge
A motion of such honour.
Adur. Could your looks
Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,
Than can the peace of a composed soul;
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
Train'd by a curiosity in youth
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tempests
Which will at last break out.
Aur. Hid now, most likely,
I' the darkness of your speech.
Aurel. You may be plainer.
Adur. I shall, my lord; that I intended wrong!
Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?
Adur. To Auria; and as far
As language could prevail, did—
Aur. Take advice,
Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider:
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,
When a distemperature of youthful heat
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,
Confirm'd and harden'd, never durst I pitch
On any, howsoever likely, rest,
Where the presumption might be construed wrong;
The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.
For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,
A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;
The one is as unmanly as the other.—
Now, without interruption.
Adur. Stand, Aurelio,
And justify thine accusation boldly;
Spare me the needless use of my confession;
And, having told no more, than what thy jealousy
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
Adurni trespass'd in, and thou conceiv'st,
Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,
If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.
Aurel. You come not here to brave us?
Adur. No, Aurelio;
But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
I make my judge my jury; be accountant
Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforced the likelihood of scandal.
Aurel. Doubt not
But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
As much as I believe, and justly witness.
Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of reproach on!
And thus for that—My errand hither is not
In whining, truant-like submission,
To cry, 'I have offended, pray, forgive me;
I will do so no more:' but to proclaim
The power of virtue, whose commanding sovereignty
Sets bounds to rebel-bloods; and checks, restrains,
Custom of folly; by example teaches
A rule to reformation; by rewards,
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.
Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best beseem
Their lips who practise both, and not discourse 'em.
Aur. Peace, peace, man; I am silent.
Adur. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who resolve
No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted;
And, for because the liberty of courtship
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,
Or compliments of vows: and with this file
I stood in rank; conquest secured my confidence.
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
Of study for fruition; here I angled,
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.
Aurel. After confession, follows—
Aur. Noise! observe him.
Adur. Oh, strange! by all the comforts of my hopes,
I found a woman good;—a woman good!
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire
A memorable mention, so much majesty
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown
From her cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.
Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.
Adur. Without protests,
I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,
But what a virgin might, without a blush,
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied;
But she neglecting, cried, 'Come, Auria, come,
Fight for thy wife at home!' then in rush'd you, sir,
Talk'd in much fury, parted; when as soon
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.
Aur. What follow'd?
Adur. My commission on mine error;
In execution whereof I have proved
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone,
But to my other greater, and more irksome.
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
This repetition the report of fear,
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me
I give myself the lie, and I will clear
The injury, and man to man;—or, if
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way reprieve
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.
Aur. Who can you think I am? did you expect
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
That you cast loud defiance? say—
Adur. I have robb'd you
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,
For the presumption.
Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature;
The trick is new.

Adur. I find my absolution,
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.
Aur. Why look ye, friend, I told you this before;
You would not be persuaded:—let me think—
[*Walks apart.*
Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
The lady to ill purpose.
Adur. I have answered;
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
Perplex'd with rare commotions.
Aur. That's the way;
It smooths all rubs.
Aurel. My lord?
Aur. Foh! I am thinking—
You may talk forward.—If it take, 'tis clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—
Adur. You labour
With curious engines,[1] sure.
Aur. Fine ones! I take you
To be a man of credit; else—
Adur. Suspicion
Is needless, know me better.
Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.
Adur. For that, your pleasure.
Aur. 'Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!'—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.—

Re-enter TRELCATIO.

Now?
Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato
Are newly enter'd.
Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, *and* LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to rob me.—
An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trowls on her ragged customer,[2]
To cut my throat for pillage.
Lev. Good sir, hear me.
Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs out,—whilst this woman hath abode under this roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite of denial; in despite—those are my words.
Mart. Monstrous!
Why, sirrah, do I keep a bawdy-house,
An hospital for panders? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thyself
A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Roarers,[3] or hangmen? hey-day! set up shop,
And then cry 'a market open; to't, and welcome!,
Lev. This is my husband.
Mart. Husband!
Ben. Husband natural, I have married her; and—what's your verdict on the match, signior?
Mart. Husband, and married her!
Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.
Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great mistress;
Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.
What jointure is assured, pray? some three thousand
A year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!
Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh
Patch'd up for copesmate[1] to my niece's daughter!
Lev. Sir, for my mother's name, forbear this anger:
If I have yoked myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,
As e'er my faith hath bound me.
Mart. A sweet couple!
Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with death, Signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull[2] for laughter; unthrifts and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.
Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier! I do believe
Thou'rt lousy; that's a pretty sign I grant:—
A villanous poor banditti rather; one
Can man a quean, and cant, and pick a pocket,
Pad[3] for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark,
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.
A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.
Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levidolche, thou art mine; on what conditions the world shall soon witness: yet since our hands join'd, I have not interessed[4] my possession of thy bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean: kiss me quick and resolute, so!—adieu, signior!
Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.
Ben. Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*
Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:
Fain would I smother grief, [but] out it must;
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;
Lost, lost, without recovery.
Lev. With pardon,
Let me restrain your sorrows.
Mart. 'Tis impossible;
Despair of rising up to honest fame
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?
Lev. Yes,
And herein every hope is brought to life,
Which long hath lain in darkness; I have once more
Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband.
Mart. Benatzi! this the man?
Lev. No odd disguise
Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,
The choice of my ambition: Heaven preserve me

[1] *engines*—contrivances.
[2] *trowls on her ragged customer*—a metaphor taken from angling.—WEBER.
[3] *roarers*—the same as the *roaring boys* so often referred to before.

[1] *copesmate*—companion; here husband. See note 2, col. 2, p. 232.
[2] *town-bull*—referring to the bull kept for bull-baiting.
[3] *Pad*—a cant expression for robbing on foot.—WEBER. We have now the word *foot-pad*.
[4] *interessed*—claimed my interest in.—WEBER.

Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,
If I repute not my success more happy
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,
And will redeem the stains of a foul name
By love and true obedience.
Mart. Force of passion
Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,
I have been only steward for your welfare,
You shall have all between ye.
Lev. Join with me, sir;
Our plot requires much speed; we must be earnest.
I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,
Unless you intermediate; let us hasten,
For fear we come too late.
Mart. As thou intendest
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second
To any office, Levidolche witty,[1]
My niece, my witty niece.
Lev. Let's slack no time, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

An Apartment in TRELCATIO'S *House.*

Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, *and* CASTANNA.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience,
All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant,
Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.
I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:
Take courage. [*Exit.*
Mal. Courage! they who have no hearts,
Find none to lose; ours is as great as his,
Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony
Inhabit here. Like strangers we shall wait
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return; 'tis paltry.
Spin. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion; my attendance only
Commends a duty.
Cast. Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—
He comes, your husband comes; take comfort, sister.

Enter AURIA *and* AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato!
Mal. Auria!
Aur. Cousin, would mine arms,
In their embraces, might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit
Holds in my estimation! I may chide
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,
Which a retired privacy on your part
Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour
The means and practice.
Mal. 'Tis your charity.
Aurel. Worthy Malfato!
Mal. Provident Aurelio!
Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!
Cast. Your servant, brother.
Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine eyes
Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance. [SPINELLA *kneels.*
Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;
I shall forget civility of manners,
Imagining you tender a false tribute,
Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.
[*She rises.*
Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,[1]
Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty
Unto a wife who equals every best
Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—
You know your wife, no doubt.
Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentlemen!
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,
Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study
Instructions quaintly—'wife,' you said—agreed.
Keep fair, and stand the trial.
Spin. Those words raise
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:
Though prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.
Mal. Call ye this welcome?
We are mistook, Castanna.
Cast. Oh! my lord,
Other respects were promised.
Aur. Said ye, lady,
'No kindred, sister, husband, friend?'
Spin. Nor name;
With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thought;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty,
Required, fit, or exacted.
Aur. High and peremptory!
The confidence is masculine.
Mel. Why not?
An honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without control.
Spin. I can proceed; that tongue,
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection, is not more mine enemy,
Than theirs, or his weak and besotted brains are,
On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
Aurelio, speak; nor, gentle sir, forbear
Ought what you know, but roundly use your eloquence
Against a mean defendant.
Mal. He's put to't;
It seems the challenge gravels him.
Aurel. My intelligence
Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
A self-confession may crave assistance;
Let the lady's justice impose the penance.
So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,
Suspicion is not seldom an improper
Advantage for the knitting faster joints
Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers

[1] *witty*—knowing, wise. Anglo-Saxon, *witán*—to know.

[1] *borrow'd bravery*—feigned bravado or brusqueness of manner.
[2] *carriage*—conduct, bearing.

Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error
Hath run into the toil.
Spin. Woful satisfaction
For a divorce of hearts!
Aur. So resolute?
I shall touch nearer home: behold these hairs,
Great masters of a spirit, yet they are not
By winter of old age quite hid in snow;
Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,
Amongst them took up lodging; when we first
Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.
Advancement to a fortune could not court
Ambition, either on my side, or hers;
Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceiv'd. But disproportion
In years, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures: whereto I reply,
Our union was not forced, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appears
Unpardonable:—say your thoughts.
Spin. My thoughts
In that respect are as resolute as yours.
The same; yet herein evidence of frailty
Deserv'd not more a separation,
Than doth charge of disloyalty objected
Without or ground or witness: women's faults
Subject to punishments, and men's applauded,
Prescribe no laws in force.
Aurel. Are you so nimble?
Mal. A soul sublimed from dross by competition,
Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly ranged,
Adulterating the honour of your bed?
Hold [not[1]] dispute, but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods:
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.
Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness,
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance,
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely
To a misguided thought; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you; that granted, he amongst you,
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.
Aur. Baited by confederacy!
I must have right.
Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here! you can suspect?
So reconciliation then is needless:—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another. Sister,
Lend me thine arm; I have assumed a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer:
Auria, unkind, unkind!
Cast. She faints.
Aur. Spinella!
Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd:
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure and unflaw'd; for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.
Cast. Mine?
Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving;
No shrinking back.—Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.
Mal. How's that?
Adur. So great a blessing
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden,
But welcomed and forethought; would you could please
To say the like!
Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises;
I pr'ythee speak.
Spin. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister,
Reject the use of fate.
Cast. I dare not question
The will of Heaven.
Mal. Unthought of and unlook'd for!
Spin. My ever honoured lord.
Aurel. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousy.
Aur. Make no scruple,
Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd
Report of wrongs, but that I fix'd on issue
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,
But execution: herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation; for the virtues
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul,
. . . . . .
Yet common form of matrimonial compliments,
Short-liv'd as are their pleasures. Yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now lasting truce on all hands.
Aurel. You will pardon
A rash and over-busy curiosity.
Spin. It was to blame; but the success remits it.
Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquit
At easy summons.
Mal. You prevent the nicety;
Use your own pleasure.

BENATZI *rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by* LEVIDOLCHE *and* MARTINO.

Aurel. What's the matter?
Aur. Matter?
Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.
Lev. Hold, oh, hold him!
Aurel. This is no place for murder; yield thy sword.
Aur. Yield it, or force it; [BEN. *is disarmed.*] set you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence?
Adur. Let him come.
Mal. What can the ruffian mean?
Ben. I am prevented;

[1] *not.* This word is accidentally omitted in the quarto. The context is so obscure, that I strongly suspect the mission of a line in this speech.—WEBER.

The temple or the chamber of the duke,
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.
Adur. Thy wife! I know not her nor thee.
Aur. Fear nothing.
Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle mercy
For penitent offenders: blessed ladies,
Repute me not a castaway, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,
Disguised as you see, I have re-married.—
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errors.
Mart. Nay, 'tis true, sir.
Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful
Unto the change.
Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease,
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,
And in them was director: I have seen
The man do service in the wars late past,
Worthy an ample mention; but of that
At large hereafter, repetitions now
Of good or bad would straiten time, presented
For other use.
Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever.
Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a look from yours; please to forget
All passages of rashness; such attempt
Was mine, and only mine.
Mal. You have found a way
To happiness; I honour the conversion.
Adur. Then I am freed.
Mal. May style your friend your servant.
Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.
Adur. But let me add
An offering to the altar of this peace.
[*Gives her money.*
Aur. How likes Spinella this? our holiday
Deserves the kalendar.
Spin. This gentlewoman
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and worthy.—
Indeed you shall. [*Offering her money.*
Cast. And mine; the novelty
Requires a friendly love.
Lev. You are kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELCATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, *driving in* FULGOSO *and* GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your jollities,
I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it. [*Presenting* FUT.
Amor. Yeth, in sooth thee will.
Trel. Futelli
Hath wean'd her from this pair.
Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.
Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his pains,
She will have him or none. He's not the richest
I' th' parish; but a wit. I say Amen,
Because I cannot help it.
Amor. Tith no matter.
Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune;
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.
Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.
Amor. Withly thpoken.
Piero. Think on Piero, sir.
Aur. Piero, yes;
But what of these two pretty ones?
Ful. I'll follow
The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life
Is scurvy and debosh'd;[1] fight you abroad,
And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home.
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't;
But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make him
A—what d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;
I'll mend his weekly pay.
Guz. He shall deserve it.
Vouchsafe employment, honourable—
Ful. Marry,
The Don's a generous Don.
Aur. Unfit to lose him.
Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they are free and harmless:
After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

EPILOGUE.

The court's on rising; 'tis too late
To wish the lady in her fate
Of trial now more fortunate.

A verdict in the jury's breast,
Will be giv'n up anon at least;
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.

Else, if there can be any stay,
Next sitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

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[1] *debosh'd*—debauched.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

[Of this, the most voluminous dramatic writer in the English, and probably in any language, almost nothing is known for certain, but that he had, as he himself informs us, 'an entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote, besides, several prose works, all the while attending to his duties as an actor. From two of his works we learn that he was a native of Lincolnshire; and Cartwright, in his dedication to *The Actor's Vindication*—a posthumous edition of Heywood's *Apology for Actors*—states that the author was a Fellow of Peter House, Cambridge.

From Henslowe's papers it is ascertained that Heywood wrote for the stage as early as 1596; and Heywood himself, writing in 1615, and speaking of his first published drama, *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, which appeared in 1601, says that it was written 'many years since in my infancy of judgment, in this kind of poetry, and my first practice.' He continued writing for the stage down to, at least, 1640. In the notice of Heywood in the last edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, the following testimony to his industry is quoted from Kirkman, the author of a catalogue of plays: he says that Heywood 'was very laborious; for he not only acted almost every day, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day for several years together; but many of his plays being composed loosely in taverns, occasions them to be mean. . . . I could say somewhat more of him, and of all the old poets, having taken pleasure to converse with those that were acquainted with them.' As the editor of Dodsley well remarks, 'It is much to be lamented that Kirkman did not communicate to the world that information which he boasts of being able to give concerning the old poets, whose memory, for want of such intelligence, is now almost wholly lost to the world.' Of the multitude of plays written by this dramatist, only twenty-three are extant; of these the principal are, *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* (published 1607); *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1607, acted previous to 1604); *The Rape of Lucrece* (1630); *The Fair Maid of the West* (1631); *The English Traveller* (1633); *The Lancashire Witches* (1634); *Love's Mistress* (1636); *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject* (1637).

The quantity of Heywood's writings was too great to allow of their quality being pre-eminent; there is nothing very marked or vigorous in his style, the chief characteristics of his dramas being softness, smoothness, repose, combined with a pleasant poetical fancy; his characters generally are not drawn with any great distinctness. Although some of the scenes in his plays are sufficiently immoral, and some of his characters of the lowest type, still he never descends to the use of the disgustingly filthy language which characterizes the works of many of his contemporaries. The following is Hazlitt's estimate of Heywood:—'As Marlowe's imagination glows like a furnace, Heywood's is a gentle, lambent flame, that purifies without consuming. His manner is simplicity itself. There is nothing supernatural, nothing startling, or terrific. He makes use of the commonest circumstances of every-day life, and of the easiest tempers, to show the workings, or rather the inefficacy of the passions, the *vis inertiæ* of tragedy. His incidents strike from their very familiarity, and the distresses he paints invite our sympathy from the calmness and resignation with which they are borne. The pathos might be deemed purer, from its having no mixture of turbulence or vindictiveness in it; and in proportion as the sufferers are made to deserve a better fate. In the midst of the most untoward reverses and cutting injuries, good-nature and good sense keep their accustomed sway. He describes men's errors with tenderness,

and their duties only with zeal, and the heightenings of a poetic fancy. His style is equally natural, simple, and unconstrained. The dialogue (bating the verse) is such as might be uttered in ordinary conversation. It is beautiful prose put into heroic measure. It is not so much that he uses the common English idiom for everything (for that I think the most poetical and impassioned of our elder dramatists do equally), but the simplicity of the characters and the equable flow of the sentiments do not require or suffer it to be warped from the tone of level speaking, by figurative expressions, or hyperbolical allusions.'

We have selected as a specimen of this writer, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, of some passages in which Hazlitt speaks with admiration.]

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS.

WRITTEN BY THO. HEYWOOD.

London. 1607.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Francis Acton.
Sir Charles Mountford.
Mr. Frankford.
Malby.
Wendoll.
Cranwell.
Old Mountford.
Shafton.
Nicholas.
Jenkin.
Roger Brickbat.
Jack Slime.
Tidy, Sandy, *and* Roder.
Spiggot.
Butler.
Sheriff and Officers.
Huntsmen, Falconers, Coachman, Carters, Musicians, Keeper, Servants, etc.

Mrs. Anne Frankford.
Susan Mountford.
Sisly.

PROLOGUE.

I come but as a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state: our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthy muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white:
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

Enter Mr. John Frankford, Mistress Anne, Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master Wendoll, *and* Mr. Cranwell.

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?
Sir C. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets;[1]
But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.
Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,
According to the ballad.
Sir F. Music, ho!—
By your leave, sister; by your husband's leave
I should have said.—The hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.—Sound!
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.
Frank. Ay, you may caper, you are light and free:
Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray, pardon me.
Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother.
Sir C. Master Frankford,
You are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments

[1] *the shaking of the sheets.* This was the name of a dance and a very popular tune, frequently mentioned in ancient plays.

Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince:
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in a word,
She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath sought her.
Frank. But that I know your virtues and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.
Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.
Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.
Mrs. Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauties to speak on:
Such as they be, if they my husband please,
They suffice me now I am married.
This sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,
To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow.
Sir F. A perfect wife already, meek and patient.
How strangely the word husband fits your mouth,
Not married three hours since! Sister, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love.—
Gramercies, brother! wrought her to't already?
Sweet husband, and a curtsey, the first day?
Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,
And never took the grace of honest man;
Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase:
In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes.
Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir Francis;
All his wild blood your father spent on you.
He got her in his age, when he grew civil:
All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,
And you are heir to all: your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.
Sir C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live you!
This morning, which to many seems a burden too
Heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.
This lady is no clog, as many are:
She doth become you like a well-made suit,
In which the tailor hath us'd all his art;
Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,
Forc'd on your back in summer. She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.
You both adorn each other, and your hands,
Methinks, are matches: there's equality
In this fair combination; you are both
Scholars, both young, both being descended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy; it carries
Consort, and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you from this first day,
Until your dissolution; that's for aye.
Sir F. We keep you here too long, good brother Frankford.
Into the hall. Away! Go cheer your guests.
What! bride and bridegroom both withdrawn at once?
If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.
Frank. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance within
Mrs. A. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*
Sir F. To part you it were sin.—
Now, gallants, while the town musicians
Finger their frets within, and the mad lads,
And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bride-laces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark! they're all on the hoigh;[1]
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round,
Marry, not on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
But not without cutting: you shall see to-morrow
The hall floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,
Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.
Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports.—Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you: meet to-morrow
At Chevy Chase, I'll fly my hawk with yours.
Sir F. For what? for what?
Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.
Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that.
Sir C. Here are ten angels;
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.
Sir F. 'Tis a match: 'tis done.
Another hundred pound upon your dogs:
Dare ye, Sir Charles?
Sir C. I dare: were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that: here is my hand;
The first course for a hundred pound.
Sir F. A match.
Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs.
Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford; I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What! clap ye hands,
Or is't no bargain?
Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.
Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;
I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.
Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman. I'll hold my day.
Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:
We had need be three hours up before the bride.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN, JACK SLIME, ROGER BRICKBAT, *with* Country Wenches *and two or three* Musicians.

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Sisly Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And now that they are busy in the parlour, come, strike up; we'll have a crash[2] here in the yard.

Nich. My humour is not compendious: dancing I possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Sisly Milkpail, I consent.

J. Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures; ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country fellows, it

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[1] *on the hoigh*—eager, riotous.—NARES.
[2] *crash*—entertainment.—NARES. Merry bout.—HANMER.

may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse trick as well as the serving-men.

R. Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. Oh, Slime! oh, Brickbat! do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

J. Slime. Foot it quickly. If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

J. Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be? Rogero?[1]

Jen. Rogero! no; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Sisly. I love no dance so well as, John, come kiss me now.

Nich. I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the Cushion-dance.

R. Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as Tom Tyler.

Jen. No; we'll have the Hunting of the Fox.

J. Slime. The hay! the hay! there's nothing like the hay.

Nich. I have said, do say, and will say again—

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says.

All. Content.

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be—

Sisly. What, Master Nicholas? what?

Nich. Put on your smock o' Monday.

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off. Come, for God's sake, agree of something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have Sellenger's Round.

All. That, that, that!

Nich. No; I am resolv'd thus it shall be:
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would you have us run away?

Nich. No; but I would have you shake your heels.—
Music, strike up!

[*They dance; Nick dancing, speaks stately and scurvily; the rest dance after the country fashion.*

Jen. Hey! lively, my lasses! here's a turn for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, Sir FRANCIS ACTON, MALBY, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, Falconer, *and* Huntsmen.

Sir C. So; well cast off. Aloft, aloft! Well flown!
Oh! now she takes her at the souse,[2] and strikes her
Down to th' earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

Sir F. A hundred pound for me.

Sir C. What, falconer!

Falc. At hand, sir.

Sir C. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not: rather stand still and check her.
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells.
Away!

Sir F. My hawk kill'd too.

Sir C. Ay, but 'twas at the quarre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Sir F. Judgment, my masters.

Cran. Yours missed her at the ferre.

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first hath plum'd the fowl,
And twice renew'd her from the river too:
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semitone above the other.
Methinks these Milain bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

Sir C. 'Tis lost.

Sir F. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a fowl
Within her talons: and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers: both her petty singles[1]
And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with blood:
Not of the fowl only she did discomfit,[2]
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.

Sir C. How!

Sir F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails[3] and curs.

Sir C. You stir my blood.
You keep not one good hound in all your kennel,
Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Sir F. How, knight!

Sir C. So, knight. You will not swagger, sir?

Sir F. Why, say I did?

Sir C. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swaggering
As you have got by wagers on your dogs:
You will come short in all things.

Sir F. Not in this: now I'll strike home.

Sir C. Thou shalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

Sir F. All they that love Sir Francis follow me.

Sir C. All that affect Sir Charles draw on my part.

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

[*They divide themselves.* Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, *Falconer, and Huntsman, fight against* Sir FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL, *his Falconer and Huntsman; and* Sir CHARLES *hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of* Sir FRANCIS'S *Huntsmen.*

Sir C. My God! What have I done? What have I done?
My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer! Well, 'tis done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head,
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—
Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood;
And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel;

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[1] *Rogero*—the name of a ballad tune; so also, *The beginning of the world; John, come kiss me now; Tom Tyler*, etc., mentioned afterwards.

[2] The phrases here, and in the following part of this scene, are wholly taken from falconry:—*at the souse*, with sudden descent; *plume*, pluck off the feathers; *rebeck*, (?) beck or call back; *gets* (?), *jesses*, two leathern straps attached to each leg below the *bells*, which are two small hollow globes of thin metal; *at the quarre*, as the fowl rises; *at the mount*, aloft; *at the ferre*, at the far side of a river or pit.

[1] *petty singles*—toes.

[2] *discomfit*, etc.—Pluck off the feathers without taking the bird; if in the habit of doing so, it is called *rifler*.

[3] *trindle-tail* or *trundle-tail*—curly tail; a cur.

And I am left alone with sorrow dumb,
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. O God! My brother wounded, 'mong the dead?
Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.
Sir C. Oh, sister! sister! wounded at the heart.
Susan. My God forbid!
Sir C. In doing that which He forbade,
I am wounded, sister.
Susan. I hope not at the heart.
Sir C. Yes; at the heart.
Susan. O God! A surgeon, there!
Sir C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul.
The sin of murder it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there; but for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.
Susan. Charles, what have you done?
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.
Sir C. My conscience hath become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
Susan. Oh! fly, sweet brother.
Sir C. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
Susan. Fly from your foe.
Sir C. You, sister, are my friend;
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.
Susan. Your company is as my eyeball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near.
Yet fly to save your life: what would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt water brooks shall still find place.
Sir C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I will stay,
In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter Sheriff, *with* Officers.

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach[1] and apprehension:
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.
Sir C. Oh, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends,
But see, they all have left me: only one
Clings to my sad disaster, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please.
Sher. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.
Susan. O God! O God!
Sir C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my breast.

[1] *attach*—attachment, arrest.

Sher. Sir, will you go?
Sir C. Even where it likes you best.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *in a study.*

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient; but the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possess'd, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without to speak with you.
Frank. On horseback?
Nich. Yes, on horseback.
Frank. Entreat him to alight, and I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?
Nich. Know him? Yes; his name is Wendoll.
It seems he comes in haste: his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stain'd with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,
Or for a wager: horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.
Frank. Entreat him in: about it instantly.

[*Exit* NICHOLAS.

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleas'd me much: by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen[1] in many things,
Discourses well, a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want.
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion, and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, MRS. FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Mrs. Anne. Oh, Mr. Frankford! Mr. Wendoll, here,
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.
Frank. What news, sweet wife?—What news, good Mr. Wendoll?
Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?
Frank. True; with their hounds and hawks.
Wen. The matches were both played.
Frank. Ha! and which won?
Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.
Frank. Why, the worse his chance:
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
Mrs. A. Oh! but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield:
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men, his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain outright.

[1] *seen*—instructed.—DODSLEY.

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight;
But is my brother safe?
Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound:
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.
Frank. I thank your pains, sir: had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Mr. Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends: his case is heinous,
And will be most severely censur'd on:[1]
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you.
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibilities but mean:
Please you to use my table and my purse;
They are yours.
Wen. O Lord, sir! I shall never deserve it.
Frank. Oh, sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table,
All at my own charge; be my companion.
Wen. Mr. Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favours; this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favour;
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt.
Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Pr'ythee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy.
Mrs. A. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever: come, away.
[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, Mrs. FRANKFORD, *and* WENDOLL.
Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means;
I never see him but my heart still yearns.
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The devil and he are all one in my eye.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Oh, Nick! what gentleman is that, that comes to lie at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.
Nich. I love my master, by these hilts[2] I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter SISLY.

Sis. Nicholas! where are you, Nicholas? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the young gentleman off with his boots.
Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.
Sis. Then, Jenkin, come you.
Jen. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.
Sis. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner.
Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis yet but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet. Stay a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MALBY *and* CRANWELL.

Mal. This is the sessions day; pray, can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?
Cran. He's clear'd of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life:
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revenues that his father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plain country man,
Reform'd in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter Sir CHARLES *and his* Keeper.

Keep. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.
Sir C. Here, Mr. Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have: my heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.
Mal. God give you joy of your delivery.
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.
Sir C. The poorest knight in England, Mr. Malby:
My life hath cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury!

Enter SHAFTON.

Shaft. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?
Sir C. O me! Oh, most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour keeps,
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasures should we trust?
Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay, five for fail. Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton
Wage his knighthood-like expense with me,
And a' will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune, and your fair escape
From all these perils.
Sir C. Oh, sir! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father, at his death, possess'd me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend:
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure
With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.
Shaft. (*aside.*) That must I have, it lies convenient for me:
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffer'd him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.—Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
Sir C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted

[1] *censured on*—judged of, or passed sentence on.
[2] *hilts*—cudgels.—NARES.

Even to the best of my unable power.
Come, gentlemen, and see it tender'd down.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter WENDOLL, *melancholy.*

Wen. I am a villain, if I apprehend
But such a thought: then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption.
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! ha! ha! a song! as if, fond man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of blood.
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!),
It is on her divine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her;
And when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack,
From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

Enter, over the stage, FRANKFORD, *his* Wife, *and* NICHOLAS.

O God! O God! with what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction!
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman;
And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder!
Stay, in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand,
From speedy execution on a villain:
A villain, and a traitor to his friend.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Did your worship call?
Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely
Money to spend.
Jen. By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot get a cross of you
Wen. My gelding, and my man.
Jen. That's Sorrel and I.
Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.
Jen. Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.
Wen. I never bound him to me by desert:
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me. I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! Ingrate!
Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands,
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart;
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and join'd together?
And yet I must: then, Wendoll, be content.
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.
Jen. What a strange humour is my new master in! Pray God he be not mad: if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me
Wen. What, Jenkin! where's your mistress?
Jen. Is your worship married?
Wen. Why dost thou ask?
Jen. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.
Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford.
Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? here she comes, and here I go.
Wen. Vanish. [*Exit* JENKIN.

Enter Mrs. ANNE.

Mrs. Anne. Y'are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you: we sought about the house,
Hallo'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore he enjoin'd me
To do unto you his most kind commends:
Nay, more, he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.
Wen. I thank him for his love.—
(*Aside.*) Give me a name, you, whose infectious tongues
Are tipp'd with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murder'd your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so: print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend.
Mrs. A. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.
Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.—
(*Aside.*) I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kind friend:
I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not—ha! Some fury pricks me on.
The swift Fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must:
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!
Mrs. A. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance.
Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise,
I love you: start not, speak not, answer not;
I love you: nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of heaven.
Mrs. A. The host of heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought.
Wen. Such is my fate: to this suit was I born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's scorn
Mrs. A. My husband loves you.
Wen. I know it.
Mrs. A. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eyeball, or his heart.
Wen. I have tried it.
Mrs. A. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.
Wen. So I have found it.
Mrs. A. Oh! with what face of brass, what brow of steel,

Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state;
Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
It is to me you speak.

Wen. Oh! speak no more;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I,
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage he'll kill me:
I care not; 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and reproach,
For you I'll hazard all: why, what care I?
For you I'll love, and in your love I'll die.

Mrs. A. You move me, sir, to passion and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life.
Mistake me not; the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night;
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here, in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Mrs. A. What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.

Mrs. A. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face:
I blush, and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter NICHOLAS, *behind.*

Wen. The path of pleasure, and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.

Nich. I'll kill the rogue.

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush.

[*Exeunt* WENDOLL *and* Mrs. ANNE.

Nich. Zounds! I'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave:
I love my mistress; but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.
I never look'd for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching[1] first into our house:
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them
(If they proceed as they have done before),
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a — [*Exit.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD *and* SUSAN.

Sir C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold:
I am now enforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.

Susan. Oh! brother! here's a change
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.

Sir C. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down.
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON, *with a Sergeant.*

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles: what! with your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Sergeant, stand off.—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you—

Sir C. Oh! pardon me: this house successively
Hath 'long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred year. My great-great-grand-father,
He in whom first our gentle style began,
Dwelt here; and in this ground, increas'd this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house:
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, beside the use?[2]
I have brought it to an execution
By course of law. What! is my money ready?

Sir C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.

Shaft. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.

Sir C. Alas, alas! 'tis all trouble hath left me,
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our means should then be quite
Raz'd from the bead-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our own name. This palm you see,
Labour hath glow'd within: her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

Susan. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour hard;
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small spot of ground.

Sir C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry
That I protest I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.

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[1] *miching*—skulking, sneaking.
[2] *use*—usury, interest.

I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all the music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place, I have chang'd myself away.
Shaft. Arrest him at my suit.—Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in perpetual bondage fast:
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in question.
The keeper is my friend: thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—Away with him!
Sir C. Ye are too timorous. But trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no force to mollify
The flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man,
That seeks my ruin.
Shaft. Come, irons, irons! away:
I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of day.
[*Exeunt.*
Susan. My heart's so harden'd with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Sir F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet I am not
Thoroughly reveng'd. They say he hath a pretty wench
Unto his sister; shall I, in mercy-sake
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusion.
Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full reveng'd
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands.
Sir F. Ha, ha! now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hates.
But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted; all my spirits are fled,
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.
Susan. Acton! That seeks our blood.
[*Runs away.*
Sir F. Oh, chaste and fair!
Mal. Sir Francis! why, Sir Francis! Zounds! in a trance?
Sir Francis! what cheer, man? Come, come, how is't?
Sir F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.
Mal. She was fair.
Sir F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft, let me call my wits together.
A poor, poor wench to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
One against other. How now, Frank, turn'd fool
Or madman, whether? But no! master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humour
Of passion and of love? And with a person
So different every way, and so opposed
In all contractions, and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie! how I dispute against my soul!
Come, come, I'll gain her! or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four serving-men, one with a voider and a wooden knife, to take away; another the salt and bread; another the tablecloth and napkins; another the carpet: JENKIN *with two lights after them.*

Jen. So; march in order, and retire in battle array. My master and the guests have supp'd already, all's taken away: here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall.—Butler, it belongs to your office.
But. I know it, Jenkin.
What do you call the gentleman that supp'd there to-night?
Jen. Who, my master?
But. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a daily guest: I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.
Jen. His name's Mr. Cranwell. God's light! hark, within there, my master calls to lay more billets upon the fire. Come, come: Lord! how we that are in office here are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights: the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs. More lights in the hall there! Come, Nicholas.
[*Exeunt all but* NICHOLAS.
Nich. I cannot eat; but had I Wendoll's heart,
I would eat that: the rogue grows impudent.
Oh! I have seen such vile, notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master; by this air, I will:
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Master FRANKFORD, *as it were brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.*

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are not you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows?
Nich. Master, I stay'd your rising from the board,
To speak with you.
Frank. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
My wife and guests attend me in the parlour.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you had earn'd it: here, sir's, half-a-crown;
Play the good husband, and away to supper.
Nich. By this hand; an honourable gentleman! I will not see him wrong'd.—Sir, I have serv'd you long; you entertained me seven years before your beard.
You knew me, sir, before you knew my mistress.
Frank. What of this, good Nicholas?
Nich. I never was a make-bate,[2] or a knave;
I have no fault but one—I'm given to quarrel,
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.
Frank. What preparation's this to dismal news?

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[1] *voider*—a basket or tray for carrying out the relics of a dinner, etc.. the wooden knife being used to sweep them into it.
[2] *make-bate*—a promoter of quarrels.—DODSLEY.

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than your wife. I'll make it good.

Frank. You are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Thou art a knave:
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. Oh, master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank. Ay, saucy!

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike: yet hear me! I am no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, that base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you.

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon, whose sharp point
Hath prick'd quite through and through my shivering heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.
What didst thou say? If any word that touch'd
His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.

Nich. I can gain nothing: they are two
That never wrong'd me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life is worth.
All this I know, but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.

Frank. 'Tis probable, though blunt; yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh! may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?
What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell thee;
For should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;
In both their loves I am so confident.

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance?

Frank. No more! To supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the strangers. Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life: be secret, then,
For I know nothing.

Nich. I am dumb. Now that I have eas'd my stomach,
I will go fill my stomach. [*Exit.*

Frank. Away! begone!
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanour,
In all the actions that concern the love
To me, her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
Hath sold me for a sin. O God! O God!
Shall I put up these wrongs? No. Shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double gilt, the well-hatch ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent;
Their wonted favours in my tongue shall flow:
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.
Lights and a table there!—Wife, Mr. Wendoll, and gentle Master Cranwell.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD, Master WENDOLL, Master CRANWELL, NICHOLAS, *and* JENKIN *with cards, carpets, stools, and other necessaries.*

Frank. Oh! Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often baulk my house; faith y'are a churl.—
Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards.

Jen. A pair[1] of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet[2] to cover the table. Where's Sisly, with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! we have such a household of serving creatures. Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say bo to a goose.—Well said, Nick.

[*They spread a carpet; set down lights and cards.*

Mrs. A. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank. That will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out: it must be Mrs. Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich. You have no reason, marry, knowing all.

Frank. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir.

Frank. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false; nay, so will my wife, too.

Nich. I will be sworn she will.

Mrs. A. Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set.

Frank. Content: it shall go hard but I'll take you.

Cran. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.[3]

Frank. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

Mrs. A. I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff.[4]

Frank. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double hand.

Nich. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

Wen. What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

Wen. She and I will take you at lodam.[5]

Mrs. A. Husband, shall we play at saint?[6]

Frank. My saint's turned devil.—No, we'll none of saint:
You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

Wen. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

Frank. 'Tis me they play on.—Well, you may draw out;

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[1] *pair*—pack, formerly a common use of the word.
[2] *carpets* were at first used for this purpose.
[3] *noddy*—a game probably resembling either vingt-un or cribbage.
[4] *double-ruff.* It appears not to be very well known what this was. There were also *French-ruff*, *English-ruff* and *honorius*, and *vide-ruff*, mentioned below, probably all resembling whist.
[5] *lodam.* A game, says Reed in *Dodsley*, not quite disused; but he does not explain it.
[6] *saint*—properly *cent*, supposed to be like piquet.—NARES.

For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame,
I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come.
Cran. If you cannot agree upon the game, to post and pair.[1]
Wen. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post.
Frank. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.
Cran. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours.
Frank. If you make honours, one thing let me crave,
Honour the king and queen; except the knave.
Wen. Well, as you please for that.—Lift, who shall deal.
Mrs. A. The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?
Wen. I am a knave.
Nich. I'll swear it.
Mrs. A. I am queen.
Frank. A quean, thou shouldst say.—Well, the cards are mine:
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.
Mrs. A. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt.
Frank. I have lost my dealing.
Wen. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock.
Frank. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame.
You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll.
Wen. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,
I know I have dealt better with your wife.
Frank. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.
Mrs. A. What's trumps?
Wen. Hearts. Partner, I rub.
Frank. Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love;
In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart.
Booty[2] you play, I like a loser stand,
Having no heart, or here, or in my hand.
I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?
Mrs. A. Not well, sweet Mr. Frankford?
Alas! what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm.
Wen. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?
Frank. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deal.—
Take hence this table.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
Y'are welcome: see your chamber at your pleasure.
I am sorry that this meagrim takes me so,
I cannot sit and bear your company.—
Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber.
Mrs. A. A nightgown for my husband; quickly, there!
It is some rheum or cold.
Wen. Now, in good faith, this illness you have got
By sitting late without your gown.
Frank. I know it, Master Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me.—
Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber;
The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.
Leave me my gown and light, I'll walk away my fit.
Wen. Sweet sir, good night.

[1] *post and pair.* See note 1, p. 145, col. 1.
[2] *Booty.* To *play booty* appears to have meant to give people an advantage at first, in order to draw them on to their loss.—NARES.

Frank. Myself, good night. [*Exit* WENDOLL.
Mrs. A. Shall I attend you, husband?
Frank. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.
Pr'ythee be gone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.
Mrs. A. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come. [*Exit.*
Frank. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee go.—
I have bethought me: get me by degrees
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys; this being compass'd,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger.—Nick, I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.
Nick. Build on my faith.
Frank. To bed, then, not to rest.
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES's Sister, Old MOUNTFORD, SANDY, RODER, *and* TIDY.

Old Mount. You say my nephew is in great distress;
Who brought it to him, but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess
He was my brother's son; why, niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.
Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remains in you to free him thence.
Old Mount. Money I cannot spare; men should take heed.
He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*
Susan. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.
Sandy. I knew you, lady, when the old man liv'd;
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in jewels;
Then you sang well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit.
[*Exit.*
Susan. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant;
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possess'd.
Roder. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but without doubt,
They that have hurl'd him in, will help him out.
[*Exit.*
Susan. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?
Tidy. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering
Call me not cousin; each man for himself.
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow;
I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*
Susan. Oh, charity! Why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things upon this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter Sir FRANCIS *and* MALBY.

Sir F. She is poor, I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.
Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.
Susan. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you, gentle sir;
God make me able to requite this favour.
Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you—
Susan. Acton? O God! That name I'm born to curse:
Hence, bawd! hence, broker! see, I spurn his gold.
My honour never shall for gain be sold.
Sir F. Stay, lady, stay.
Susan. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly. [*Exit.*
Sir F. She hates my name, my face, how should I woo?
I am disgrac'd in everything I do.
The more she hates me, and disdains my love,
The more I am rapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections.
Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts
Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then? how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her,
As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money, and besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse;
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—
Go seek the keeper, Malby, bring him to me.
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD *in prison, with irons, his feet bare, his garments all ragged and torn.*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments.
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyv'd,
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen, Mountford's all too base,
To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die;
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And join together to deprive my breath;
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves:
Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.
Sir C. Then, I am doom'd to die:
Death is the end of all calamity.
Keep. Live: your appeal is stay'd, the execution
Of all your debts discharg'd; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees; all is discharg'd; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.
Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ play'd.—Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of all these applausive news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies.
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath
Against such faithful kinsmen: they are all
Compos'd of pity and compassion,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spoke before was in my rage;
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age;
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. I cannot longer stay from visiting
My woful brother; while I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.
Sir C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travail!
Susan. What! at liberty?
Sir C. Thou seest I am; thanks to thy industry.
Oh! unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even from an infant lov'd me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd off,
That I am rapt into a maze of wonder;
The rather for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanc'd.
Sir C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins and my friends; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
Susan. Oh, brother! they are men all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,
Which they derided. More than that, denied us
A part in their alliance; but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.
Sir C. Drudges! too much! what did they? Oh, known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil:
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me:
These have I rais'd, they follow the world's guise,
Whom rich in honour, they in woe despise.
Susan. My wits have lost themselves; let's ask the keeper.
Sir C. Jailor!
Keep. At hand, sir.
Sir C. Of courtesy resolve me one demand.
What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, stay'd my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?
Keep. A courteous knight, and call'd Sir Francis Acton.
Susan. Acton!

Sir C. Ha! Acton! Oh, me, more distress'd in this
Than all my troubles. Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless.
By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free, I go but under tail.
Keep. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees:
As we get little, we will nothing leese. [*Exit.*
Sir C. By Acton freed! My dangerous opposite![1]
Why, to what end? or what occasion? Ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance this high favour: ha!
Susan. His love to me: upon my soul, 'tis so.
That is the root from whence these strange things grow. [*Aside.*
Sir C. Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserv'd
My best employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
From them this action had deserv'd my life.
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is less execution of good deeds.
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy,
That this high bounty should proceed from him,
Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?
Susan. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton: I will tell you, brother.
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters, and tokens; I refus'd them all.
Sir C. I have enough, though poor: my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS, *with keys and a letter in his hand.*

Frank. This is the night that I must play the touch
To try two seeming angels. Where's my keys?
Nich. They are made according to your mould in wax:
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir.
Frank. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me.
Nich. I'll do't; make no more question, but I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN.

Mrs. A. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper.
Jen. It shall be done, forsooth. Mistress, where's Spiggot, the butler, to give us our salt and trenchers?
Wen. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wish'd you at our sport.
Frank. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.—
Fie! Master Cranwell, you are still thus sad.—
A stool, a stool! Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?
Wen. I know none good.
Frank. But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler *and* JENKIN, *with a tablecloth, bread, trenchers, and salt; then exeunt.*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy,
And in great want.
Frank. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them, with all care, indeed I would, sir.
Mrs. A. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.
Wen. A charitable deed;
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that love you, Mrs. Frankford.
Frank. That's you, for one: I know you love Sir Charles,
And my wife too well.
Wen. He deserves the love.
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge.
Frank. But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night.—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like.—Wife, I protest my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. Here's a letter, sir.
Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?
Nich. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.
Frank. Have him into the cellar, let him taste
A cup of our March beer: go, make him drink.
Nich. I'll make him drunk, if he be a Trojan.
Frank. My boots and spurs! where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business.—Wife, look here;
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock, and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN, *with boots and spurs.*

Mrs. A. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
That you must ride to-night.
Wen. I hope it doth.
Frank. God's me! No such despatch?
Jenkin, my boots! where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the grey dapple for himself.—Content ye,
It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasures of my house.
Wen. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.
Frank. Therefore will I ride,
Appointed well; and so shall Nick, my man.

[1] *opposite*—enemy.—COLLIER.

Mrs. A. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.

Frank. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that:

'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.

Mrs. A. Then, if you needs will go,
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.

Wen. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—My boots there!

Frank. Fie, fie! that for my private business
I should disease[1] my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole house.—Nick!

Nich. Anon, sir.

Frank. Bring forth my gelding.—As you love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cranwell.

Cran. Sir, God be your speed.

Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss, and part.
Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.
[*Aside and exit.*

Wen. How business, time, and hours, all graeious prove,
And are the furtherers of my new-born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house.—My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Mrs. A. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife.

Cran. Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

Wen. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. [*Exit.*

Wen. How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee let us sup within.

Mrs. A. Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near,
When they, whose clear hearts from offence are free,
Despite report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen. Fie, fie! you talk too like a puritan.

Mrs. A. You have tempted me to mischief, Master Wendoll:
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once over shoes, we are straight o'erhead in sin.

Wen. My jocund soul is joyful beyond measure,
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sisly, Jenkin, *and* Butler.

Jen. My mistress, and Master Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Sisly, you are preferred from being the cook, to be chambermaid: of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?

Sis. Mum: there's an old proverb, When the cat's away, the mouse may play.

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Sisly, I smell a rat.

Sis. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer them.

Jen. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! is there any hurt in this? God send no villany intended; and if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together. God make my mistress chaste, and make us all his servants: what harm is there in all this? Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

Sis. Amen, I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-men.

Serving-man. My mistress sends that you should make less noise; so lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed. You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

Jen. Thus, by little and little, I creep into office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel: 'tis eleven o'clock already.

Serving-man. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Sis. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin, for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both.

Jen. To bed, good Spiggot: to bed, good honest serving creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in peas-straw. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Frankford *and* Nicholas.

Frank. Soft, soft! we have tied our geldings to a tree, two flight shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs they blab our coming Hear'st thou no noise?

Nich. I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is just midnight. Where are my keys?

Nich. Here, sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate,
This is the hall-door, this the withdrawing chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallow'd order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd:
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell;
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.
But I forget myself: now to my gate.

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate,
Or your plot's dash'd.

Frank. So, reach me my dark lantern to the rest.
Tread softly, softly.

Nich. I will walk on eggs, this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
And this is the last door. Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement, play against my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
Oh! keep my eyes, you heavens, before I enter
From any sight that may transfix my soul:
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh! strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,

[1] *disease*—make uneasy, put about.

Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgiu hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder;
And with that prayer I enter. [*Exit.*

Nich. Here's a circumstance! a man may be made a cuckold in the time he's about it. And the case were mine,
As 'tis my master's ('sblood! that he makes me swear),
I would have placed his action, enter'd there;
I would, I would.

Re-enter FRANKFORD.

Frank. Oh! oh!

Nich. Master, 'sblood! Master, master

Frank. Oh, me unhappy!
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. 'Sblood! Master, what, have ye left them sleeping still?
Let me go wake 'em.

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile.—
O God! O God! that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours;
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his couch backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon.[1] God give me patience,
For I will in, and wake them. [*Exit.*

Nich. Here's patience, perforce:
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

Enter WENDOLL, *running over the stage in a night-gown,* FRANKFORD *after him with a sword drawn: the maid in her smock stays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for awhile.*

Frank. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,
Hath stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice.—
Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine.
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas: pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree.

Enter Mistress FRANKFORD *in her smock, night-gown, and night attire.*

Mrs. A. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
(Oh, me, most wretched!) I have lost that name—
I am no more your wife.

[1] *cast beyond the moon*—a proverbial phrase for attempting impossibilities.—NARES.

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, she swoons.

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What wouldst thou speak?

Mrs. A. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold,
More than you can inflict—yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament—even for his sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence,
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave—
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay, rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Mrs. A. I was.

Frank. Was it, then, disability in me;
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Mrs. A. Oh! no.

Frank. Did I not lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Mrs. A. You did.

Frank. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.
Go, bring my infants hither.—

Enter two Children.

Oh, Nan! oh, Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them! lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.
[*Exeunt Children.*

Mrs. A. In this one life, I die ten thousand deaths. [*Kneels.*

Frank. Stand up, stand up. I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.
[*Exit.*

Mrs. A. 'Tis welcome, be it death. Oh, me, base strumpet!
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! Oh! to redeem mine honour,
I would have this hand cut off, these my breasts sear'd;
Be rack'd, strappadoed, put to any torment:
Nay, to wipe but this scandal out, I would hazard

The rich and dear redemption of my soul.
He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
Oh, women, women! you that yet have kept
Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
Make me your instance: when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter SISLY, SPIGGOT, *all the serving-men, and* JENKIN, *as newly come out of bed.*

All. Oh, mistress, mistress! what have you done, mistress?

Nich. What a caterwauling keep you here?

Jen. Oh, Lord! mistress, how comes this to pass? My master has run away in his shirt, and never so much as called me to bring his clothes after him.

Mrs. A. See what guilt is! Here stand I in this place,
Asham'd to look my servants in the face.

Enter Mr. FRANKFORD *and* CRANWELL; *whom seeing*, Mrs. FRANKFORD *falls on her knees.*

Frank. My words are registered in heaven already:
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran. Master Frankford—

Frank. Good Mr. Cranwell.—Woman, hear thy judgment.
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel;
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee everything which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor, seven mile off,
Where live—'tis thine; I freely give it thee.
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours:
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. A. A mild sentence.

Frank. But, as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never, after this sad day,
To see me, or to meet me, or to send,
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends,
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had ne'er seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. A. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Frank. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along;
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *gentleman-like, and his* Sister, *gentlewoman-like.*

Susan. Brother, why have you trick'd me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Sir C. Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;
For if thou shut'st thine eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
Oh, sister!—

Susan. Oh, brother! what doth this strange language mean?

Sir C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a by-word and a scorn?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;
I owe even for the clothes upon my back:
I am not worth—

Sir C. Oh, sister! say not so:
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world.
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are:
And in your power you have, without delay,
Acton's five hundred pounds back to repay.

Susan. Till now I had thought y' had lov'd me.
By my honour
(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And do ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate),
I would redeem it with my life or blood.

Sir C. I challenge it; and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.[1]

Sir C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me:
What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

Susan. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound,
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.

Sir C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:
Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.

Susan. Oh, brother!

Sir C. Oh, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this, my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?

Susan. My honour I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.

Sir C. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.

Susan. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?

Sir C. Neither, sister:
But hear me in my strange assertion.
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burthen, hath surcharg'd me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtless I had died:

[1] *denier*—the twelfth of a sou.

Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What mov'd my foe
To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love:
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love,
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charg'd?
Susan. But that I know
These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate,
Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd honour,
Than to be held ingrate, I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.
Sir C. For this I trick'd you up.
Susan. But here's a knife,
To save mine honour, shall slice out my life.
Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in thy resolution than thy grant.—
Observe her love; to sooth it to my suit,
Her honour she will hazard (though not lose)
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh, wonder! That will choose,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration all his fantasies.

Enter Sir FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

Susan. Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
Tis here shall my imprison'd soul set free.
Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand!
What miracle's afoot?
Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiration.
Sir C. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus attended.
Acton, I owe thee money; and, being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn:
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour
I prize above a million. Here: nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man: do not forsake her.
Sir F. I would he were in earnest.
Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.
Sir F. Stern heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honourable, wrested courtesy?
Lands, honours, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe.
Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death;
Do them at once on her: all these rely
And perish with her spotless chastity.
Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompense.
Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart:
And where before I thought her, for her wants,
Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.
Susan. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.
Sir C. With that enchantment you have charm'd my soul,
And made me rich even in those very words:
I pay no debt, but am indebted more.
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.
Sir F. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state;
Let's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate.
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?
Sir F. Oh, sir! to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's. I lov'd her dearly;
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell: to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,[1]
Nor anything that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.—
Seek round about.
Nich. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.
Frank. Her lute! O God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have run quick division,[2]
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. Oh, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung!—
Post with it after her.—Now nothing's left:
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.
Nich. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message,
And come back again. [*Exit.*
Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,

[1] *rebato wire*—a wire to stiffen or set a rebato, which was the name for a species of ruff worn round the neck. —COLLIER.
[2] *division*, in music, means just time.

I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath pass'd 'twixt you and his sister.
Frank. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Frankford, *with* Jenkin, *her maid* Sisly, *her Coachman, and three Carters.*

Mrs. A. Bid my coach stay. Why should I ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?
A seat like to my fortunes let me have;
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave.
Jen. Comfort, good mistress: you have watered your coach with tears already. You have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old Master Frankford, as he may say by me, that he wants manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now.
Sisly. Good mistress, be of good cheer. Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps you not: we all mourn to see you so sad.
Carter. Mistress, I see some of my landlord's men
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.
Mrs. A. Comes he from Mr. Frankford, he is welcome:
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter Nicholas [*with the lute*].

Nich. There.
Mrs A. I know the lute. Oft have I sung to thee:
We are both out of tune, both out of time.
Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on! My master commends him to ye; there's all he can find that ever was yours. He hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart, and he could afford you that. All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him; and so he bids you farewell.
Mrs. A. I thank him: he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins. My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
[*She plays.*

Enter Wendoll *behind.*

Wen. Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lash'd,
I fly from mine own shadow. Oh, my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd,
That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf, or murm'ring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh, my sad fate!
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
O God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles
That ever liv'd together; and, being divided,
In several places make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them:
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw [down] rivers from their rocky eyes.
Mrs. A. If you return unto your master, say
(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
To blast his name with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead:
Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past),
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.
Nich. I'll say you wept: I'll swear you made me sad.
Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?
I am gone, or I shall straight turn baby too.
Wen. I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.
Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!
Mrs. A. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nich. If I can for crying.
Wen. Grief, have done,
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.
Mrs. A. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth—
A woman made of tears: would you had words
To express but what you see! My inward grief
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.
Nich. I'll do your commendations.
Mrs. A. Oh! no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both; alas! I am.
Oh! never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught: for when that word they name
(Poor, pretty souls!) they harp on their own shame.
Wen. To recompense their wrongs, what canst thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.
Mrs. A. I have no more to say.—Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.
Nich. I'll do't. [*Exit.*
Wen. I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.
Oh! but her wound cannot be cur'd with words.
No matter, though; I'll do my best good will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.
Mrs. A. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life.
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.
Wen. (*coming forward*). Oh, Mrs. Frankford!
Mrs. A. Oh, for God's sake, fly!
The devil doth come to tempt me ere I die.
My coach!—This sin, that with an angel's face
Conjur'd mine honour, till he sought my wrack,
In my repentant eye seems ugly, black.
[*Exeunt all except* Wendoll *and* Jenkin; *the Carters whistling.*

Jen. What! my young master, that fled in his shirt? How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha'

ye not, think you? What! shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?

Wen. Hence, slave! away, with thy unseason'd mirth.
Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
Thou art not for my turn.

Jen. Marry, and you will not, another will: farewell, and be hang'd. Would you had never come to have kept this coil within our doors. We shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. [*Exit.*

Wen. She's gone to death; I live to want and woe:
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where, when I have recover'd, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumours
May in their height abate, I will return:
And I divine (however now dejected),
My worth and parts being by some great man prais'd,
At my return I may in court be rais'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Cranwell, Malby, *and* Susan.

Sir F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities;
But we are now aton'd.[1] I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
As we have ours.

Susan. You tell us, Mr. Cranwell, wondrous things
Touching the patience of that gentleman;
With what strange virtue he demeans his grief.

Cran. I told you what I was a witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Sir F. Oh, that same villain, Wendoll! 'twas his tongue
That did corrupt her: she was of herself
Chaste, and devoted well. Is this the house?

Cran. Yes, sir. I take it, here your sister lies.

Sir F. My brother Frankford show'd too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathed crime.
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed:
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin *and* Sisly.

Jen. Oh, my mistress, mistress! my poor mistress!

Sisly. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir C. Why, what of her?

Jen. O Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends were come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Susan. Alas! that she should bear so hard a fate.
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

[1] *aton'd*—made *at one*, reconciled.

Sir F. Is she so weak in body?

Jen. Oh, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed.*[1]

Mal. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Mrs. A. Sick, sick! oh, sick! give me some air. I pray,
Tell me, oh! tell me, where is Master Frankford?
Will he not deign to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford: divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate:
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs. A. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news.
Raise me a little higher in my bed.—
Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Sir C. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. A. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.—
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.—
Here's Master Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen.
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had He pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground;
But He that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs. A. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.

Frank. How do you, woman?

Mrs. A. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. A. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,

[1] In the simplicity and poverty of our ancient stage, it often happened that a bed was thrust upon the scene, in order that it might represent a sleeping-room instead of a sitting-room. In this instance, Mrs. Frankford was in the bed, when it was brought before the audience.—Collier.

I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh, good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, oh! pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot; but in my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, oh, pardon me!

Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

Nich. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir F. Oh, Master Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee:
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day
When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Sir C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford.
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then, rouse your spirits and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you?

Sir F. How d'ye feel yourself?

Mrs. A. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. A. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free:
Once more thy wife dies thus embracing thee.
[*Dies.*

Frank. New married, and new widow'd.—Oh! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.

Sir C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow
Part equally amongst us: storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Cran. Do, Master Frankford: he that hath least part,
Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.

Sir F. Peace with thee, Nan.—Brothers and gentlemen
(All we that can plead interest in her grief),
Bestow upon her body funeral tears.
Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her heart.

Frank. I see it had not: therefore, on her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd.
In golden letters shall these words be fill'd:
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness kill'd.

EPILOGUE.

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry),
And told them it was pleasant, neat and fine.
'Taste it,' quoth one: he did so; 'Fie!' (quoth he)
'This wine was good; now't runs too near the lee.'

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drank too flat:
The third said, it was old; the fourth, too new;
'Nay,' quoth the fifth, 'the sharpness likes me not.'

Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour,
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude[1] our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You, as our guests we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then: good wine may be disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

[1] *allude*—compare.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

[James Shirley, the last of the 'great race' of what are called the Elizabethan dramatists, was descended from the Shirleys of either Sussex or Warwickshire, and was born in September 1596, in or near the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, London. In October 1608, when twelve years old, he was admitted into Merchant-Taylors' School, where he remained till June 1612, giving diligent attention to his studies. On leaving school he is said to have proceeded to St. John's College, Oxford; the only authority for this assertion being Anthony Wood, who makes the following statement regarding Shirley:—'At the same time,' says Wood, 'Dr. William Laud presiding that house, he had a very great affection for him, especially for the pregnant parts that were visible in him; but then having a broad or large mole upon his left cheek, which some esteemed a deformity, that worthy doctor would often tell him that he was an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him, and should never have his consent so to do.' If Shirley ever was at Oxford, he quitted it without taking his degree, and became a student at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards took his M.A. Notwithstanding the objections of Laud, Shirley, on having completed his course at college, took holy orders, and was appointed to a living at or near St. Alban's, Hertfordshire. Here, however, he remained but a very short time, as soon after, apparently from conscientious and disinterested motives, he became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. Abandoning the clerical profession, he obtained the appointment of Master in the Grammar School of St. Alban's, which he held during the years 1623, 1624, 'which employment also,' says Wood, 'he finding uneasy to him, he retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's Inn, and set up for a play-maker.' There is reason to believe that while still teaching at St. Alban's, his comedy of *Love's Tricks* was performed in London. Shirley appears to have led a steady life, and, according to Wood, gained not only a considerable livelihood from his dramas, but also attracted the attention of 'persons of quality,' especially of Queen Henrietta Maria, 'who made him her servant.' He appears, however, to have been too independent to take proper advantage of these opportunities of advancement. 'I never,' he says in the dedication to *The Maid's Revenge*, 'affected the ways of flattery; some say, I have lost my preferment by not practising that court sin.' Regarding his domestic circumstances, it is only known that he was twice married, and had several children. From the time that he gave up teaching, Shirley continued industriously writing for the stage, his extant works filling six octavo volumes; besides which, a considerable number have been lost. About 1637 he visited Ireland, under the patronage of the Earl of Kildare, and while there brought out on the Dublin stage his drama, *Royal Master*. In 1642 Parliament ordered the suppression of stage-plays, thus cutting off the occupation of Shirley and other dramatists, as well as of the actors. As might be expected, both dramatists and actors, almost to a man, took the side of the king in the important struggle which followed, many of them attaining to a respectable rank in the royal army. 'When the rebellion broke out,' says Wood, 'and Shirley thereupon forced to leave London, and so consequently his wife and children (who afterwards were put to their shifts), he was invited by his most noble patron, William, Earl (afterwards Marquis and Duke) of Newcastle, to take his fortune with him in the wars; for that Count had engaged him so much by his generous liberality towards him, that he thought he could not do a worthier act than to serve him, and so consequently his prince.' After the king's cause had declined, Shirley returned to London,

where he lived in comparative obscurity, resuming his old occupation of teaching, by means of which, and by the publication of some early poems and a few of his dramas, as well as of a grammar and other works, he managed to earn a scanty livelihood. The restoration of Charles II. does not appear to have bettered in any respect the condition of Shirley. 'On the opening of the theatres, which were eagerly attended by the people, several of his pieces were revived with success; but his declared resolution of never again attempting dramatic poetry was not to be shaken. He continued to earn a livelihood by teaching his school; while a degenerate race of playwrights arose, to delight with bombast and obscenity a tasteless and licentious age.'

'At length,' Wood tells us, 'after Mr. Shirley had lived in various conditions, and had seen much of the world, he, with his second wife, Frances, were driven by the dismal conflagration that happened in London, AN. 1666, from their habitation near to Fleet Street, into the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in Middlesex, where being in a manner overcome with affrightments, disconsolations, and other miseries, occasioned by that fire and their losses, they both died within the compass of a natural day; whereupon their bodies were both buried in one grave in the yard belonging to the said church of St. Giles's, on the 29th of October 1666.' At his death Shirley had just entered on his seventy-first year. As we have already said, Shirley seems to have led a comparatively blameless life; 'gentle, modest, and full of sensibility, he seems to have conciliated the affection of all his associates.'

Thirty-three regular dramas written by Shirley are still extant: of these the principal are—*The Brothers* (licensed 1626); *The Wedding* (printed 1629); *The Grateful Servant* (licensed 1629); *The Traitor* (licensed 1631); *The Changes, or Love in a Maze* (licensed 1632); *Hyde Park* (licensed 1632); *The Duke's Mistress* (licensed 1636); *The Humorous Courtier* (published 1640); *The Cardinal* (licensed 1641); *The Sisters* (licensed 1642); *Honoria and Mammon*, and *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the Shield of Achilles* (published 1659).

Notwithstanding Dryden's unscrupulous sneer in his MacFlecknoe at this dramatist, Shirley undoubtedly deserves to rank honourably among his great contemporaries and predecessors. He is certainly superior to Heywood, and in several respects puts one in mind of the grace and ease of Beaumont and Fletcher, as well as of their power of depicting the manners of good society. He also, we are sorry to say, resembles these dramatists in another less commendable point, viz., the obscenity with which their plays are disfigured, although his language is seldom so gross and coarse, and, as compared with many of his immediate successors, is purity itself. 'Though he occasionally,' says Dyce, 'fails in giving vigour and individuality to his characters, the *dramatis personæ* of his best productions are strongly drawn and clearly discriminated. In the extrication of the fable he sometimes betrays carelessness and haste; but his plots are generally conducted with admirable art and judgment. He abounds in brilliant thoughts, in noble and majestic sentiments, yet exhibits little of profound reflection. His imagination seldom takes a lofty flight; he loves to crowd his dramas with events of romantic beauty; but he shows no fondness for the ideal world, its ghosts and magic wonders. His fancy was exuberant. His scenes are rich in delicate imagery and picturesque similes; and even in those plays where character is somewhat faintly delineated, his eloquent and softly-coloured dialogue bestows a charm.' Though he was the last of this 'great race' of Titanic dramatists, he is by no means the least.

We have selected, as being two of his best productions, *The Traitor* and *The Brothers*.

THE TRAITOR:

A TRAGEDY.

ACTED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

WRITTEN BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE.

My Lord,—The honour of your name, and clearness of soul, which want no living monuments in the heart of princes, have already made the title of this poem innocent, though not the author; who confesseth his guilt of a long ambition, by some service to be known to you, and his boldness at last, by this rude attempt to kiss your Lordship's hands.

Fame with one breath hath possessed the world with your Lordship's general knowledge, and excellent nature, both an ornament to your blood, and in both you stand the rare and justified example to our age. To the last these cold papers address themselves, which if (with truce to your richer contemplations) you vouchsafe to read and smile upon, not only they shall receive a life, beyond what the scene exactly gave them in the presentment, rewarded with frequent applause, but your Lordship shall infinitely honour him, whose glory is to be mentioned

The humblest of your Lordship's servants,

James Shirley.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alexander, *Duke of Florence.*
Lorenzo, *his kinsman and favourite.*
Sciarrha, *brother to* Amidea.
Pisano, *lover to* Oriana.
Cosmo, *his friend.*
Florio, Sciarrha's *brother.*
Depazzi, *a creature of* Lorenzo's
Frederico, } *Noblemen.*
Alonzo, }
Petruchio, Pisano's *servant.*
Rogero, *page to* Depazzi.

Gentlemen.
Servants.

Amidea, Sciarrha's *sister.*
Oriana, *beloved of* Pisano (Cosmo's *Mistress*).
Morosa, *her mother.*

Youth.
Lust.
Pleasure.
Death.
Furies.

Scene—*Florence.*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in Pisano's *House.*

Enter Pisano *and* Petruchio.

Pis. Didst bid him come?
Pet. I did.
Pis. Go back again,
And tell him I am gone abroad.
Pet. He's here
Already, sir.

Enter Cosmo.

Pis. Oh, Cosmo!
Cos. Dear Pisano,
That I could let thee nearer into me!
My heart counts this embrace a distance, yet;
Let us incorporate.
Pis. I was wooing, Cosmo,
My man, to tell thee I was gone abroad,
Before thou cam'st.
Cos. How's this? your words and looks
Are strange, and teach me to infer I am
Not welcome; that, on riper counsel, you
Do wish my absence.
Pis. What, for telling truth?
He thus should have but made thee fit to see
Thy friend; thou com'st with expectation
To hear me talk sense, dost not?
Cos. Yes.

Pis. La, now!
And to discourse as I was wont, of state,
Our friendship, or of women? no such matter.
Cos. This is more wild than usual; your language
Is not so clear as it was wont; it carries
Not the same even thread; although some words
May knit, the sense is scatter'd.
Pis. Right, right, Cosmo:
The reason is, I have straggled,
And lost myself, I know not where, in what
Part of the world:—and would not this have shown
As well in him [*points to Pet.*] to have prepar'd thee now?
Cos. What humour's this, Pisano? I am yet
To understand.
Pis. To understand? why, Cosmo,
Had I not changed my dialect and method,
What need this tedious apology?
That's it, I would have had thee know before.
Thou canst not understand me, yet thou hast
A name in Florence, for a ripe young man,
Of nimble apprehension, of a wise
And spreading observation; of whom
Already our old men do prophesy
Good and great things, worthy thy fair dimensions!
Cos. This is an argument above the rest,
Pisano is not well; for, being temperate,
He was not wont to flatter and abuse
His friend.
Pis. Beside, there is another reason,
Thou shouldst discover me at heart, through all
These mists: thou art in love, too, and who cannot,
That feels himself the heat, but shrewdly guess
At every symptom of that wanton fever?—
Oh, Cosmo!
Cos. What misfortune can approach
Your happy love in fairest Amidea?
You have been long contracted, and have pass'd
The tedious hope; Hymen doth only wait
An opportunity to light his torch,
Which will burn glorious at your nuptials:
Let jealous lovers fear, and feel what 'tis
To languish, talk away their blood, and strength,
Question their unkind stars; you have your game
Before you, sir.
Pis. Before me? where? why dost
Thou mock me, Cosmo? she's not here.
Cos. It is
No pilgrimage to travel to her lip.
Pis. 'Tis not for you.
Cos. How, sir; for me? you've no
Suspicion I can be guilty of
A treason to our friendship. Be so just,
If malice have been busy with my fame,
To let me know—
Pis. You hastily interpret.
Thy pardon, I have only err'd, but not
With the least scruple of thy faith and honour
To me. Thou hast a noble soul, and lov'st me
Rather too well; I would thou wert my enemy,
That we had been born in distant climes, and never
Took cement from our sympathies in nature.
Would we had never seen, or known each other!
This may seem strange from him that loves thee, Cosmo,
More precious than his life.
Cos. Love me, and wish
This separation?
Pis. I will give thee proof;
So well I love thee, nothing in the world
Thy soul doth heartily affect, but I
Do love it too: does it not trouble thy
Belief? I wear not my own heart about me,
But thine exchang'd; thy eyes let in my objects;
Thou hear'st for me, talk'st, kissest, and enjoy'st
All my felicities.
Cos. What means this language?
Pis. But what's all this to thee? Go to Oriana,
And bathe thy lips in rosy dew of kisses;
Renew thy eye, that looks as Saturn hung
Upon the lid; take in some golden beam,
She'll dart a thousand at one glance; and if,
At thy return, thou find'st I have a being
In this vain world, I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit.*
Cos. But, sir, you must not part so.
Pet. Not with my good will;
I have no great ambition to be mad.
Cos. Petruchio, let me conjure thee, tell
What weight hangs on thy master's heart? why does he
Appear so full of trouble?
Pet. Do you not guess?
Cos. Point at the cause; I cannot.
Pet. Why, he loves—
Cos. The beauteous Amidea: I know that.
Pet. Some such thing, was; but you are his friend, my lord:
His soul is now devoted to Oriana,
And he will die for her, if this ague hold him.
Cos. Ha!
Pet. Your doublet pinch you, sir; I cannot tell;
But ne'er a woman in the world should make
Me hang myself. It may be, for his honour,
He'll choose another death, he is about one;
For 'tis not possible, without some cure,
He should live long: he has forgot to sleep;
And for his diet, he has not eaten this se'nnight
As much as would choke a sparrow; a fly is
An epicure to him. Good sir, do you counsel him.— [*Exit* COSMO.
So, so, it works;
This was my Lord Lorenzo's plot, and I
Have been his engine in the work, to batter
His love to Amidea, by praising
Oriana to him. He is here. My lord—

Enter LORENZO *attended.*

Lor. Petruchio, where's your lord? how moves the work?
Pet. To your own wish, my lord; he has thrown off
The thought of Amidea, and is mad
For Cosmo's mistress, whom, by your instructions,
I have commended so.
Lor. My witty villain!
Pet. Cosmo is with him, to whom cunningly
I have discovered his disease, and I
Beseech you interrupt them not.
Lor. This may
Have tragical effects, Petruchio:
For Cosmo, we shall prune his fortune thus.
Oriana's wealth would swell him in the state;
He grows too fast already. Be still ours.
Pet. My lord, you bought my life, when you procured
My pardon from the Duke. [*Exit* LORENZO.

Re-enter PISANO *and* COSMO.

Pis. Oh, friend, thou canst not be so merciful,
To give away such happiness: my love
Is, for some sin I have committed, thus
Transplanted. I look'd rather thou shouldst kill me,
Than give away this comfort; 'tis a charity
Will make thee poor, and 'twere a great deal better
That I should languish still, and die.

Cos. While I have art to help thee? Oriana
And I were but in treaty; howsoever,
I were not worthy to be call'd his friend,
Whom I preferr'd not to a mistress. If
You can find dispensation to quit
With Amidea, your first love, be confident
Oriana may be won; and it were necessary
You did prepare the mother; be not modest.
Pis. Each syllable is a blessing—Hark, Petruchio. [*Whispers him.*
Cos. There is an engine levell'd at my fate,
And I must arm. [*Aside.*
Pis. Away! [*Exit* PETRUCHIO.
Cos. This for thy comfort:
Although some compliments have pass'd between
Me and Oriana, I am not warm
Yet in the mother's fancy, whose power may
Assist you much; but lose no time: let's follow.
Pis. Thou miracle of friendship! [*Exeunt.*

ACT I.—SCENE II.

A Room in the DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter DUKE, FREDERICO, FLORIO, and ALONZO.

Duke. Letters to us? from whom?
Alon. Castruchio.
Duke. The exile? whence?
Alon. Sienna, my good lord;
It came enclos'd within my letter, which
Impos'd my care and duty in the swift
Delivery.
[*He delivers letters, which the* DUKE *reads.*
Fred. The duke is pale o' the sudden.
Duke. A palsy does possess me; ha! Lorenzo?
Our cousin the enemy of our life and state!
My bosom kinsman?—Not too loud; the traitor
May hear, and by escape prevent our justice.
[*Aside.*
Flo. What traitor?
Duke. Signior Alonzo, come you hither;
What correspondence maintain you with this
Castruchio?
Alon. None, my lord; but I am happy
In his election, to bring the first
Voice to your safety.
Duke. Most ingrateful man!
Turn rebel! I have worn him in my blood.
Alon. 'Tis time to purge the humour.
Duke. I will do it.—
Our guard!—Were he more precious, had he shared
Our soul, as he but borrows of our flesh,
This action makes him nothing; had I been
In heaven, I could have lent him my eternity.
He turn conspirator? Oh the fate of princes!
But stay, this paper speaks of no particular;
He does not mention what design, what plot.
Alon. More providence is necessary.
Duke. Right,
Right, good Alonzo; thou'rt an honest man,
And lov'st us well. What's to be done?
Alon. 'Tis best
To make his person sure; by this you may
Discover soonest who are of his faction.
Duke. And at our leisure study of his punishment,
Which must exceed death; every common trespass
Is so rewarded: first, apply all tortures
To enforce confession, who are his confederates,
And how they meant to murder us; then some rare
Invention to execute the traitor,
So as he may be half a year in dying,
Will make us famed for justice.

Enter LORENZO *and* DEPAZZI.

Alon. He is here,
Shall we apprehend him?
Lor. Happy morning to
My gracious sovereign!
Duke. Good morrow, coz.—
Can treason couch itself within that frame?—
[*Aside.*
We have letters for you.
[*Gives* LORENZO *the letters.*
Lor. Letters! these, dread sir,
Have no direction to me, your highness
Is only named.
Duke. They will concern your reading.—
Alonzo, now observe and watch him.—Florio,
Depazzi, come you hither; does Lorenzo
Look like a traitor?
Dep. How, sir? a traitor?
Duke. Ay, sir.
Dep. I, sir? by my honour, not I, sir; I defy him that speaks it. I am in a fine pickle.
[*Aside.*
Lor. I have read.
Duke. Not blush? not tremble? read again.
Lor. The substance is, that you maintain
A vigilant eye over Lorenzo, who
Hath threaten'd, with your death, his country's liberty;
And other things, touching reducing of
A commonwealth.[1]
Duke. I like not that. [*Aside.*
Dep. All's out!
A pox upon him for a traitor, he
Has hedged me in; but I'll confess. [*Aside.*
Duke. What answer
Make you to this, Lorenzo?
Lor. This, o' the sudden,
Sir; I must owe the title of a Traitor
To your high favours; envy first conspir'd,
And malice now accuses: but what story
Mention'd his name, that had his prince's bosom,
Without the people's hate? 'tis sin enough,
In some men, to be great; the throng of stars,
The rout and common people of the sky,
Move still another way than the sun does,
That gilds the creature: take your honours back,
And, if you can, that purple of my veins,
Which flows in yours, and you shall leave me in
A state I shall not fear the great one's envy,
Nor common people's rage; and yet, perhaps,
You may be credulous against me.
Duke. Ha!
Alon. The duke is cool.
Duke. Alonzo, look you prove
Lorenzo what you say.
Alon. I say, my lord?
I have discover'd all my knowledge, sir.
Dep. Stand to't.
Lor. With licence of your highness, what
Can you imagine I should gain by treason?
Admit I should be impious, as to kill you—
I am your nearest kinsman, and should forfeit
Both name and future title to the state,
By such a hasty, bloody disposition;
The rabble hate me now, how shall I then
Expect a safety? Is it reformation
Of Florence they accuse me of? suggesting

[1] ——*touching reducing of*
A commonwealth—i.e., bringing back the commonwealth, which had been overthrown by the present duke. It is a Latinism, and is used in this sense by Jonson, and, generally, by our old writers.—GIFFORD.

I disaffect a monarchy, which how
Vain and ridiculous would appear in me,
Your wisdom judge; in you I live and flourish;
What, in your death, can I expect, to equal
The riches I enjoy under your warmth?
Should I, for the aid and talk of a new government,
A commonwealth, lose all my certainties?
And you above them all, whose favours have
Fallen like the dew upon me? have I a soul
To think the guilt of such a murder easy,
Were there no other torments? or can I
Expect the people will reward your murderer
With anything but death? a parricide!

Alon. So, so, the duke's already in his circle. [*Aside.*

Lor. But I am tame, as if I had no sense,
Nor other argument to vindicate
My loyalty, thus poison'd by a paper,
In my eternal fame, and by a slave?
Call to my brow some one that dare accuse me,
Let him have honour, great as mine, to forfeit,
Or, since your grace hath taken me so near
Your own height, that my scale may not expect
Such a proportion'd adversary, yet let him
Have name within his country, and allow him
A soul, 'gainst which I may engage my more
Than equal honour, then I'll praise your justice;
But let him not be one condemn'd already,
A desperate exile.—Is it possible
A treason hatch'd in Florence, 'gainst the duke,
Should have no eyes at home to penetrate
The growing danger, but at Sienna one
Must with a perspective discover all?
Ask this good counsellor, or these gentlemen,
Whose faiths are tried, whose cares are always waking
About your person, how have I appear'd
To them, that thus I should be rendered hateful
To you and my good country? they are virtuous,
And dare not blemish a white faith, accuse
My sound heart of dishonour. Sir, you must
Pardon my bold defence; my virtue bleeds
By your much easiness, and I am compell'd
To break all modest limits, and to waken
Your memory (if it be not too late
To say you have one) with the story of
My fair deservings. Who, sir, overthrew
With his designs, your late ambitious brother,
Hippolito, who, like a meteor, threaten'd
A black and fatal omen?

Duke. 'Twas Lorenzo.

Lor. Be yet as just, and say whose art directed
A countermine to check the pregnant hopes
Of Salviati, who for his cardinal's cap,
In Rome was potent, and here popular?

Duke. None but Lorenzo.

Dep. Admirable traitor! [*Aside.*

Lor. Whose service was commended when the exiles,
One of whose tribe accuseth me, had raised
Commotions in our Florence? When the hinge
Of state [1] did faint under the burthen, and
The people sweat with their own fears, to think
The soldier should inhabit their calm dwellings,
Who then rose up your safety, and crush'd all
Their plots to air?

Duke. Our cousin, dear Lorenzo.

Lor. When he that should reward, forgets the men
That purchas'd his security, 'tis virtue
To boast a merit. With my services
I have not starv'd your treasury; the grand
Captain Gonzales accounted to king Ferdinand
Three hundred thousand crowns, for spies; what bills
Have I brought in for such intelligence?

Dep. I do grow hearty. [*Aside.*

Duke. All thy actions
Stand fresh before us, and confirm thou art
Our best and dearest friend; thus we assure
Our confidence; they love us not that feed
One jealous thought of our dear coz, Lorenzo.
New welcome to us all; for you, Alonzo,
Give o'er your paper kites, learn wit, 'tis time.—

[*Walks aside with Lor.*

Where shall we meet to-night?

Lor. Pardon me, sir;
I am a dangerous man.

Duke. No more of that;
I'll credit my soul with thee.—Shall we revel
This night with Amidea?

Dep. The duke courts him.
Well, go thy ways, for one of the most excellent,
Impudent traitors— [*Aside.*

Duke. Yet a murmuring
Of traitor? we shall sooner suspect him
That thinks Lorenzo guilty.

Dep. I, my lord,
Dare boldly swear, his honour is as free
From any treason, as myself.—
I did prophesy this issue. [*Aside.*

Duke. 'Tis an age
Till night; I long to fold her in my arms.
Prepare Sciarrha; but be very wise
In the discovery, he is all touchwood.

Lor. I know he is her brother; leave the managing
Of things to me.

Duke. Still when we expect
Our bliss, time creeps; but when the happier things
Call to enjoy, each saucy hour hath wings.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in SCIARRHA'S *House.*

Enter SCIARRHA *and* LORENZO.

Sci. My sister! Though he be the duke, he dares not.—
Patience, patience! if there be such a virtue,
I want it, Heaven; yet keep it a little longer,
It were a sin to have it; such an injury
Deserves a wrath next to your own.[1]—My sister!
It has thrown wild-fire in my brain, Lorenzo,
A thousand furies revel in my skull.
Has he not sins enough in's court to damn him,
But my roof must be guilty of new lusts,
And none but Amidea? these the honours
His presence brings our house!

Lor. Temper your rage.

Sci. Are all the brothels rifled? no quaint piece
Left him in Florence, that will meet his hot
And valiant luxury, that we are come to
Supply his blood out of our families?
Diseases gnaw his title off!

Lor. My lord—

Sci. He is no prince of mine; he forfeited
His greatness that black minute he first gave
Consent to my dishonour.

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[1] *hinge of state.* The duke, the person on whom the whole government turned; a forced expression.—GIFFORD.

[1] *Deserves a wrath next to your own* This is not expressed with our author's usual perspicuity; it means, a vengeance next to an affront offered to Heaven.—GIFFORD.

Lor. Then I'm sorry—
Sci. Why should you be sorry, sir?
You say it is my sister he would strumpet,
Mine! Amidea! 'tis a wound you feel not;
But it strikes through and through the poor Sciarrha.
I do not think but all the ashes of
My ancestors do swell in their dark urns,
At this report of Amidea's shame:
It is their cause, as well as mine; and should
Heaven suffer the duke's sin to pass unpunish'd,
Their dust must of necessity conspire
To make an earthquake in the temple.
Lor. Sir,
You said you would hear me out.
Sci. Why, is there more
Behind?
Lor. And greater: master your high blood
Till I conclude, Sciarrha. I accuse not
Your noble anger, which, I have observ'd,
Is not on every cheap and giddy motion
Inflamed; but, sir, be thrifty in your passion,
This is a petty trespass.
Sci. Has mischief any name
Beyond this? will it kill me with the sound?
Lor. My lord, though the dishonouring your sister
Be such a fact the blood of any other
But Alexander could no less than expiate,
Yet this sin stretches further, and involves,
With hers, your greater stain. Did you e'er promise him?—
Yet, why do I make any question?
It were another crime to think Sciarrha
Could entertain a thought so far beneath
His birth.—You stoop to such a horrid baseness!
Then all the virtue of mankind would sicken,
And soon take leave of earth.
Sci. You torture me.
Lor. What then could the duke find, to give him any
Encouragement, you would be guilty of
An act so fatal unto honour? What,
When you were least yourself (as we are all
Frail compositions), did appear so wicked
In you, he should conceive a hope, and flatter
Himself with possibility to corrupt
Your soul to a deed so monstrous?
Sci. To what?
Lor. Though all the teeming glories of his dukedom,
Nay, Florence' state, offer'd itself a bribe,
And tempted the betraying of your name
To infamy, yet to imagine you
Would turn officious pander to his lust!
'Tis horrid, affrights nature; I grow stiff
With the imagination.
Sci. Ha!
Lor. Yet this
Was his command I should impose.
Sci. Lorenzo,
I do want breath; my voice is ravish'd from me;
I am not what I was; or—if I be
Sciarrha thou hast talk'd to all this while,
Look heedfully about me, and thou mayst
Discover, through some cranny of my flesh,
A fire within; my soul is but one flame,
Extended to all parts of this frail building.
I shall turn ashes, I begin to shrink;—
Is not already my complexion alter'd?
Does not my face look parch'd, and my skin gather
Into a heap? my breath is hot enough
To thaw the Alps.
Lor. Your fancy would transport you.
Sci. It is my rage; but let it cool, [Lorenzo],
And then we'll talk of something, something, sir,
Shall be to purpose.
Lor. Now the flame is mounted,
My lord, I have given proof, although he be
My duke, and kinsman, I abhor his vices,
Howe'er the world, without examination,
Shoot their malicious noise, and stain my actions:
'Tis policy in princes to create
A favourite, who must bear all the guilt
Of things ill managed in the state; if any
Design be happy, 'tis the prince's own.
Heaven knows how I have counsell'd this young man,
By virtue to prevent his fate; and govern
With modesty: Oh the religious days
Of commonwealths! we have outlived that blessing.
Sci. But I have thought a cure for this great state
Imposthume.
Lor. What?
Sci. To lance it; is't not ripe?
Let us draw cuts, whether your hand or mine
Shall do an act for Florence' liberty,
And send this tyrant to another world.
Lor. How! I draw cuts?
Sci. Coy it not thus, Lorenzo,
But answer: by your name and birth, you are
His kinsman, we all know it; that you dwell
In's bosom, great in favour as in blood,
We know that too; and, let me tell you more,
We know you but disguise your heart, and wish
Florence would change her title.
Lor. How is this?
Sci. We know you have firm correspondence with
The banish'd men, whose desperate fortunes wait
Your call to tumult in our streets; all this,
Not to feed your ambition with a dukedom,
By the remove of Alexander, but
To serve your country, and create their peace
Who groan under the tyranny of a proud,
Lascivious monarch.—Is't not true, Lorenzo?
My phrase is blunt, my lord.
Lor. My genius
And thine are friends; I see they have convers'd,
And I applaud the wisdom of my stars,
That made me for his friendship who preserves
The same religious fire. I will confess,
When Alexander left his piety
To Florence, I placed him beneath my country,
As we should all; but we have lost our souls,
Or changed our active spirits, for a dull
And lazy sufferance; let this secret be
An argument, how much I dare repose
Upon Sciarrha's honour; virtue witness,
I choose no other destiny: command
Lorenzo's fate, dissolve me with your breath;
I'll ever live, in your exchange of faith,
A patriot, or die my country's martyr.
Sci. Thou hast a fire beyond Prometheus',
To quicken earth; thy flame is but a prophecy
Of that high pyramid the world shall build
To thy immortal name: it was the glory
Of Romans to prefer their empire's safety
To their own lives; they were but men like us,
And of the same ingredients, our souls
Create of no inferior substance; ha?—
Lor. Heaven knows, I've no particular design
To leap into a throne; I will disclaim
The privilege of blood; let me advance
Our liberty, restore the ancient laws
Of the republic, rescue from the jaws
Of lust your mothers, wives, your daughters, sisters—
Sci. Sisters!
Lor. From horrid rape—'las, Amidea!

Sci. I am resolv'd; by all that's blest, he dies.
Return my willingness to be his pander,
My sister's readiness to meet his dalliance;
His promises have bought our shame:—he dies;
The roof he would dishonour with his lust
Shall be his tomb; bid him be confident;
Conduct him, good Lorenzo, I'll dispose
My house for this great scene of death.
Lor. Be constant. [*Exit.*

Enter FLORIO *and* AMIDEA.

Flo. Now, brother, what news brings the great Lorenzo?
Sci. Let me have truce, vexation, for some minutes.— [*Aside.*
What news? preferments, honours, offices.—
Sister, you must to court.
Ami. Who, I to court?
Sci. Or else the court will come to you. The duke
Hath sent already for us, Amidea:
Oh that I knew what happy stars did govern
At thy nativity! It were no sin
To adore their influence.
Ami. What means my brother?
Flo. He is transported.
Ami. I shall suspect your health.
Sci. I easily could forget I am Sciarrha,
And fall in love myself.—Is she not fair,
Exceeding beautiful, and tempting, Florio?
Look on her well, methinks I could turn poet,
And make her a more excellent piece than heaven.
Let not fond men hereafter commend what
They most admire, by fetching from the stars,
Or flowers, their glory of similitude,
But from thyself the rule to know all beauty;
And he that shall arrive at so much boldness,
To say his mistress' eyes, or voice, or breath,
Are half so bright, so clear, so sweet as thine,
Hath told the world enough of miracle.
These are the duke's own raptures, Amidea;
His own poetic flames; an argument
He loves my sister.
Ami. Love me?
Sci. Infinitely.
I am in earnest; he employ'd Lorenzo,
No meaner person, in this embassy;
You must to court. Oh happiness!
Ami. For what?
Sci. What do great ladies do at court, I pray?
Enjoy the pleasures of the world, dance, kiss
The amorous lords, and change court breath; sing; lose
Relief of other heaven; tell wanton dreams,
Rehearse their sprightly bed-scenes, and boast which
Hath most idolaters; accuse all faces
That trust to the simplicity of nature,
Talk witty blasphemy,
Discourse their gaudy wardrobes, plot new pride,
Jest upon courtiers' legs, laugh at the wagging
Of their own feathers, and a thousand more
Delights, which private ladies never think of.
But above all, and wherein thou shalt make
All other beauties envy thee, the duke,
The duke himself shall call thee his, and single
From the fair troop thy person forth, to exchange
Embraces with, lay siege to these soft lips,
And not remove, till he hath suck'd thy heart,
Which soon dissolv'd with thy sweet breath, shall be
Made part of his, at the same instant he
Conveying a new soul into thy breast
With a creating kiss.
Ami. You make me wonder;
Pray speak, that I may understand.
Sci. Why will you
Appear so ignorant? I speak the dialect
Of Florence to you. Come, I find your cunning;
The news doth please, the rolling of your eye
Betrays you, and I see a guilty blush
Through this white veil, upon your cheek; you would
Have it confirm'd; you shall; the duke himself
Shall swear he loves you.
Ami. Love me! why?
Sci. To court,
And ask him; be not you too peevish now,
And hinder all our fortune: I have promis'd him,
To move you for his armful, as I am
Sciarrha, and your brother; more, I have sent
Word to him by Lorenzo, that you should
Meet his high flame; in plain Italian,
Love him, and—
Ami. What, for Heaven! be the duke's ——?
Sci. No, no, his mistress; command him, make us.
Ami. Give up my virgin honour to his lust?
Sci. You may give it a better name; but do it.
Ami. I do mistake you, brother, do I not?
Sci. No, no, my meaning is so broad, you cannot.
Ami. I would I did then. Is't not possible
That this should be a dream? where did you drop
Your virtue, sir?—Florio, why move you not?
Why are you slow to tell this man,—for sure
'Tis not Sciarrha,—he hath talk'd so ill,
And so much, that we may have cause to fear,
The air about's infected?
Flo. Are not you
My brother?
Sci. Be not you a fool, to move
These empty questions, but join to make her
Supple and pliant for the duke. I hope
We are not the first have been advanced by a wagtail:
No matter for the talk of musty people,
Look up to the reward; thou art young, and skill'd
In these court temptings, naturally soft,
And moving, I am rough-hewn; assist, wilt,
With some quaint charm, to win her to this game?
Flo. My sister?
Sci. Ay, ay.
Ami. Come not near him, Florio,
'Tis not Sciarrha; sure, my brother's nurse
Play'd the impostor, and with some base issue
Cheated our house.
Sci. Gipsy, use better language,
Or I'll forget your sex.
Flo. Offer to touch her
With any rudeness, and by all that's virtuous—
Sci. Why, how now, boy?
Flo. I do not fear your sword. [*Draws.*
This, with my youth and innocence, is more
Defence than all thy armoury; what devil
Has crept into thy soul?
Sci. You will not help?[1]
Flo. I'll never kill thee.
Sci. 'Tis very well.
Have you consider'd better o' the motion.
Ami. Yes.

[1] Sci. *You will not help?—i.e.*, you will not then assist me in persuading Amidea to yield to the duke?—I do not, however, quite see the purport of Florio's answer; and suspect an error of the press: 'Ill *never* kill thee,' should probably be, 'Ill *rather* kill thee;' to which Sciarrha's "'Tis very well," forms an apt reply.—GIFFORD.

Sci. And what is your resolve?
Ami. To have my name
Stand in the ivory register of virgins
When I am dead. Before one factious thought
Should lurk within me to betray my fame
To such a blot, my hands shall mutiny,
And boldly with a poniard teach my heart
To weep out a repentance.
Sci. Let me kiss thee,
My excellent, chaste sister.—Florio,
Thou hast my soul; I did but try your virtues.
'Tis truth, the duke does love thee, viciously,
Let him, let him! he comes to be our guest;
This night he means to revel at our house,—
The Tarquin shall be entertain'd; he shall.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, Pisano is come. [*Exit.*
Sci. I had forgot his promise. Look up, sister,
And shine with thine own smiles; Pisano's come,
Pisano, thy contracted, honour'd friend;
A gentleman so rich in hopes, we shall
Be happy in's alliance.

Enter PISANO, COSMO, *and* FREDERICO.

Welcome all,
But you above the rest, my brother shortly.
Sister, and Florio, entertain your noble
Friends; some few minutes I am absent. We
Must not forget prepare for the duke's coming;
I'll soon return. [*Exit.*
Ami. You are not cheerful, sir;
How is't, my lord? you were not wont to look
So sad when you came hither.
Pis. I am not well, Amidea.
Ami. Oh my heart!
Pis. Be you
Comforted, lady; let all griefs repair
To this, their proper centre.
[*Lays his hand on his breast.*
Flo. Sir, how fare you?
Pis. Alter'd of late a little.
Fred. Virtuous lady,
I cannot choose but pity her, and accuse
Pisano's levity. [*Aside.*
Pis. Would he were come back!
I might have finish'd ere he went, and not
Delay'd his business much; two or three words,
And I had despatch'd.
Ami. How, sir? your language is
Another than you used to speak; you look not
With the same brow upon me.
Cos. 'Las! sweet lady.—
But who shall accuse me? [*Aside.*
Pis. We shall expect too long. Lady, I am come
To render all my interest in your love,
And to demand myself again; live happier
In other choice, fair Amidea, 'tis
Some shame to say my heart's revolted.
Ami. Ha!
Pis. Here's witness, all is cancell'd betwixt us;
Nay, an you weep—Farewell!
Ami. He's gone!
Flo. I am amazed.
Pis. Now lead me to my blessing.
[*Exeunt* PIS. COR. *and* FRED.
Flo. Shall a long suit and speeding in his love,
With the world's notice, and a general fame
Of contract too, just in the instant, when
A marriage is expected, be broke off
With infamy to our house?
Ami. Brother, if ever
You loved poor Amidea, let not this
Arrive Sciarrha's ear, there's danger in
His knowledge of it; this may be a trial
Of my affection.
Flo. A trial, no, it show'd
Too like a truth.
Ami. My tears entreat your silence.
Flo. You have power to command it; dry your eyes then,
He is return'd.

Re-enter SCIARRHA.

Sci. How now!
Weeping? Where is Pisano, and his friends?
Flo. They're gone, sir.
Sci. Ha!
Ami. Guess by my eyes you may,
Something of sorrow hath befallen; no sooner
You were departed, but some strange distemper
Invaded him; we might discern a change
In's countenance, and though we pray'd him to
Repose with us, he would straight back again;
So, with Frederico,
And Signior Cosmo, he return'd.
Flo. The alteration was strange and sudden.
Sci. 'Las! noble gentleman—but come, clear up
Your face again, we hope it will not last:
Look bright again, I say, I have given order—

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My lord, the duke's already come.
[*Exit.*
Sci. Remove,
Good Amidea, and reserve thy person
To crown his entertainment; be not seen yet.
[*Exit* AMIDEA.

Enter DUKE, LORENZO, ALONZO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Sciarrha, we are come to be your guest.
Sci. Your highness doth an honour to our house.
Duke. But where's thy sister? she must bid us welcome.
Sci. She is your grace's handmaid.
Duke. For this night,
Let the whole world conspire to our delight.
Lorenzo— [*Whispers him.*
Lor. Sir, be confident—and perish. [*Aside.*

ACT II.—SCENE II.

The Garden of MOROSA'S *House.*

Enter MOROSA, ORIANA, *and* Servant.

Mor. You should not rashly give away your heart,
Nor must you, without me, dispose yourself.—
Pray give access to none—yet, if Pisano
Inquire, direct him to the garden.
[*Exit* Servant.
Cosmo
Is young, and promising, but, while Lorenzo
Lives, must expect no sunshine.

Re-enter Servant *with* PISANO *and* COSMO.

Pis. There's for thy pains.—
[*Exit* Servant.
They are now at opportunity.
Cos. My lord,
Do you prepare the mother, and let me close
With Oriana.
Pis. What service can reward thee?
Cos. Take occasion
To leave us private; this hour be propitious!
Win but the matron to you.
Pis. She is prepar'd already.

Cos. Lose no time,
Take the other walk.
[*Exeunt* PISANO *and* MOROSA.
Ori. My dear Cosmo.
Cos. My best Oriana.
Ori. You have been too much absent, I must chide you.
Cos. You cannot, sweet; I would I knew which way
To make thee angry; yes, that I might see
How well it would become thee. I do fear
Thou art some angel, and that sin would be
An argument to me, that thou wert mortal;
I must suspect thy too much goodness else,
And leave thee for the fellowship of saints,
I am too wicked.
Ori. You will make me angry.
Cos. But you will love me still, I fear.
Ori. Do you fear it?
Is't a misfortune?
Cos. What?
Ori. My love.
Cos. Your anger;
And yet the t'other oftentimes may carry
An evil with it; we may love too well,
And that's a fault.
Ori. Not where the object's good.
Cos. Oh yes: always beware of the extremes.
Ori. What mean you? I affect none but my Cosmo.
Nor him with too much flame.
Cos. If you should, lady,
'Twere nobly done.
Ori. To love another?
Cos. Yes,
If there be cause, that may be call'd a virtue:
For what have I to engross the affection
Of any lady, if she can discern
A greater merit in some other man?
Wisdom forbid, but she command her smiles,
To warm and cherish him.
Ori. So we should be
Inconstant.
Cos. Why not? if our reason be
Convinced, that's no such fault, as the world goes.
Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same; the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence; the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes:
Our constitutions vary; herbs and trees
Admit their frosts and summer; and why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtle than the spirits in our blood,
Be such stay'd things within us, and not share
Their natural liberty? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us?
Ori. What?
Cos. Our loves.
Ori. Have you suspicion I am changed, and thus
Would school me for it? or shall I imagine
That you are alter'd?
Cos. Yes, I am, and therefore
Proclaim thy freedom; I do love thee less,
To show I love thee more.
Ori. What riddle's this?
Cos. I will explain. Upon maturity
Of counsel, Oriana, I have found
I am not worthy of thee, therefore come
To make thee satisfaction for my sin
Of loving thee, by pointing out a way,
And person, will become thy affection better.
Ori. You have a pretty humour.
Cos. What dost think
Of brave Pisano? shall his merit plead
Succession in thy chaste thoughts?
Ori. I do know him.
Cos. Thou canst not choose, and I could study none
Worthy thy love but him.
Ori. 'Tis very likely
You would resign then?
Cos. Ay, to honour thee;
His service will deserve thee at the best
And richest value.
Ori. Why, it shall be so.
Cos. Nay, but be serious, and declare me happy,
That I may say, I have made thee just amends,
[And] I will thank thee.
Ori. Why, sir, I do love him.
Cos. Oh, when did Cupid aim that golden shaft?
But dost thou love him perfectly, with a
Desire, when sacred rites of marriage
Are past, to meet him in thy bed, and call him
Thy husband?
Ori. Why, sir, did you ever think
I was so taken with your worth and person,
I could not love another lord as well?
By your favour, there be many as proper men,
And as deserving; you may save your plea,
And be assured I need no lesson to
Direct my fancy. I did love Pisano
Before, but for your sake I mean to place him
A great deal nearer.—Sure he does but jest.
[*Aside.*
You did love me.
Cos. Now, by my heart, I love thee.
This act shall crown our story, Oriana,
Thou dost not know how much thou honourest me,
For he's not in the common list of friends,
And he does love thee past imagination.
Next his religion he has placed the thought
Of Oriana, he sleeps nothing else,
And I shall wake him into heaven, to say
Thou hast consented to be his.
Ori. Pray tell me,
But truly, I beseech you; do you wish
Pisano mine indeed? [or] are you jealous,
And name him to accuse me?
Cos. Not, by goodness;
But if there be a charm beyond thy innocence,
By that I would conjure thee, Oriana,
Love him, and make three happy; it shall be
My bliss to call you his, let me but own
A servant in your memory.
Ori. Unkind
And cruel Cosmo! dost thou think it possible
I can love any but thyself? thou wilt
Undo my heart for ever.

Re-enter PISANO *and* MOROSA.

Mor. You shall be
Ever most welcome; if I be her mother,
She must declare obedience.—Oriana—
Cos. Go cheerfully, thy mother calls to him
Whose orator I have been.—'Las, poor lady!
I half repent me, since she is so constant:
But a friend's life weighs down all other love;
Beside, I thus secure my fate; Lorenzo
Threatens my spring, he is my enemy. [*Aside.*
Ori. You'll not compel affection?
Pis. No, but court it;
With honour, and religion, thus invite it.
Mor. I shall forget the nature of a parent,
Unless you show more softness and regard
To what is urg'd. What promise could you make
To Cosmo without me? or, if you had—

Cos. Here Cosmo doth give up all title to it;
I have no part in Oriana now.
Ori. I've heard too much; do with me what you please,
I am all passive, nothing of myself,
But an obedience to unhappiness. [*Exit.*
Cos. Follow her, Pisano.
Pis. Thou art all friendship.
Cos. Trace their warm steps, virgins' resolves are weak.
Leave not her eyes until you see day break.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Room in DEPAZZI'S *House.*

Enter DEPAZZI *and* ROGERO.

Dep. Rogero!
Rog. My lord.
Dep. Make fast the chamber door, stifle the key-hole and the crannies, I must discourse of secret matters; dost thou smell nothing, Rogero? Ha?
Rog. Smell? not anything, my lord, to offend my nostril.
Dep. Come hither; what do the people talk abroad of me? Answer me justly, and to the point; what do they say?
Rog. Faith, my lord, they say that you are—
Dep. They lie, I am not; they are a lousy, impudent multitude; a many-headed, and many-horned generation, to say that I am—
Rog. A noble gentleman, a just and discreet lord, and one that deserved to have his honours without money.
Dep. Oh, is that it? I thought the rabble would have said, I had been a traitor. I am half mad, certainly, ever since I consented to Lorenzo; 'tis a very hard condition, that a man must lose his head to recompense the procuring of his honours. What if I discover him to the duke? Ten to one, if Lorenzo come but to speak, his grace will not have the grace to believe me, and then I run the hazard to be thrown out of all on t'other side. 'Tis safest to be a traitor. [*Aside.*]—Hum, who is that you whispered to?
Rog. I whisper?
Dep. Marry did you, sirrah.
Rog. Not I, good faith, my lord.
Dep. Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah, I smell a rat behind the hangings. [*Takes up the hangings.*]—Here's nobody. Ha? Are there no trunks[1] to convey secret voices?
Rog. Your lordship has a pair on.
Dep. I do not like that face in the arras; on my conscience he points at me. 'Pox upon this treason, I have no stomach to't. I do see myself upon a scaffold, making a pitiful speech already. I shall have my head cut off. Seven years ago I laid my head upon a wager, I remember, and lost it; let me see,—it shall be so, 'tis good policy to be armed. [*Aside.*]—Rogero, imagine I were a traitor.
Rog. How, sir?
Dep. I but say *imagine;* we may put the case; and that I were apprehended for a traitor.
Rog. Heaven defend![2]
Dep. Heaven has something else to do, than to defend traitors. I say, imagine I were brought to the bar.
Rog. Good, my lord! you brought to the bar?
Dep. I will beat you, if you will not imagine, at my bidding. I say, suppose I now were at the bar, to answer for my life.
Rog. Well, sir.
Dep. Well, sir? that's as it happens; you must imagine I will answer the best I can for myself. Conceive, I pr'ythee, that these chairs were judges, most grave and venerable beards and faces, at my arraignment, and that thyself wert, in the name of the duke and state, to accuse me, what couldst thou say to me?
Rog. I accuse your good honour? For what, I beseech you?
Dep. For high treason, you blockhead.
Rog. I must be acquainted with some particulars first.
Dep. Mass, thou sayest right. Why, imagine,—do you hear? you must but imagine,—that some great man had a conspiracy against the duke's person, and that I, being an honest lord, and one of this great man's friends, had been drawn in, for that's the plain truth on't; 'twas against my will, but that's all one. Well, thou understand'st me; show thy wit, Rogero, scratch thy nimble pericranium, and thunder out my accusation *ex tempore.* Here I stand, Signior Depazzi, ready to answer the indictment.
Rog. Good, my lord, it will not become me, being your humble servant.
Dep. Humble coxcomb! is it not for my good? I say, accuse me, bring it home, jerk me soundly to the quick, Rogero; tickle me, as thou lov'st thy lord; I do defy thee, spare me not, and the devil take thee if thou be'st not malicious.
Rog. Why then have at you. [1][First, Signior Depazzi, thou art indicted of high treason; hold up thy hand: Guilty, or not guilty?]
Dep. Very good.
Rog. Nay, very bad, sir:—[Answer, I say; guilty, or not guilty?]
Dep. [Not guilty.]
Rog. ['Tis your best course to say so:]—well, imagine I rise up the duke's most learned in the laws, and his nimble-tongued orator; have at you, signior.
Dep. Come, come on, sir, here I stand.
Rog. [I will prove thou liest in thy throat, if thou deniest thy treason, and so I address myself to the most understanding seats of justice.—Most wise, most honourable, and most incorrupt judges, sleep not, I beseech you; my place hath called me to plead, in the behalf of my prince and country, against this notable, this pernicious, and impudent traitor, who hath plotted and contrived such high, heinous, and horrible treasons, as no age nor history hath ever mentioned the like. Here he stands, whose birth I will not touch, because it is altogether unknown who begot him. He was brought up among the small wares in the city, became rich by sinister and indirect practices, married a merchant's wife at adventures, and was soon after advanced to be a head officer.]
Dep. Why, you rascal!
Rog. [Peace, sirrah, peace! Nay, your lordships shall find him very audacious. This fellow, not content to have his branches spread within the city—I speak it to his face, let him deny it—was afterward, by the corruption of his confederate, and the mere grace of his highness, raised to honour, received infinite favours from his prince of blessed memory, yet, like a wretch, a

[1] *trunks—i.e.* tubes. Rogero's reply is a pun on this word, and the name of the large breeches, or *trunk*-hose, worn in Shirley's time.—GIFFORD.

[2] *defend—i.e.* forbid. Depazzi uses the word in its modern sense.—GIFFORD.

[1] [The language of the mock-trial is enclosed within brackets.]

villain, a viper, a rat of Nilus, he hath practised treasons against the sacred person of the duke, for which he deserveth not only to die, but also to suffer tortures, whips, racks, strapadoes, wheels, and all the fiery brazen bulls that can be invented, as I shall make it appear to this honourable and illustrious court.]

Dep. This rogue's transported.

Rog. [With all my heart; I obey your lordships:—thus then I pass from these circumstances, and proceed to the principal villanies that we have to lay to his charge. *Imprimis*, thou, Signior Depazzi, didst offer to a groom one hundred crowns to poison his highness' hunting-saddle.]

Dep. [Did I?]

Rog. [Do not interrupt me, varlet; I will prove it;—his hunting-saddle, and woe shall be unto thy breech therefore; and finding this serpentive treason broken in the shell,—do but lend your reverend ears to his next designs—I will cut them off presently,—this irreligious, nay, atheistical traitor, did with his own hands poison the duke's prayer-book; oh, impiety! and had his highness, as in former times he accustomed, but prayed once in a month, which, by special grace, he omitted, how fatal had it been to Florence! but as by justice his excellence did then, and by his own want of devotion, prevent this assassinate's purpose, so we hope, in his own discretion, and the counsel of his state, he will take heed how he prays hereafter while he lives, to which every true subject will say, Amen.]

Dep. [May it please your honours—]

Rog. [Thou impudent, brazen-faced traitor, wilt thou deny it? Moreover, an't like your good lordships, he hath for this fortnight or three weeks before his apprehension, walked up and down the court with a case of pistols charged, wherewith, as he partly confessed, he intended to send the duke to heaven with a powder!]

Dep. This rogue will undo the devil at invention.—[May it please this honourable—]

Rog. [These are but sprinklings of his treason.]

Dep. Will you justify this?· Did I any of these things, you tadpole?

Rog. Hold yourself contented, my lord; he that is brought to the bar in case of treason, must look to have more objected than he can answer, or any man is able to justify.

Dep. [I confess, an't please your good lordships—]

Rog. [Mark, he will confess—]

Dep. That's the way to be sent of a headless errand:—[Indeed I confess that I never intended any treason to his highness, nor ever sought the prince's life; true it is, that I heard of a conspiracy.]

Rog. [That, that, my lords, hath overthrown him. He saith he never sought the prince's life, *ergo*, he sought his death. Besides, he hath heard of treason; now, he that heareth and discovereth not, is equally guilty in fact: for in offences of this nature there are no accessaries, *ergo*, he is a principal, and being a principal traitor, he deserveth condemnation.]

Dep. [Shall I not speak?]

Rog. [No; traitors must not be suffered to speak, for when they have leave, they have liberty, and he that is a traitor deserveth to be close prisoner.]

Dep. [All that this fellow hath uttered is false and forged, abominable lies.]

Rog. [I will speak truth, and I will be heard, and no man else, in this place.]

Dep. [I never dreamt of a hunting-saddle, nor never had so much as a thought of any prayer-book.]

Rog. [You sit here to do justice; I speak for the duke, and the safety of the commonwealth.]

Dep. [As for pistols, 'tis well known I could never endure the report of them. I defy powder and shot as I do him that accuseth me.]

Rog. [I defy all the world that will hear a traitor speak for himself; 'tis against the law, which provides that no man shall defend treason, and he that speaks for himself, being a traitor, doth defend his treason. Thou art a capital obstreperous malefactor.]

Dep. Thou art a madman.

Rog. Go to, you have played the fool too much.

Dep. Thou continual motion cease; a pox upon thee, hold thy tongue.

Rog. The pox will not serve your turn.

Dep. Why then, this shall. [*Beats him.*

Rog. Hold, hold, good my lord, I am sensible; I have done, imagine I have done; I but obeyed your lordship, whose baton I find stronger than my imagination. My lord, you will answer this, to strike in the court thus?

Dep. I am as weary—hark, Rogero [*knocking within*]—one knocks. See, see; there's to make thee amends [*gives him money.*]; see, good Rogero, and say nothing. [*Exit* ROGERO.] Pray heaven it be no pursuivant.

Re-enter ROGERO *with* PETRUCHIO *bearing a letter.*

Rog. Petruchio, my Lord Pisano's secretary.

Dep. But Lorenzo's engine,[1] a very knave. [*Aside.*

Pet. My very good lord. [*Gives him the letter.*

Dep. What's here? It can be no goodness. [*Reads aside.*] *My lord, I would not have you go to bed to-night*—he will not let me sleep now, I dreamt as much;—*something will be done to give Florence liberty. In the depth of night you may cunningly disperse some rumours in the city, that the duke is dead; the people must be distracted; in the common fright be not you wanting in your person to assist their fears, and speak well of*—LORENZO. Speak well of the devil.—My humble service to your lord, and say he has power to command me in all things.

Pet. My very good lord.

Dep. No matter an you were both hang'd. [*Aside.*]—Rogero, show him the wine cellar. [*Exeunt* ROGERO *and* PETRUCHIO.]—Let me see, I must report the duke's death; I cannot abide this word *death;* yet he desires me but to report it. Hum, if it be false, why, so much the better; there will be the less harm in it: if it should prove true, they will believe me another time. Well, I will drink myself half drunk, and be fortified. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in SCIARRHA'S *House. Preparations for a Masque.*

Enter DUKE, AMIDEA, LORENZO, SCIARRHA, FLORIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Sciarrha, you exceed in entertainment; Banquet our eyes too?

Lor. He will feast all senses.

Sci. Only a toy, my lord; I cannot call't
A masque, nor worthy of this presence, yet
It speaks the freedom of my heart, and gratitude
For this great honour.

Duke. Amidea must
Sit near us.

[1] *engine*—tool.

Sci. Lords, your places; 'twill not be
Worth half this ceremony.—Let them begin.

Enter Lust *richly apparelled, the* Pleasures *attending.*

Duke. Who's the presenter?
Sci. Lust, sir; pray observe.
Lust. *Now let Lust possess the throne*
Of Love, and rule in hearts alone:
You sweet tempters to my sin,
Beauty, smiles, and kisses win
Upon frail mortals, let them know
There is no happiness, but you.
Shoot no arrows tipp'd with lead,
Each shaft have his golden head.[1]
Call no love, delude men still,
Through the flesh their spirits kill;
Nor spend all your art to take
Common persons; greatness make,
By your potent charms, to be
Subjects unto hell and me:
Inflame but kings with loose desire,
You soon set all the world on fire.

Enter a young Man *richly habited, and crowned.*

Duke. What's he?
Sci. A wild young man that follows Lust;
He has too much blood, it seems.
Duke. Why looks he back?
Sci. There is a thing call'd Death, that follows him;
With a large train of Furies; but the Sirens
Of Lust make him secure, and now the hag
Embraces him, and circles him with pleasures;
The harpies mean to dance too.—[*Here Lust, the Pleasures, and the young Man join in a Dance.*]—Hang his conscience!
It whines too much.
Lor. This is too plain. [*Aside.*
Sci. He does not tremble yet.—
By and by, sir, you shall see all his tormentors
Join with them; there's the sport on't.
Lor. Methinks they
Should have been first, for th' antimasque.[2]
Sci. Oh no!
In hell they do not stand upon the method,
As we at court; the grand[3] masque and the
Begin the revels.— [glory

Enter Death.

Sister, you do ill
To keep the duke in talk; he cannot see
The devil for you, and the whips: does not
That death's head look most temptingly? the
Have kiss'd the lips off. [worms

Enter Furies, *who join in the dance, and in the end carry the young Man away. The rest flee in confusion.*

How does your highness like this dance?
Duke. My eyes so feasted here, I did not mark it,
But I presume 'twas handsome.
Sci. Oh the lethargy
Of princes!—We have kept you, sir, from bed.—
More lights.

Duke. Good night to all; to you the best:—
Sciarrha, bind us ever by performance.
Sci. We are all yours.
Duke. And Florence thine. Once more—
Brightest of ladies.
Lor. You are firm? [*Aside to* Sci.
Sci. Suspect not.
[*Exeunt all but* Ami. *and* Flo.

Flo. I do not like my brother's moral masque;
The duke himself was personated: I
Wonder it did not startle him.
Ami. I hope
Sciarrha does not mean so ill as that
Did promise. He's return'd; his looks are full

Re-enter Sciarrha.

Of threat'ning.
Sci. Amidea, go not to bed;
And yet no matter; I can do't alone.
Take both your rest, and in your prayers commend
The duke to heaven, 'tis charity; [he] has made
His will already, and bequeath'd his body
To you, sister; pity his soul, for 'tis now
Within few minutes of departing.
Ami. How?
Sci. Wh, this way [*showing a poniard.*]—I must help him in his groans,
To bring his flesh a-bed.
Ami. You will not kill him?
Sci. I am not of your mind.
Ami. I know you cannot.
Sci. You are not studied so perfect in
His destiny, I hope; I will endeavour—
Ami. To kill your prince?
Flo. What, here?
Sci. No, in his chamber.
Ami. Shall it be read in stories of our Florence,
Sciarrha first did stain his family
With such a treason?
Flo. Was he not invited?
Sci. Yes, by his lust.
Flo. And in your crowned tables,
And hospitality, will you murder him?
Sci. Yes, and the reason wherefore he was murder'd,
Shall justify the deed to all posterity;
He came to wrong my sister.
Flo. Wanton heat;
Let youthful blood excuse him.
Sci. So it must.
Flo. Mistake me not; oh, think but who he is,
The duke: that word must needs awake your piety.
Ami. How will good men in this remembrance
Abhor your cruelty, that send to hell
One with the weight of all his sins upon him!
Sci. It is too late to cool with argument
My incensed blood. Will you go dally with him,
And let him board your pinnace? I have gone
So far in promise, if you clasp not with him,
It will be dangerous if he outlive
This night.
Ami. I have thought on't; send him to my bed.
Sci. Ha!
Ami. Do not question what I propose; Heaven
Witness to my chaste thoughts.
Sci. Wilt thou trust him?
Ami. I will do much, sir, to preserve his life,
And your innocence: be not you suspectful;
At the worst, you can but respite your revenge.
Sci. Dost thou not fear unhappy Lucrece's chance,
Or wretched Philomel's dishonour?

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[1] *golden head.* This is rather an imitation of the old Moralities, than a Masque.

[2] *antimasque*— apparently a contrast to the *masque*, being a ridiculous interlude, dividing the parts of the more serious *masque*. Yet Jonson himself gives it *antic-masque*, in the Masque of Augurs. They were in effect *antic*, and were usually performed by actors hired from the theatres, the masque being often by ladies and gentlemen.—Nares.

[3] *grand.* For *grand* masque, the old copy reads *ground* masque.—Gifford.

Ami. No:
Give me his life, and send your wanton to me:
I'll to my chamber; fear me not, Sciarrha,
Have not one thought so bad, I shall not prosper;
Virgins in heaven shall suffer with me.
Flo. Trust her. [*Exeunt* Ami. *and* Flo.
Sci. 'Tis but deferring of my justice;
She will not kill him, sure; draw on her soul
The guilt she hates in mine; if she do yield
To the hot encounter, ha! 'twill [then] be just,
That both their hearts weep blood, to purge their lust. [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Florio *and* Amidea.

Flo. My poniard?
Ami. I've no black intent
To stain't with any blood.
Flo. Take it; I know
Thou art my virtuous sister, it were wickedness
To doubt thy purpose, or the event.
Ami. Now leave me.
Flo. Thou hast a guard of angels.
Ami. They are coming.
[Florio *conceals himself behind the hangings.*

Enter Sciarrha *and the* Duke.

Sci. Look, there she is, sir; you know how to undress her.
Duke. Dearest Sciarrha.
Sci. To your recreation.—
Here I'll obscure myself. [*Aside: sees* Florio *as he retires behind the hangings.*]—Florio? 'tis well.
Duke. Lady, you know me?
Ami. Yes; my prince.
Duke. I was so
Till I saw thee, but I gave up that title,
A conquest to thy beauty, which, among
Her other wonders, hath created me
A subject and [a] servant, and I shall
Be happier to be received yours by
One of those names, than Duke of Tuscany.
Ami. Oh, take yourself again, [sir]; use your greatness
To make the hearts of Florence bow to you,
And pay their duties thus. [*Kneels.*
Duke. Rise, Amidea,
And since you have given my power back, it will
Become me to commaud.
Ami. And me to obey. [*Rises.*
Duke. I see thy noble brother hath been faithful
To my desires; he has prepar'd thee with
A story of my love, which thou reward'st
With too much humbleness. Thou hast a quarrel,
And a just one, with thy stars, that did not make thee
A princess, Amidea; yet thou'rt greater,
And born to justify unto these times,
Venus, the Queen of Love, was but thy figure,
And all her graces prophecies of thine,
To make our last age best. I could dwell ever
Here, and imagine I am in a temple,
To offer on this altar of thy lip,
[*Kisses her often.*
Myriads of flaming kisses, with a cloud
Of . . .[1] sighs breath'd from my heart,
Which, by the oblation, would increase his stock,
To make my pay eternal.
Ami. What mean you?
Duke. That question is propounded timely: hadst thou
Not interrupted me, I should have lost
Myself upon thy lips, and quite forgot
There is a bliss beyond it, which I came for.
Let others satisfy themselves to read
The wonders in thy face, make proud their eye,
By seeing thine, turn statues at thy voice,
Aud think they never fix enough to hear thee.
A man half dead with famine would wish here
To feed on smiles, of which the least hath power
To call an anchorite from his prayers, tempt saints
To wish their bodies on. Thou dost with ease
Captivate kings with every beam, and mayst
Lead them like prisoners round about the world,
Proud of such golden chains; this were enough,
Had not my fate provided more, to make me
Believe myself immortal in thy touches.
I'll laugh at all the fables of the gods,
And teach our poets, after I know thee,
To write the true Elysium.
Ami. Good, my lord,
I understand you not, and yet I fear
You do not mean well; if you have brought with you
A siuful purpose, which I may suspect—
Duke. Why, lady, what do you imagine I
Came hither for?
Ami. I know not.
Duke. How!
Is't come to that? your brother gave you more
Desirous of the sport, and brought me hither,
Ripe for your dalliauce. Did you not expect me?
Ami. Yes.
Duke. And to what other purpose?
Ami. To tell you tbat you are not virtuous.
Duke. I'm of your mind.
Ami. But I am not so wicked
To be of yours. Oh, think but who you are:
Your title speaks you nearest heaven, and points
You out a glorious reign among the angels;
Do not depose yourself of one, and be
Of the other disinherited.
Duke. I would
Your brother heard you; pr'ythee, do not waste
This tedious divinity, I am
Resolv'd to grapple with you.
Ami. Keep off. [*Shows the poniard.*
Duke. Ha!
Turn'd Amazon?
Ami. Prince, come not too near me,
For, by my honour, since you have lost your own,
Although I bow in duty to your person,
I hate your black thoughts; tempt not my just hand
With violent approach, I dare and will
Do that will grieve you, if you have a soul.
Duke. Thou dar'st not kill me.
Ami. True, but I dare die.
Duke. Be thy own murderer?
Ami. Rather than you should be my ravisher.
Duke. Thou canst not be so merciless, 'tis less sin
To be unchaste; I am thy prince, I pr'ythee
Throw by that cruel weapon, let our war
Be soft embraces, shooting amorous smiles,
Kill and restore each other with a kiss,
I know thou canst not be unkind so long:
Then, I command thee.
Ami. I must not obey,
To be your strumpet: though my hand be unskilful,
I shall soon find my heart. [

[1] *Of . . . sighs breath'd from my heart.* The old copy reads, 'Of sighs breath'd,' etc. Something had probably been dropped at the press, as the sense now seems incomplete.—Gifford.

Duke. I'll not believe—
Ami. Let this deserve your faith I dare be just,
[*She wounds her arm.*
This crimson river issuing from my arm.
Duke. Hold!
Ami. Never; it shall flow, and if this channel
Yield not enough, I'll strike another vein,
And after that another, and not pity
The murmuring stream, till through a prodigal wound
I have drain'd the fountain: this doth weep for you,
And shall extol my death, if it may teach
You to correct your blood.
Duke. There's so much gone
From me, I cool apace; this action
Hath shot an ague through me; Amidea,
Pity thyself.
Ami. Not till you swear repentance;
I do not faint yet, 'tis somewhat about,
But I can find a nearer way; this does it.
[*Offering to strike herself again.*
Duke. Contain; I am sorry, sorry from my soul;
Trust me, I do bleed inward, Amidea,
Can answer all thy drops: oh, pardon me,
Thou faint'st already, dost not? I am fearful.
The phœnix, with her wings, when she is dying,
Can fan her ashes into another life;
But when thy breath, more sweet than all the spice
That helps the other's funeral, returns
To heaven, the world must be eternal loser.
Look to thy wound.
Ami. May I believe you, sir?
Duke. I dare not think awry; again I ask
Forgiveness; in thy innocence I see
My own deformity.
[SCIARRHA, *followed by* FLORIO, *comes hastily from behind the hangings and embraces* AMIDEA.
Sci. Now a thousand blessings
Reward thy goodness; thou deserv'st a statue,
A tall one, which should reach above the clouds,
Jostle the moon, that people afar off
Beholding it, may be invited hither,
In hope to climb to heaven by't; but apply
Betimes unto thy wound.—Florio, assist her.
[FLORIO *leads off* AMIDEA.
And now, my lord—
Duke. Sciarrha, I'll begin to be thy lord;
I brought intentions of dishonour to thee,
And thy fair sister, but I am reconciled
To virtue, and will study how to satisfy
For you and Florence.
Sci. You will be more precious,
Than had you never fallen; I am all joy
In your conversion.
Duke. . . . [1]
Sci. Lorenzo! I think he has not said his prayers yet,
But—
Duke. What?
Sci. I cannot tell, maybe he does not use it.
Duke. How?
Sci. My lord, you now are lovely;
'Twere better you'd forget him; he's not right
At heart, I fear.
Duke. Fear nothing.
Sci. To be plain,
You cherish your disease in him, and are
Not safe while he is near you.
Duke. Do not envy him.[1]
Sci. Then I must tell you, sir, he is a traitor,
Within my knowledge, hath conspir'd your death.
Duke. With whom?
Sci. With me; I should have kill'd you, sir,
This night, and every minute he expects
To hear you number'd with the dead. I can
Demonstrate this: your pardon, but in truth,
The injuries you meant us were severe,
And he with as much violence did urge them
To your destruction; but your piety
Hath charm'd my purpose, and I look upon you
With new obedience.

Re-enter FLORIO.

Duke. Impossible!
Sci. We will not shift the scene till you believe it.
Florio, entreat my Lord Lorenzo hither.
[*Exit* FLO.
Step but behind the arras, and your ear
Shall tell you who's the greatest traitor living.
Observe but when I tell him you are slain,
How he'll rejoice, and call me Florence's great
Preserver, bless my arm, that in your blood
Hath given our groaning state a liberty;
Then trust Sciarrha: but obscure,[2] I hear him.
[DUKE *retires behind the hangings.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Whom talk'd he to? [*Aside*
Sci. 'Tis done—
Lor. What, good Sciarrha?
Sci. The duke is dead.
Lor. We are not left so miserable!
Heav'n is more kind to Florence.
Sci. With this hand
I made a passage for his soul.
Lor. Defend,
Omnipotence! what! murder'd? and by noble
Sciarrha? how my ear abuses me!
Sci. Did not we plot it too?
Lor. How! *we?* collect,
I fear you are not well: pray tell me why
You talk thus? where's the duke? he hath a guard,
An army of heaven about him; who in Florence
Dares be so black a devil to attempt
His death?
Sci. This is fine cunning; why, what devil is
Lorenzo, if he dare deny it; we are in private,
You need appear no stranger to that's done
By your direction.
Lor. I in the practice?
Then let me creep into the earth, and raise
A monster to affright mankind. Sciarrha,
I must abhor thee for it. Oh my prince!
My dearest kinsman!—may thy hand rot off!—
Treason, treason!
Sci. Then my sword shall fetch
Another witness in thy heart.
[*As they draw, the duke comes hastily forth and interposes.*
Duke. Hold!
Lor. Tush, let him come,
My royal lord; nay, let him kill me now:
I've so much joy and peace about me, 'twere
A sin to wish my life beyond this minute.

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[1] . . . .] Somewhat has probably been dropped here; as Sciarrha appears to reply to a question from the duke relating to Lorenzo.—GIFFORD.

[1] *Do not envy him—i.e.*, in the old sense of the word, do not bear him any *ill-will*; do not injure him.—GIFFORD.

[2] *but obscure, I hear him.*] The old copy reads, 'but *observe*, I hear *them*.'—GIFFORD.

Duke. Put up, I say.
Sci. My lord, we are both cozen'd:
That very smile's a traitor.
Duke. Come, be calm:
You are too passionate, Scirrrha, and
Mistook Lorenzo.
Lor. But I hold him noble:
I see he made this trial of my faith,
And I forgive him.
Duke. You shall be friends; you shall, I say.

Enter hastily COSMO *and* ALONZO.

Cos. The duke—
Alon. Where's the duke?
Cos. My lord, we are blest to see you safe; report
Hath frighted all the city with your death:
People forsake their beds, and seeking how
To be inform'd, increase the wretched tumult.
Alon. There's nothing but confusion; all men tremble,
As if some general fire invaded Florence.
Sci. Have comfort, sir.
Duke. What's to be done?
Lor. Depazzi has remembered. [*Aside.*
My lord, there is no safety for the state,
Unless you personally appease them.
Duke. How?
Lor. I hope they'll tear him; would he were dead any way! [*Aside.*
Alon. He hath counsell'd well.
Cos. Your presence only hath the power to charm them.
Duke. I fear their rage: where is our guard?
Alonzo, haste afore, proclaim our pardon,
And that we live to give the offenders mercy.
Why are we born to greatness, mock'd with state,
When every tumult staggers our proud fate?
Sci. [*Aside to Lor.*]—Our quarrel is deferr'd, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in LORENZO'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. My plots thrive not; my engines[1] all deceive me,
And in the very point of their discharge
Recoil with danger to myself: are there
No faithful villains left in nature? all
Turn'd honest? Man nor spirit aid Lorenzo,
Who hath not patience to expect his fate,
But must compel it. How Sciarrha play'd
The dog-bolt[2] with me! and had not I provided
In wisdom for him, that distress had ruined me.
His frozen sister, Amidea, too,
Hath half converted him; but I must set
New wheels in motion, to make him yet
More hateful, and then cut him from his stalk,
Ripe for my vengeance. I'll not trust the rabble;
Confusion on ['em!]—the giddy multitude,
That, but two minutes ere the duke came at them,
Bellow'd out Liberty, shook the city with
Their throats, no sooner saw him, but they melted
With the hot apprehension of a gallows:
And when a pardon was proclaim'd (a fine
State-snaffle for such mules), they turn'd their cry
To acclamations, and deaf'd heaven to beg
His long and prosperous reign. A sudden rot
Consume this base herd! an the devil want
Any cattle for his own teeth, these are for him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sciarrha, my lord, desires to speak with you.
Lor. Sciarrha! come near—[*whispers him.*]—you understand? admit him. [*Exit* Serv.

Enter SCIARRHA.

Welcome, my noble lord;
You were not wont to visit me.
Sci. Nor mean
Ever to do't again.
Lor. You bring frowns,
I can be sullen too: what is your pleasure?
Sci. You have abused me.
Lor. You have injured me.
Sci. In what?
Lor. Betrayed me basely to the duke.
Sci. You denied then you were a traitor?
Lor. Yes,
I was no fool to run my neck upon
The axe, and give you such a cause of triumph.
Were it again in question—
Sci. You are a villain, sir.
And I
Must have it certified under your own hand,
To show the duke.
Lor. You shall be humbled to
Confess the contrary, nay, subscribe
That I am honest, and desire my pardon.
Look, I have a sword, and arm, and vigour;
Dare fight with thee, didst ride upon a whirlwind,
Provoke thee on a rock, in waves, in fire,
And kill thee without scruple; such a strength
Is innocence.
Sci. Innocence! dost not fear a thunderbolt?
I shall be charitable to the world, an I
Cut thee in pieces; and yet then I fear
Thou wilt come together again: the devil does
Acknowledge thee on earth the greater mischief,
And has a fear, when thou art dead, he shall not
Be safe in hell; thou wilt conspire with some
Of his black fiends, and get his kingdom from him.
Didst not thou rail upon the duke?
Lor. I grant it.
Sci. Call him a tyrant?
Lor. More, I do confess
I did exasperate you to kill or murder him;
Give it what name you please; with joy I brought him,
Under the colour of your guest, to be
The common sacrifice: all this I remember;
But is Heaven's stock of mercy spent already,
That sins, though great and horrid, may not be
Forgiven, to the heart that groans with penitence?
Are the eternal fountains quite seal'd up?
I was a villain, traitor, murderer,
In my consenting to his death, but hope
Those stains are now wash'd off.
Sci. Hast thou repented?
Lor. Trust me, I have.
Sci. The devil is turn'd religious!
Augment not thy damnation.
Lor. As he was
A lustful duke, a tyrant, I had lost him.
In his return to piety, he commanded
My prayers, and fresh obedience to wait on him;
He's now my prince again.
Sci. This is but cunning
To save your life.
Lor. My life!—Within there! Ha! welcome.

[1] *engines*—tools or stratagems.
[2] *dog-bolt.* See Lily's *Alexander and Campaspe.*

Enter divers Gentlemen *armed.*

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord.
2 *Gent.* Wilt please your honour
Command my service?
3 *Gent.* Or me?
4 *Gent.* Or any?
5 *Gent.* Our swords and lives are yours.
Sci. Perhaps your lordship hath some business with
These gentlemen, I'll take some other time.
Lor. By no means, good Sciarrha:
You visit seldom; those are daily with me,
Men that expect employment, that wear swords,
And carry spirits, both to be engag'd,
If I but name a cause.—Gentlemen, draw.
Sci. My providence has betray'd me. [*Aside.*
Lor. Now, Sciarrha,
You that with single valour dare come home
To affront me thus; know, but too late, thy heart
Is at the mercy of my breath: these swords
Can fetch it when I please; and, to prevent
Your boast of this great daring—I beseech,
As you do love and honour your Lorenzo,
No hand advance a weapon, sheath again,
And leave us; I owe service to your loves,
But must not so dishonour you.
All Gent. We obey. [*Exeunt.*
Sci. They're gone: this is some nobleness. [*Aside.*
Lor. You see
I do not fear your sword; alone, I have,
Too much advantage; yet you may imagine
How easily I could correct this rashness:
But in my fear to offend gracious Heaven
With a new crime, having so late obtain'd
My peace, I give you freedom.
Sci. Do I dream?
Lor. Pray chide me still, I will be patient
To hear my shame.
Sci. Is this to be believed?
Doth not Lorenzo counterfeit this virtue?
He does: it is impossible he should repent.
Lor. Why? tell me, Sciarrha, and let us argue awhile
In cooler blood; did not you once resolve
To kill the duke too?
Sci. I confess—
Lor. To give him death with your own hand?
Methinks it should be the same parricide
In you, if not a greater; yet you chang'd
Your purposes; why did you not go through,
And murder him?
Sci. He was converted.
Lor. Good!
That taught you mercy, and perhaps repentance
For your intent.
Sci. It did.
Lor. Why should not, sir,
The same conversion of the duke possess
My heart, with as much piety to him,
And sorrow for myself? If I should say
You are but cunning in this shape of honesty,
And still suspect your soul to be a traitor,
Might you not blame my want of charity?
Sci. He says but right, we are both men, frail things. [*Aside.*
'Tis not impossible.
Lor. I am reconciled
To heaven already, and the duke: if you
Be still unsatisfied, I am ready, sir—
Sci. The circumstance consider'd, I inclino
To think this may be honest.
Lor. Come, Sciarrha,
We are both hasty: pardon my rash language
In the beginning, I will study service
Shall make you love me; I have been too wicked,
Too full of passion, inexorable:
My nature is corrected; at this minute
I'm friends with all the world, but in your love
Shall number many blessings.
Sci. I am converted.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Lor. [*takes* PET. *aside.*]—What's the news?
Pet. My lord Depazzi prays some conference
In the next chamber; we arriv'd by chance
Together at your gate: I do not like
His talk, sir.
Lor. Hang him, property! let him
Expect; thou art come in the opportunity
I could have wish'd; be wise, and second me.
[*Whispers him.*
Sci. He waits upon Pisano,
Whose health I may inquire; I have not seen him
Since he departed sick; a fit occasion.
Lor. [*aloud.*] Married to Oriana? thou mistak'st,
'Tis Amidea, Lord Sciarrha's sister.
Pet. That contract's broken, and the old lady
Morosa is violent to have the marriage finish'd with her daughter.
Lor. [*coming forward.*]—Sciarrha,
Is't true Pisano marries Oriana,
The rich Morosa's daughter?
Sci. Ha!
Lor. We did expect to hear your sister should
Have been his bride; has he forsaken Amidea?
Sci. Do not you serve Pisano?
Pet. Yes, my lord.
Sci. And dare you talk he's to be married
To Oriana?
Pet. If they live till to-morrow:
There's great provision, to my knowledge, and—
Sci. Take that, and learn to speak a truth hereafter. [*Strikes him.*
Lor. That blow shall cost his life.— [*Aside.*
It is not possible he dare affront
You thus; the world takes notice of a contract;
He's much to blame if he should wrong so sweet
A lady as Amidea. Now, by Hymen,
'Tis not so honourable; he need not scorn
Such an alliance.
Pet. I am not to give
Account for my lord's actions, let him answer
And justify his honour: but, my lord,
Since I am provoked, I must declare he has
Call'd back his vows to Amidea, given
Her freedom, and does mean to use his own,
And this he dares publish.
Lor. What! disclaim'd
A lady of her birth and glorious merit?
Sci. Thou art a villain.
Lor. My lord, he is not worth your anger; he
Declares but what his master hath committed,
'Tis none of his fault.
Pet. It becomes my duty
To take correction, my lord, from you;
I am a servant, a poor gentleman.
Sci. Shall I
Suspect the circumstance at his departure? [*Aside.*
Lor. It is strange you knew not this before.
Sci. I must examine if he dares—
Lor. Be patient.
Sci. Teach fools and children patience.
May dogs eat up Sciarrha: let me live
The prodigy of sorrow; die a death
That may draw tears from Scythians, if Pisano
Lead o'er his threshold any soon-won dame,
To be my sister's shame! I am calm now.

One [thus] false, Heaven, why should thy altars save?
'Tis just that Hymen light him to his grave.
[*Exit.*

Lor. A thousand Furies swell his rage! although
Pisano bleed, this is the safest killing;
Wise men secure their fates, and execute
Invisibly, like that most subtle flame
That burns the heart, yet leaves no part or touch
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.—
Farewell, dull, passionate fool! how this doth feed me!
Kill, and be lost thyself; or, if his sword
Conclude thy life, both ways I am reveng'd.
Petruchio, thou didst hit my instructious rarely,
And I applaud thee: now send in Depazzi,
And visit me anon.

Pet. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Lor. Some politician,
That is not wise but by a precedent,
Would think me weak for using such an instrument
As this Depazzi; but I know by proof,
Such men whom fear and honour make our creatures,
Do prove safe engines; fools will still obey,
When cunning knaves our confidence betray.

Enter DEPAZZI.

Dep. My lord, I would speak a word or two in private.

Lor. You may.

Dep. Is nobody within hearing? all clear behind the arras?

Lor. Make no doubt, sir.

Dep. My lord, the truth is—I am very fearful—is your lordship sure there are no eves-droppers?

Lor. What needs this circumstance? I pray come to the point.

Dep. 'Tis not unknown to your lordship, that you have been my very good lord,[1] neither am I ignorant that I am your humble servant; you advanced me, brought me into the number of the nobles, and I brought you a reasonable number of crowns: I am not the first wise citizen that hath been converted into a foolish courtier; but, my lord, I beseech you pardon me:—it will out.

Lor. What's the matter?

Dep. I am ready to burst.

Lor. With what?

Dep. Treason, treason;—now 'tis out, and I feel my body the lighter for it already. The last plot did not take, you see; and I would humbly entreat your lordship to excuse me, and get somebody else hereafter to be your traitor, in my stead.

Lor. How, sir?

Dep. If you did but know the tenderness of my constitution, or feel the pangs and convulsions that I suffer, you would pity me. I fall away, you see, I cannot sleep for dreaming of an axe; I have caus'd my hangings of Holofernes[2] to be taken down in my dining-room, because I dare not look upon a head that is cut off in it, something of my complexion. My wisdom tells me I am a fool to be so fearful; but my conscience tells me I am a greater fool if I have not wit enough in my pate to keep my head on my shoulders. I beseech your lordship take me into your consideration. I am but a mortal, though I be a lord; every man hath not the like gift of impudence; I have a weak stomach, and treason is physic to me, and although I do not vomit up your secrets, they may out some other way.

Lor. You will not betray me?

Dep. But, alas! in such a case I may soon bewray myself, and then your lordship may be smelt out. To prevent, therefore, some mischief that may happen, I desire to leave off while I am well; and that your lordship may know I mean plainly, I have brought you all your letters; I durst not trust any other place with them, for fear of state rats; I have unript my bosom to you, and there they are to a title—now, I may safely swear [I] have no hand with your lordship.

Lor. This is very strange.

Dep. Mistake not, my good lord, I am still your creature, but I have a great mind to be honest a little, while among the weaker sort of nobility: yet thus much persuade yourself, I will never wrong your lordship in a syllable; should you tell me of a thousand treasons and stratagems, I will never reveal any; I scorn that: but your lordship must pardon me, I will be a traitor no longer, that's certain; I will be honest, and the rather because nobody shall hit me in the teeth after I am dead, and say, *Look where Depazzi carries his head very high!* And, my lord, the more to induce your lordship to dismiss me—Rogero!

Enter ROGERO.

Rog. My lord.

Dep. Give me the gold.—I have brought fifteen hundred crowns more.

Lor. Wherefore?

Dep. That I may have your lordship's good will, to leave my office, before it be taken from me, and preferr'd to a worse; 'tis half the price I paid for't. I love peace, and a little honesty; I know your honour will find an abler man for it, and it is fit I should pay for my *quietus*.

Lor. And what do you resolve?

Dep. To return to the dunghill, from whence I came; for though I was born in the city, I have some land in the country, dirty acres, and mansion-house, where I will be the miracle of a courtier, and keep good hospitality, love my neighbours and their wives; be admired amongst the justices, sleep upon every bench, keep a chaplain in my own house to be my idolater, and furnish me with jests; and when I have nothing else to do, I will think of the court, and how much I have been obliged to your lordship. My lord, I may do you service with a leading voice in the country; the kennel will cry on my side if it come to election: you or your friend shall carry it against the commonwealth.

Lor. Well, sir, since you have express'd yourself so freely, I will not counsel you against your disposition to stay at court; you may go when and whither you please; and though at parting I have nothing worth your acceptation, I will bestow these crowns upon your servant.

[*Gives* ROG. *the money.*

Dep. Thou shalt give them me again.

Rog. Indeed, my lord, *I love a little honesty;* 'tis his lordship's bounty; it will be a stock to set me up for myself at court, when your lordship is retired into the country.—I humbly thank your lordship, and take my leave of yours.

[*Exit with the money.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The duke, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Dep. How! the duke?

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[1] *you have been my very good lord—i.e.* my patron. The phrase is thus used by all the writers of Shirley's time. —GIFFORD.

[2] *i.e.* hangings of tapestry having the subject of Judith and Holofernes wrought on them.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Signior Depazzi.

Lor He has been earnest with me, an't please your highness,
To be his humble suitor, he may have
Freedom to leave the court.

Duke. He shall be banish'd.

Dep. How?

Lor. What time will your grace allow [him] to provide?

Duke. Two hours.

Dep. I had rather lose my head at home, and save charges of travel, I beseech your grace.

Duke. Well, 'tis granted; let him not trouble us.

Lor. Enjoy the country, and return when the duke sends for you.

Dep. I humbly thank his highness, and will pray for your increase of grace. [*Exit.*

Duke. Lorenzo, are we private?

Lor. Yes, my lord.

Duke. I am very melancholy.

Lor. I know the cause, 'tis Amidea.

Duke. Right.

Lor. I do not wish her dead.

Duke. It were a sin.

Lor. Not in heaven, sir; yet there be ladies that would think it a promotion.

Duke. It were pity she would leave the world, Till she hath taught [the rest] by her example The nearest way.

Lor. I am very confident she's yet honest.

Duke. Yet, Lorenzo?

Lor. Ay, sir, but I'm not of opinion It is impossible to know a change.

Duke. Take heed.

Lor. I must confess she has been very valiant, In making you remove your siege, and show'd a Pretty dexterity at the poniard;
Let herself blood;[1] but this a mortal virgin Might do, and not be ador'd for't: other women Have gone as far, or else false legends have Been thrust upon the easy world; some say There have been creatures that have kill'd themselves,
To save their sullen chastities; but I Have no strong faith that way: yet you were startled
To see her strike her arm, and grew compassionate.

Duke. I was not marble: we break adamant With blood,[2] and could I be a man, and not Be mov'd to see that hasty ebb of life For my sake?

Lor. I have read some aged stories: What think you of Lucrece? she is remember'd.

Duke. Chastity's great example.

Lor. How the world Was cozen'd in her! she knew of Tarquin first, And then suspecting she should never meet Again the active gentleman, [and] having Determined of his death, with well dissembled Sorrow did stab herself, in hope to meet The gamester in Elysium. Amidea You will allow beneath this Roman dame?

Duke. Lorenzo, had the burning ravisher Made this attempt on Amidea, she Would have compell'd his penitence, to quench His fire with holy tears. I had a body Refined to air, or I was borne up by
A thousand wings: methought I could have flown
And kiss'd the cheek of Cynthia, thence with ease
Have leap'd to Venus' star; but I was wounded, And the gay feathers, in whose pride I had My confidence, serv'd now but with their weight To hasten me to earth.

Lor. Ascend again, And fix in your lov'd orb; he brings this comfort That can assure it, if you have not lost A heart to entertain with love and pleasure The beauteous Amidea.

Duke. Ha!

Lor. You shall enjoy her.

Duke. Enjoy fair Amidea? do not tempt, Or rather mock my frailty with such promise.

Lor. Shake off your melancholy slumber, I Have here decreed you shall possess her: she Be sent submissive to your arms, and you Be gracious to accept what she made coy of.

Duke. Is this in nature?

Lor. Thus: Sciarrha's life And fortunes are already growing forfeit, These brains have plotted so: your mercy shall Purchase what you can wish for in his sister; And he acknowledge rifling of her honour A fair and cheap redemption.

Duke. Do this; And I'll repent the folly of my penitence, And take thee to my soul, a nearer pledge, Than blood or nature gave me: I'm renew'd, I feel my natural warmth return. When, where Is this to be expected? I grow old, While our embraces are deferr'd.

Lor. I go To hasten your delight; prepare your blood For amorous game: Sciarrha's fate is cast Firmer than destiny.

Duke. Thou art my prophet, I'll raise thee up an altar.

Lor. Trust these brains.

Duke. Thou makest my spirit caper in my veins. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

A Street.

COSMO *and two* Gentlemen *appear at an upper window.*

1 *Gent.* This way they pass.

Cos. I would not see them.

2 *Gent.* Why?

1 *Gent.* What! melancholy o' the sudden? it is now
Past cure.

Cos. I know it is, and therefore do not Desire to witness their solemnity.
Should Oriana see me to-day—

2 *Gent.* What then?

Cos. The object,
I fear, would be too prodigious.

2 *Gent.* We dispute not Those nice formalities.

Enter ALONZO, PISANO, ORIANA, *and* MOROSA.

1 *Gent.* She has spied you already.

Cos. I'm sorry for't.

[ORIANA *faints.* COSMO *and* Gentlemen *retire.*

Mor. How is't, my child?

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[1] *Let herself blood.* The old copy reads, 'See herself bleed.' The allusion is to the wound which Amidea gave herself in her bed-chamber. The text was evidently incorrect; whether it be now improved must be left to the reader.—GIFFORD.

[2] ——— *we break adamant*
With blood.—This is a very ancient notion; it is mentioned by Greene, and Lyly, and many more of our old writers, who had it from Pliny, Solinus, &c.—GIFFORD.

Pis. My dearest Oriana;—
She faints! what grief is so unmannerly
To interrupt thee now? Oriana!
Mor. Daughter!
Pis. Will Heaven divorce us ere the priest have made
Our marriage perfect? we in vain hereafter
Shall hear him teach, that our religion binds
To have the church's ceremony. She returns.
Ori. Why were you so unkind to call me from
A pleasing slumber? Death has a fine dwelling.
Alon. This shows her heart's not yet consenting; 'tis
Her mother's fierce command.
Ori. Something spake to me from that window.
Pis. There is nothing.
Ori. Nothing now.
Pis. Set forward.
Alon. I do not like this interruption; it
Is ominous.

Enter AMIDEA *hastily.*

Ami. Not for my sake, but for your own, go back,
Or take some other way, this leads to death;
My brother—
Pis. What of him?
Ami. Transported with
The fury of revenge for my dishonour,
As he conceives, for 'tis against my will,
Hath vow'd to kill you in your nuptial glory.
Alas! I fear his haste; now, good my lord,
Have mercy on yourself; I do not beg
Your pity upon me, I know too well
You cannot love me now, nor would I rob
This virgin of your faith, since you have pleas'd
To throw me from your love: I do not ask
One smile, nor one poor kiss; enrich this maid,
Created for those blessings; but again
I would beseech you, cherish your own life,
Though I be lost for ever.
Alon. It is worth
Your care, my lord, if there be any danger.
Pis. Alas! her grief hath made her wild, poor lady.
I should not love Oriana to go back;
Set forward.—Amidea, you may live
To be a happier bride: Sciarrha is not
So irreligious to profane these rites.
Ami. Will you not then believe me?—Pray persuade him,
You are his friends.—Lady, it will concern
You most of all, indeed; I fear you'll weep
To see him dead, as well as I.
Pis. No more;
Go forward.
Ami. I have done; pray be not angry,
That still I wish you well: may Heaven divert
All harms that threaten you; full blessings crown
Your marriage! I hope there is no sin in this;
Indeed I cannot choose but pray for you.
This might have been my wedding-day—
Ori. Good Heaven,
I would it were! my heart can tell, I take
No joy in being his bride, none in your prayers;
You shall have my consent to have him still:
I will resign my place, and wait on you,
If you will marry him.
Ami. Pray, do not mock me;
But if you do, I can forgive you too.
Ori. Dear Amidea, do not think I mock
Your sorrow; by these tears, that are not worn
By every virgin on her wedding-day,
I am compell'd to give away myself:
Your hearts were promis'd, but he ne'er had mine.
Am not I wretched too?
Ami. Alas, poor maid!
We two keep sorrow alive then; but I pr'ythee,
When thou art married, love him, pr'ythee love him,
For he esteems thee well; and once a day
Give him a kiss for me; but do not tell him,
'Twas my desire: perhaps 'twill fetch a sigh
From him, and I had rather break my heart.
But one word more, and Heaven be with you all.—
Since you have led the way, I hope, my lord,
That I am free to marry too?
Pis. Thou art.
Ami. Let me beseech you then, to be so kind,
After your own solemnities are done,
To grace my wedding; I shall be married shortly.
Pis. To whom?
Ami. To one whom you have all heard talk of,
Your fathers knew him well: one, who will never
Give cause I should suspect him to forsake me;
A constant lover, one whose lips, though cold,
Distil chaste kisses: though our bridal bed
Be not adorn'd with roses, 'twill be green;
We shall have virgin laurel, cypress, yew,
To make us garlands; though no pine do burn,
Our nuptial shall have torches, and our chamber
Shall be cut out of marble, where we'll sleep,
Free from all care for ever: Death, my lord,
I hope, shall be my husband. Now, farewell;
Although no kiss, accept my parting tear,
And give me leave to wear my willow here.
[*Exit.*

Enter SCIARRHA, *followed at a distance by* LORENZO, *with a Guard.*

Alon. Sciarrha! then I prophesy—
Sci. Pisano! where's Pisano?
Pis. Here, Sciarrha.
I should have answered with less clamour.
Sci. But
I would not lose my voice; I must be heard,
And [it] does concern you. I profess no augury,
I have not quarter'd out the heavens, to take
The flight of birds, nor by inspection
Of entrails made a divinatiou;
But I must tell you, 'tis not safe to marry.
Pis. Why?
Sci. 'Twill be fatal; Hymen is gone abroad,
And Venus, lady of your nativity,
Is found, by wise astrologers, this day,
I' the House of Death.
Pis. This must not fright me, sir.—Set forward.
Sci. One cold word,—you are a villain!
I do not flatter.
Pis. I am patient:
This day I consecrate to love, not anger;
We'll meet some other time.
Sci. Deride my fury?
Then to thy heart I send my own revenge,
[*Stabs him.*
And Amidea's.
Pis. I am murdered.
Mor. Help! murder! gentlemen! oh, my unhappiness!
[LORENZO *and* Guard *come forward.*
Pis. Bloody Sciarrha!
[*Dies.* *They offer to seize* SCIAR.
Lor. Hold!
Sci. Come all at once;
Yet let me tell you, my revenge is perfect,
And I would spare your blood, if you despise [not]
My charity—
Lor. No man attempt his death;
I'll give you reasons: this fell deed deserves
An exemplary justice

Sci. I am above
Your politic reach, and glory in the wound
That punish'd our dishonour. Is he dead?
I would not be so miserable, not to have sped him,
For the empire.

Enter COSMO.

Cos. Oh, my friend! poor Oriana!
Lor. [*to the Guard.*]—Disarm him:
Return and comfort one another; some
Remove Pisano's body, while I make it
My care Sciarrha 'scape not.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* PISANO, *all but* LORENZO, SCIARRHA, *and* Guard.
Sci. None of all
Give me a scratch?
Lor. [*to Guard.*]—You have forced him with discretion.
Sci. Now what must I expect?
Lor. You are my prisoner.
Sci. I am so.
Lor. And be confident to find
That favour—
Sci. Favour!
Lor. Be at distance, more.—[*The Guard retire.*
My lord, I am sorry for your great misfortune,
And if you can but study how I may
Assist you, you shall soon discern my love,
My readiness to serve you.
Sci. Ha! this honest?
Lor. I would deserve your faith,
A friend but in affliction justifies
His heart and honour, I durst run some hazard,
Might I secure your fate; name something to me
That may declare my friendship.
Sci. Be still safe,
And teach the world repentance for mistaking thee;
I pity not myself, but envy thy
Heroic honours.
Lor. I will impose no more
Restraint, than your own house; you're honourable:
You have many severe enemies; the duke
Look'd graciously upon Pisano, but—
Sci. You shall not lose the smallest beam of favour,
To buy a man so desperate. I never
Thought death the monster that weak men have fancied,
As foil to make us more in love with life.
The devil's picture may affright poor souls
Into their bodies' paleness, but the substance
To resolute man's a shadow;[1] and cold sweat
Dare not approach his forehead. I am arm'd
To die, and give example of that fortitude
Shall shame the law's severity: my sister
May now give back Pisano his false vows,
To line his coffin; one tear shed on me is
Enough, the justice I have done shall make
My memory belov'd.
Lor. I have thought a way
To recover you, if you incline to it;
Dare you consent?
Sci. To anything that's noble;
Although I never fear'd to suffer, I
Am not so foolish to despise a life.
Lor. There is no difficulty attends it; listen,
The time will not permit much circumstance:
The duke, you know, did love your sister.
Sci. Viciously.
Lor. Her virtue did but cool him for the present,
As sprinklings on a flame; he's now more passionate
To enjoy her.
Sci. Ha!
Lor. If she consent to meet
His soft embrace, with his first kiss he seals
Your pardon; then the act upon Pisano
Appears a true revenge, when none dares question it.
Beside addition of state and fortune,
To you and Amidea, weigh your danger,
And what a trifle she gives up to save
Your life, that never can be valued,
Less recompens'd; the duke may be so taken
With her return to his delight, who knows
But he may marry her, and discharge his duchess
With a quaint salad[1]—you do apprehend me?
Sci. And repent more I had one good thought of thee,
Than I had kill'd a thousand:—save my life,
And prostitute my sister! Though I have
No weapon, I will look thee dead, or breathe
A damp shall stifle thee: that I could vomit
Consuming flames, or stones, like Ætna! make
The earth with motion of my feet shrink lower,
And take thee in alive! Oh that my voice
Could call a serpent from corrupted Nile,
To make thee part of her accursed bowels!
Is this [your] noble friendship? Readiness
To save my life? Let malice read all stories
Famous for cruelty, awake dead tyrants,
Or be instructed by their ghosts with tortures,
Such as will make a damned Fury weep
Only to see inflicted, I would bear them,
And weary my tormentors, ere consent
In thought to thy temptation.
Lor. I have done,
And praise your heathen resolution
Of death; go practise immortality,
And tell us, when you can get leave to visit
This world again, what fine things you enjoy
In hell, for thither these rash passions drive thee:
And ere thy body hath three days inhabited
A melancholy chamber in the earth,
Hung round about with skulls and dead men's bones,
Ere Amidea have told all her tears
Upon thy marble, or the epitaph
Belie thy soul, by saying it is fled
To heaven, this sister shall be ravished,
Maugre thy dust and heraldry.
Sci. Ha! ravish'd
When I am dead? Was't not so? Oh my soul!
I feel it weep within me, and the tears
Soften my flesh. Lorenzo, I repent
My fury.
Lor. I advis'd you the best way
My wisdom could direct.
Sci. I thank you for't,
You have awak'd my reason, I am asham'd
I was no sooner sensible; does the duke
Affect my sister still, say you?
Lor. Most passionately.
Sci. She shall obey him then, upon my life;
That's it, my life. I know she loves me dearly.
I shall have much ado to win her to't,
But she shall come; I'll send her.
Lor. Perform this.
Sci. I will not only send her, but prepar'd
Not to be disobedient to his highness;
He shall command her anything.

[1] *To resolute man's a shadow.* The old copy reads—
' but the substance
Too resolute: man's a shadow.'—GIFFORD.

[1] *salad.* Salads were dressed with poisonous oils.

Lor. Do this,
And be for ever happy. When these have
Only for form but waited on you home,
This disengages them.
Sci. My humblest service
To the duke I pray, and tell him, Amidea
This night shall be at his dispose, by this.[1]
Lor. I'm confident; farewell!—Attend Sciarrha.
[*Exit.*
Sci. Pity the seaman, that to avoid a shelf,
Must strike upon a rock to save himself.
[*Exit, with Guard.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Room in SCIARRHA'S *House.*

Enter SCIARRHA *and* AMIDEA.

Sci. The doors are fast;
Enough is wept already for Pisano:
There's something else that must be thought on, and
Of greater consequence: I am yet unsafe,
That, for thy sake, am guilty of his blood.
Ami. Though all my stock of tears were spent already
Upon Pisano's loss, and that my brain
Were bankrupt of moisture, and denied
To lend my grief one drop more for his funeral;
Yet the remembrance that you have made
A forfeit of your dear life
Is able to create a weeping spring
Within my barren head: oh, my lost brother,
Thou hast a cruel destiny! my eyes,
In pity of thy fate, desire to drown thee.
The law will only seek thee upon land;
Hid in my tears, thou shalt prevent the stroke
Kills both our name and thee.
Sci. I know thou lov'st me,
Poor girl. I shall desire to cherish life,
If thou lament me thus: so rich a comfort
Will tempt me wish I might delay my journey
To heaven.
Ami. Good heaven, that we might go together!
Sci. That must not be.
Ami. Then let me go before.
Sci. How?
Ami. Make my suit unto the prince, my blood
May be your ransom; let me die, Sciarrha,
My life is fruitless unto all the world;
The duke in justice will not deny this:
And though I weep in telling thee, I shall
Smile on the scaffold.
Sci. How my honour blushes
To hear thee, Amidea! in this love
Thou woundst me more, than thou desir'st to save.
Suffer for me? Why, thou art innocent:
I have provok'd the punishment, and dare
Obey it manly; if thou couldst redeem me
With anything but death, I think I should
Consent to live, but I'd not have thee venture
All at one chance.
Ami. Nothing can be too precious
To save a brother, such a loving brother
As you have been.
Sci. Death's a devouring gamester,
And sweeps up all. What thinkst thou of an eye?
Couldst thou spare one, and think the blemish recompens'd,
To see me safe with t'other? Or a hand?
This white hand, [Amidea,] that hath so often,
With admiration, trembled on the lute,
Till we have pray'd thee leave the strings awhile,
And laid our ears close to thy ivory fingers,
Suspecting all the harmony proceeded
From their own motion, without the need
Of any dull or passive instrument.
No, Amidea, thou shalt not bear one scar
To buy my life; the sickle shall not touch
A flower that grows so fair upon his stalk
Thy t'other hand will miss a white companion,
And wither on thy arm. What then can I
Expect from thee to save me? I would live,
And owe my life to thee, so 'twere not bought
Too dear.
Ami. Do you believe I should not find
The way to heaven? were both mine eyes thy ransom,
I shall climb up those high and rugged cliffs
Without a hand.
Sci. One way there is, if thou
Dost love [me] with that tenderness.
Ami. Pronounce it,
And let no danger that attends, incline you
To make a pause.
Sci. The duke, thou knowst, did love thee.
Ami. Ha!
Sci. Nay, do not start already, nor mistake me;
I do not, as before, make trial of thee,
Whether thou canst, laying aside thy honour,
Meet his lascivious arms; but, by this virtue,
I must beseech thee to forego it all,
And turn a sinful woman.
Ami. Bless me!
Sci. I know the kingdoms of the world contain not
Riches enough to tempt thee to a fall
That will so much undo thee; but I am
Thy brother, dying brother: if thou lov'st
Him, therefore, that for thee hath done so much,
Dy'd his pale hands in blood to revenge thee,
And in that murder wounded his own soul
Almost to death, consent to lose thy innocence;
I know it makes thee grieve, but I shall live
To love thee better for it: we'll repent
Together for our sins, and pray and weep
Till Heaven hath pardon'd all.
Ami. Oh, never, never.
Sci. Do but repeat thy words, to *save my life*,
And that will teach compassion, *my life*;
Our shame, the stain of all our family,
Which will succeed in my ignoble death,
Thou washest off.
Ami. But stain myself for ever.
Sci. Where? In thy face, who shall behold one blemish,
Or one spot more in thy whole frame? Thy beauty
Will be the very same, thy speech, thy person
Wear no deformity.
Ami. Oh, do not speak
So like a rebel to all modesty,
To all religion; if these arguments
Spring from your jealousy that I am fallen,
After a proof you did so late applaud—
Sci. I had not kill'd Pisano then; I am now
More spotted than the marble. Then my head
Did owe no forfeiture to law,
It does ache now; then I but tried thy virtue,
Now my condition calls for mercy to thee,
Though to thyself thou appear cruel for't:
Come, we may live both, if you please.
Ami. I must never
Buy my poor breath at such a rate. Who has
Made you afraid to die? I pity you,
And wish myself in any noble cause

[1] *this*—that is, as I conceive, by some token, probably a ring, or signet, which he puts into Lorenzo's hand.

Your leader. When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.
Sci. So valiant!
I will not interpose another syllable
To entreat your pity; say your prayers, and then
Thou'rt ripe to be translated from the earth,
To make a cherubin.
Ami. What means my brother?
Sci. To kill you.
Ami. Do not fright me, good Sciarrha.
Sci. And I allow three minutes for devotion.
Ami. Will you murder me?
Sci. Do you tremble?
Ami. Not at the terror of your sword,
But at the horror will affright thy soul
For this black deed. I see Pisano's blood
Is texted[1] in thy forehead, and thy hands
Retain too many crimson spots already;
Make not thyself, by murthering of thy sister,
All a red letter.
Sci. You shall be the martyr.[2]
Ami. Yet stay; is there no remedy but death,
And from your hand? Then keep your word, and let me
Use one short prayer. [*Kneels.*
Sci. I shall relent. [*Aside.*
Ami. Forgive me, Heaven, and witness I have still
My virgin thoughts; 'tis not to save my life,
But his eternal one.—
Sciarrha, give me leave to veil my face,
[*Rises.*
I dare not look upon you, and pronounce
I am too much a sister; live; hereafter,
I know, you will condemn my frailty for it.
I will obey the duke.
Sci. Darest thou consent? [*Stabs her.*
Ami. [*unveiling.*]—Oh, let me see the wound;
'Tis well, if any other hand had done it:
Some angel tell my brother now, I did
But seem consenting.
Sci. Ha! *but seem?*
Ami. You may believe my last breath.
Sci. Why didst say so?
Ami. To gain some time, in hope you might call in
Your bloody purpose, and prevent the guilt
Of being my murderer; but Heaven forgive thee.
Sci. Again, again, forgive me, Amidea,
And pray for me; live but a little longer,
To hear me speak; my passion hath betray'd
Thee to this wound, for which I know not whether
I should rejoice or weep, since thou art virtuous.
The duke, whose soul is black again, expects thee
To be his whore:—Good Death, be not so hasty.—
The agent for his lust, Lorenzo, has
My oath to send thee to his bed: for otherwise,
In my denial, hell and they decree,
When I am dead, to ravish thee—mark that,
To ravish thee!—and I confess, in tears
As full of sorrow, as thy soul of innocence,
In my religious care to have thee spotless,
I did resolve, when I had found thee ripe,
And nearest heaven, with all thy best desires,
To send thee to thy peace: thy feign'd consent
Hath brought thy happiness more early to thee,
And saved some guilt; forgive me altogether.
Ami. With the same heart I beg Heaven for myself;
Farewell. [*Swoons.*
Sci. Thou shalt not die yet. Amidea! sister!—
[*Knocking within.*
I cannot come:—
But one word more. Oh, which way went thy soul?
Or is it gone so far it cannot hear me?—

FLORIO *breaks open the door and enters.*

Look, here's our sister! so, so; chafe her:
She may return; there is some motion.
Flo. Sister!
Sci. Speak aloud, Florio; if her spirit be not
Departed, I will seal this passage up;
I feel her breath again.—Here's Florio would
Fain take his leave.—So, so, she comes!
Flo. Amidea,
How came this wound?
Ami. I drew the weapon to it:
Heaven knows, my brother lov'd me. Now, I hope,
The duke will not pursue me with new flames.
Sciarrha, tell the rest. Love one another
The time you live together; I'll pray for you
In heaven. Farewell! kiss me when I am dead,
You else will stay my journey. [*Dies.*
Sci. Didst not hear
An angel call her? Florio, I have much
To tell thee. Take her up; stay, I will talk
A little more with her; she is not dead,
Let her alone;—nay then, she's gone indeed.
But hereabouts her soul must hover still,
Let's speak to that. Fair spirit—
Flo. You talk idly.
Sci. Do you talk wisely then. An excellent pattern,
As she now stands, for her own alabaster;[1]
Or may she not be kept from putrefaction,
And be the very figure on her tomb?
Cannot thy tears and mine preserve her, Florio?
If we want brine, a thousand virgins shall
Weep every day upon her, and themselves,
In winter, leaning round about her monument,
Being moist creatures, stiffen with the cold,
And freeze into so many white supporters.
But we lose time.—I charge thee, by thy love
To this pale relic, be instructed by me,
Not to thy danger; some revenge must be,
And I am lost already; if thou fall,
Who shall survive, to give us funeral?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

A Room in LORENZO'S *House.*

Enter LORENZO *and* PETRUCHIO.

Lor. Petruchio.
Pet. My lord.
Lor. Thou art now my servant.
Pet. I ever was in heart your humblest vassal.
Lor. Thou art faithful, I must cherish thy desert;
I shortly shall reward it, very shortly:
Next morning must salute me duke; the sun
And I must rise together.

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[1] *texted*—written.
[2] Make not thyself, by murthering of thy sister,
All a *red letter.*
Sci. You shall be *the martyr.*
The allusions here are to the custom, still observed, of printing the names of the martyrs in the Roman Calendar in *red letters.*—GIFFORD.

[1] *own alabaster—i.e.* as he explains himself, for her own statue, sculptured, as was the custom, in white marble, and placed recumbent on the tomb.—GIFFORD.

Pet. I shall pray
Your glory may outshine him in your Florence,
And when he sets, we may enjoy your sunbeam.
Lor. 'Tis handsome flattery, and becomes a courtier.
Pet. I flatter not, my lord.
Lor. Then, thou art a fool:
No music to a great man chimes so sweetly,
And men must thrive; come hither,
How many hast thou kill'd?
Pet. But one, my lord.
Lor. But one!
Pet. And I must owe
My life to your lordship, I had been hang'd else.
Lor. But one? Wait at the door. [*Exit* PET.]—He is
Not fit to kill a duke, whose hand is guilty
But of a single murder; or at least
Not fit alone to act it. I have been
Practis'd already, and though no man see it,
Nor scarce the eye of Heaven, yet every day
I kill a prince.—Appear, thou tragic witness,
[*Brings forth the duke's picture, a poniard sticking in it.*
Which, though it bleed not, I may boast a murder.
Here first the duke was painted to the life,
But with this pencil, to the death: I love
My brain for the invention, and thus
Confirm'd, dare trust my resolution.
I did suspect his youth and beauty might
Win some compassion when I came to kill him;
Or the remembrance that he is my kinsman,
Might thrill my blood; or something in his title
Might give my hand repulse, and startle nature:
But thus I have arm'd myself against all pity,
That when I come to strike, my poniard may
Through all his charms as confidently wound him,
As thus I stab his picture, and stare on it.
[*Stabs the picture.*
Methinks the duke should feel me now: is not
His soul acquainted? can he less than tremble,
When I lift up my arm to wound his counterfeit?[1]
Witches can persecute the lives of whom
They hate, when they torment their senseless figures,
And stick the waxen model full of pins.
Can any stroke of mine carry less spell
To wound his heart, sent with as great a malice?
He smiles, he smiles upon me! I will dig
Thy wanton eyes out, and supply the dark
And hollow cells with two pitch-burning tapers;
Then place thee porter in some charnel-house,
To light the coffins in.—

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. My lord.
Lor. The duke's not come already?
Pet. Signior Florio
Desires to speak with you.
Lor. This must retire
Again into my closet. [*Puts back the picture.*]—Admit him.

Enter FLORIO.

Welcome! how does Sciarrha?
Flo. He commends
His service to your lordship, and hath sent—
Lor. His sister?
Flo. Much ado he had to effect it:
He hopes his grace will quickly sign his pardon.
Lor. It shall be done.
Flo. I have a suit, my lord.
Lor. To me?
Flo. My sister would entreat your honour,
She may be admitted privately, and that
I may have privilege to prepare her chamber:
She does retain some modesty, and would not
Trust every servant with her shame; their eyes
Are apt to instruct their tongues.
Lor. I will not see her myself.
Command what you desire.
Flo. You are gracious.
Lor. I'll give directions instantly: poor lady,
This is the duke's hot blood; but Heaven convert him!
Follow me, good Florio.
Flo. I attend, my lord.
Lor. Things shall be carried honourably.
Flo. We are all bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Recorders. *The Body of* AMIDEA *discovered on a bed, prepared by two* Gentlewomen.

1 *Gent.* This is a sad employment.
2 *Gent.* The last we e'er shall do my lady.

Enter FLORIÓ.

Flo. So; now you may return: it will become
Your modest duties not to enquire the reason
Of this strange service, nor to publish what
You have been commanded.
[*Exeunt* Gentlewomen.
—Let me look upon
My sister now; still she retains her beauty,
Death has been kind to leave her all this sweetness.
Thus in a morning have I oft saluted
My sister in her chamber, sate upon
Her bed, and talk'd of many harmless passages;
But now, 'tis night, and a long night with her,
I ne'er shall see these curtains drawn again,
Until we meet in heaven.—The duke already!

Enter DUKE *and* LORENZO.

Duke. May I believe?
Lor. Trust me, my lord, hereafter.
Duke. Call me no more thy lord, but thy companion;
I will not wear that honour in my title,
Shall not be thine.—Who's that?
Lor. Her brother Florio.
Duke. She is abed.
Flo. This shall declare thee to posterity
The best of sisters.—What of that? and is not
A brother's life more precious than a trifle?
I pr'ythee do not sigh: how many ladies
Would be ambitious of thy place to-night,
And thank his highness? yes, and virgins too.
Duke. He pleads for me.
Lor. He will deserve some office 'bout your person.
Duke. With what words
Shall I express my joy?
Lor. I leave you, sir, to action; Florio
Is soon dismiss'd. [*Exit.*
Flo. He's come: good night—
Duke. Florio!
Flo. [*Coming forward.*]—Your slave.
Duke. My friend!
Thou shalt be near our bosom.
Flo. Pleasures crown
Your expectation! [*Exit.*

[1] *counterfeit*—portrait.

Duke. All perfect; till this minute, I could never
Boast I was happy: all this world has not
A blessing to exchange: this world! 'tis heaven;
And thus I take possession of my saint:
[*Goes up to the bed.*
Asleep already? 'twere great pity to
Disturb her dream; yet if her soul be not
Tired with the body's weight, it must convey
Into her slumbers I wait here, and thus
Seal my devotion. [*Kisses.*]—What winter dwells
Upon this lip! 'twas no warm kiss; I'll try
Again. [*Kisses.*]—The snow is not so cold; I have
Drunk ice, and feel a numbness spread through [all]
My blood at once.—Ha! let me examine
A little better: Amidea! she is dead, she is dead!
What horror doth invade me?—Help, Lorenzo!
Murder! where is Lorenzo?

Re-enter LORENZO *with* PETRUCHIO.

Lor. Here, my lord.
Duke. Some traitor's hid within the chamber; see,
My Amidea's dead!
Lor. Dead! 'tis impossible;
[*Goes up to the bed.*
Yet, she has a wound upon her breast.
Duke. I pr'ythee kill me:—
[*They stab him.*
Ha! wilt thou murder me, Lorenzo?—Villain!—
[*To* PET.
Oh, spare me to consider; I would live
A little longer: treason!
Lor. A little longer, say you?
It was my duty to obey you, sir.
Pet. Let's make him sure, my lord.
Lor. What would you say?—No ears but ours
Can reach his voice;—but be not tedious.
Duke. Oh, spare me; I may live, and pardon thee:
Thy prince begs mercy from thee, that did never
Deny thee anything; pity my poor soul;
I have not pray'd.
Lor. I could have wish'd you better
Prepar'd, but let your soul e'en take his chance.
[*Stabs him again.*
Duke. No tears prevail! oh, whither must [I] wander?
Thus Cæsar fell by Brutus. I shall tell
News to the world I go to, will not be
Believ'd, Lorenzo killed me.
Lor. Will it not?
I'll presently put in security.
[*Stabs him again.*
Duke. I am coming, Amidea, I am coming.—
For thee, inhuman murderer, expect
My blood shall fly to heaven, and there inflam'd,
Hang a prodigious meteor all thy life,
And when by some as bloody hand as thine
Thy soul is ebbing forth, it shall descend
In flaming drops upon thee; oh, I faint!—
Thou flattering world, farewell! let princes gather
My dust into a glass, and learn to spend
Their hour of state, that's all they have; for when
That's out, Time never turns the glass again.
[*Dies.*
Lor. So!
Lay him beside his mistress; hide their faces.
The duke dismiss'd the train came with him?
Pet. He did, my lord.
Lor. Run to Sciarrha, pray him come and speak with me;
Secure his passage to this chamber: haste!—
[*Exit* PET.
He's dead; I'll trust him now, and his ghost too;
Fools start at shadows, I'm in love with night
And her complexion.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. My lord, he's come without your summons.
Lor. Already? leave us. [*Exit* PET.

Enter SCIARRHA *and* FLORIO.

Welcome, let embraces
Chain us together.—Noble Florio, welcome:—
But I must honour thy great soul.
Sci. Where's the duke?
Lor. They are abed together.
Sci. Ha!
Lor. He's not stirring yet:
Thou kill'dst thy sister, didst not?
Sci. I preserv'd her.
Lor. So! it was bravely done.
Sci. But where's the wanton duke?
Lor. Asleep, I tell you.
Sci. And he shall sleep eternally.
Lor. You cannot wake him; look you.
[*Leads* SCIAR. *up to the bed.*
Sci. Is he dead?
Lor. And in his death we two begin our life
Of greatness, and of empire; nay, he's dead.
Sci. That labour's saved.
Lor. Now I pronounce, Sciarrha,
Thy pardon, and to recompense thy loss,
The share of Florence; I'll but wear the title,
The power we'll divide.
Sci. I like this well:
You told a tale once of a commonwealth,
And liberty.
Lor. It was to gain a faction
With discontented persons, a fine trick
To make a buz of reformation.
My ends are compass'd; hang the ribble rabble!
Sci. Shall we sweat for the people? lose our
To get their fame? [breath
Lor. I'll have it given out
The duke did kill thy sister—
Sci. Excellent!
Lor. Having first ravish'd her: he cannot be
Too hateful; it will dull the examination
Of his own death; or, if that come to question—
Sci. What if I say, I kill'd him in revenge
Of Amidea? they will pity me;
Beside, it will be in your power to pardon
Me altogether.
Lor. Most discreetly thought on.
Sci. The devil will not leave us o' the sudden.
Lor. Rare wit!—
How hastily he climbs the precipice,
From which one filip topples him to ruin.
[*Aside.*
We two shall live like brothers.
Sci. Stay; we two?—
Now I consider better, I have no mind
To live at all—and you shall not—
I'll give you proof; if you but make a noise,
You gallop to the devil.
Lor. I'm betray'd.
Sci. To death inevitable.—Brother, be you
Spectator only.
Lor. This is somewhat noble.
Sci. Thank me not, Lorenzo; I will not engage

His innocence to blood.—Thy hands are white,
Preserve them, Florio, and unless my arm
Grow feeble, do not interpose thy sword,
I charge thee.
Lor. None to assist me? help, Petruchio! help!
[*They fight.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, *and offers to run at* SCIARRHA, *but is intercepted by* FLORIO. *He runs out, crying Help!* FLORIO *makes fast the door.*

Stretch thy jaws wider, villain! cry out Murder!
Treason! anything; hold—oh!
Sci. Will you not fall, Colossus?
[LOR. *falls, and dies.*
Flo. Are not you hurt?
Sci. I know not. Ha? yes, he has prick'd me somewhere,
But I'll make sure of him [*stabs him again.*]—Now must I follow:
I'll fight with him in the t'other world—thy hand,
Florio; farewell. [*Dies.*
Flo. He's dead too? 'tis in vain for me to fly.
[*Within.*] Break ope the doors!
Flo. You shall not need. [*Opens the door.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, *with* COSMO, ALONZO, FREDERICO, *and* Guard.

Alon. Disarm him.
Cos. Lorenzo and Sciarrha slain?
Alon. Where is the duke?
Pet. Look here, my lords.
Alon. What traitor?
Fred. See, Amidea murder'd too.
Cos. I tremble; here is a heap of tragedies.
Alon. We must have an account from Florio.
Flo. He can inform you best, that brought you hither.
Alon. Lay hands upon Petruchio! disarm him!
Cos. What blood is that upon his sword? 'tis fresh.
Pet. I'm caught.
Cos. To tortures with him.
Pet. Spare your fury; know
'Twas the best blood in Florence: I must quit
Young Florio; Lorenzo, and myself,
Are only guilty of the prince's death.
Alon. Inhuman traitors!
Cos. But who kill'd Amidea?
Flo. The duke's lust:
There was no other way to save her honour;
My brother has reveng'd it here, but fate
Denied him triumph.
Alon. I never heard
Such killing stories; but 'tis meet we first
Settle the state.—Cosmo, you are the next
Of blood to challenge Florence.
Cos. Pray defer
That till the morning. Drag that murderer
To prison.—Florio you must not expect
Your liberty, till all things be examin'd.—
Lorenzo, now I am above thy malice,
And will make satisfaction to Oriana.—
'Tis a sad night, my lords; by these you see
There is no stay in proud mortality.
[*Exeunt.*

THE BROTHERS:

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE PRIVATE HOUSE IN BLACKFRIARS.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

London. 1626.

TO HIS TRULY NOBLE FRIEND

THOMAS STANLEY, ESQUIRE.

SIR,—The memory and contemplation of good offices received, which by their own nature and impulsion have inclined other men to be active in their returns, have not wrought me into so much boldness; for when I considered my obligation to your favours, I was still deterred by their greatness and number; for in my poverty, I had thoughts, not without ambition, to reach them with some merit; but when I was studying to proportion my gratitude, I fell much lower than when I was the object of your mercy. The way to relieve myself, is no more to look at what you have conferred, but on the bestower, for I have now learned to separate you from your benefits, and to convey myself into your pardon, by the exercise of your charity. Thus, in place of cancelling my former debts, I put your virtue to a new disbursement. Witness this composition, which, after its birth, had in my thoughts a dedication to your name, although it but now took the boldness to wear it in the forehead, both as an ornament and preserver. You were pleased to grace it with your fair opinion, when it was represented; and though it appear not in that natural dress of the scene, nor so powerful as when it had the soul of action, yet your smile upon it now will give it second animation, by which I shall derive, after so long a silence, a confirmation of my happiness, in being still received,

Sir, your most humble Servant,
JAMES SHIRLEY.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON CARLOS.
LUYS. *his Son.*
DON RAMYRES.
FERNANDO, } *Sons to* RAMYRES.
FRANCISCO, }
DON PEDRO, a *Nobleman.*
ALBERTO, *a Gentleman, lover of* JACINTA.
THEODORO, *Brother to* DON CARLOS.
Physician.
Notary.
Confessor.
Servants.

ALSIMIRA, *Wife to* DON CARLOS.
JACINTA, *Daughter to* DON CARLOS.
FELISARDA, THEODORO'S *Daughter.*
ESTEFANIA, *a noble Widow.*

SCENE—*Madrid.*

PROLOGUE.

Troth, gentlemen, I know not what to say,
Now I am here; but you shall have a play:—
I hope there are none met but friends; if you
Be pleas'd to hear me first, I'll tell you true,
I do not like the Prologue, 'tis not smart,
Not airy; then the play's not worth a ——
What witty Prologues have we heard! how keen
Upon the time, how tickling o' the spleen!
But that wit's gone, and we, in these sad days,
In coarse dull phlegm, must preface to our plays.
I'll show you what our author meant should be
His Prologue,—'Gentlemen,'—he shall pardon me,
I dare not speak a line, not that you need
To fear a satire in't, or wit, indeed.
He would have you believe no language good
And artful, but what's clearly understood;
And then he robs you of much mirth, that lies
I' the wonder why you laugh at comedies.
He says the times are dangerous; who knows,
What treason may be wrapt in giant prose,
Or swelling verse at least to sense? Nay, then,
Have at you, Master Poet!—Gentlemen,
Though he pretend fair, I dissemble not,
You're all betray'd here to a Spanish plot;
But do not you seem fearful, as you were
Shooting the bridge: let no man shift or stir,
I'll fetch you off, and two hours hence you may
(If not before) laugh at the plot and play.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Room in DON CARLOS' *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO, JACINTA, *and* FELISARDA.

Fran. I take my leave, Jacinta, and cannot wish you
More happiness than you possess.
Jac. You must
Dissemble, or it is within your wishes
To make yourself, Francisco, mine, which would be
A fair addition to me, in my faith
Of that most noble love you have profess'd.
Fran. When you but dare to own me, I am past
The fear of any destiny that can
Divide us—but your father.—

Enter DON CARLOS *and a* Servant.

Your own virtue
Be still your guard. I do not like this watch
Upon our meeting.—Pretty Felisarda. [*Exeunt.*
Car. Tell Signior Francisco I would speak with him. [*Exit* Servant.
I do not like his frequent visits; though
His birth and generous parts deserve to march
With men of honourable name, I am
Without ambition to sacrifice
My daughter to his pension for life.

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. Your pleasure, sir?
Car. Hath hitherto, Francisco,
Been to affect[1] you in the list of those
I held my friends.
Fran. I hope no forfeit made
By me, hath lost that good opinion
You placed upon me.
Car. I cannot tell
How you may be transported with desires
Above my thoughts t' allow; I would not have
My silence, and the free access you've had to
My house (which still is open to wise guests),
Betray me, or my daughter, to the mirth
And talk of men i' the plaça.[1] My estate
Doth walk upon sound feet, and though I make
No exception to your blood or person, sir,
The portion I have fixed upon Jacinta,
Beside the wealth her liberal aunt bequeath'd her,
Is more than your thin younger brother's fortune
Should lay a siege, or hope to. I am plain.
Fran. And something passionate (if I understand you)
Without a cause. I am a gentleman,
With as much sense of honour as the proudest
Don that doth ride on's foot-cloth, and can drop
Gold to the numerous minutes of his age;
And let me not be lost for want of that
Deserves not to be nam'd to fill the balance
Against true honour:—let me tell you, sir,
Virtue and blood are weigh'd against themselves;
You cannot know the price of these, when either
Scale is not pois'd with things of the same nature.
Car. You're very right, and, therefore, I do weigh
My daughter's wealth against your fortune, sir;
I take it they are things in the same species:

[1] *affect*—suppose.

[1] *plaça*—*i.e.* the square, the public walk.

And find it easy to distinguish; yours
Can hold small competition, and by
A consequence that fathers use t' infer,
As little hope to equal in affections.
Sir, I must tell you, I esteem Jacinta
Fit every way to meet your elder brother,
Whose birth will interest him so much in that
Full fortune which your father now is lord of;
Your expectations may prompt you look,
Without much curiosity, for a bride.
Fran. I shall believe thy soul is made of atoms;
That places so much happiness in dust.—
[*Aside.*
Sir, I can quit[1] your jealousy; my thoughts
Level beneath your daughter, and shall be
Happy if you consent I may devote
My applications to Felisarda,
Your niece.
Car. Is it my niece? I ask your pardon.
Nay, then, be welcome; and t' encourage you,
Although her father, a poor gentleman,
My brother, by the malice of the sea
And winds, have lost what might have rank'd him even
With some that ride upon their reverend mules,
I'll find a portion for her, if you strike
Affectionate hearts, and joy to call you nephew.
Pray be not angry, that I take a care
To place my own where I may see it answer'd
With state, as well as family.
Fran. You show
A provident father. I shall not then be
Endanger'd to your scruple, if I address
My services to her, whose humble fortune,
In the relation to your blood and nobleness,
Is wealth enough to me?
Car. I wish it prosper.
Fran. You have much honour'd me. [*Exit.*
Car. That scruple's vanish'd.
These are considerings, with which parents must
Timely prevent the folly and the fall
Of children, apt to lose themselves in shadows,
And gaudy apparitions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your son
Is come from Salamanca, sir.
Car. I hope
Philosophy hath by this time tam'd his wildness;
I have been careful not to feed his riots.
He's welcome; my next study is to choose
A wife for him.
Serv. With him a gentleman,
That seems of noble quality.

Enter Luys *and* Alberto.

Luys. Your blessing,
Next which, 'twill be a happiness, if you
Embrace this noble gentleman, Don Alberto,
To whose affection I have been engaged.
Alb. Our studies grew together, and our loves.
Car. You do an honour to us.
Luys. If he thrive
Upon his fair intents, sir, to my sister,
Whose character he has took delight to hear
From me sometimes, it will enlarge our honour.
Car. He has improved in language—[*aside.*]—
His estate?
Luys. Six thousand ducats, sir, per annum,
In his possession, beside [clear
The legacy of a grannam when she dies,
That has outliv'd six cats within their family.

[1] *quit*—*i.e.* remove.

Car. This tastes again of the old humour; he's
Not settled yet! [*Aside.*
Luys. Your pardon, sir; I cannot
With any patience think of an old woman,
They are agues to my nature; she that lives
To threescore is a witch, and fit for fuel,
By the civil law.—I hope my mother's well?—
Sir, I beseech you, be not you mistaken;
I am not what I was, I'm strangely alter'd
From the wild garb, and can discourse most gravely
Of anything but old and toothless women.
Do not you think it fit she should be burn'd, sir,
That lives within an hospital till the roof
Consume to dust, and no more left for covering
Than is kept up in one continued cobweb,
Through which the birds may see her when she creeps
Under a spider's canopy? what think you?
Speak your own conscience.
Car. A young wife will cure
This angry heat of blood. — You are most welcome. [*To* Alberto.
Command my house, and if you can affect
My daughter, for whose love (as my son here
Prepares me) you have ta'en these pains, I shall
Make equal propositions. I knew
Your father well, Don Roderigo, who
Gave up his life with honour 'gainst the Moors.
Once more, you're welcome.—Son Luys, show
The way to your sister, and bid her entertain
Your friend with all the love her modesty
And my commands may prompt her to.
Alb. You much oblige my services.
Luys. Remember, Don,
Conditions; if my sister and you join
Your copyholds, I have a life must be
Maintain'd till the old man die. Hang his pension!
'Twill not keep me in salads. I'll conduct you.
[*Aside to, and exit with* Alberto.
Car. I like his person well; and his calm gesture
Speaks for his other composition.
The estate is competent, my daughter is
Obedient, which rich parents call a blessing,
Whose wisdom is to advance their name and fortunes.
My son is all my study now.—

Enter Don Ramyres.

My noble Don Ramyres! you look cheerful.
Ram. 'Tis a good omen: I have business wi' ye,
Such as cannot despair your entertainment:
You have a daughter.
Car. I would you had one!
I should be willing to translate a son,
And by his marriage be most proud to call
Your daughter mine.
Ram. You are next a prophet, signior,
And, but the sexes differ, speak my thoughts;
'Tis harmony on both sides; to be short,—
For let our gravities not waste time and breath
In our affairs,—give the young leave to court
And spin out days in amorous circumstance.
My son Fernando, I need not call him heir,
His birth concludes it, I would commend
To fair Jacinta: it can be no dishonour
To your family to mix with mine.
Car. 'Tis an addition
Will add a lustre rather to our blood.
Ram. 'Tis my affection to your daughter, which, confirmed
By observation of her virtue, makes
Me wish this tie between 'em; I may safely
Expect you will assure a portion that
His fortunes will deserve, who must enjoy

What I possess, unless you disaffect[1]
His person, or decline his education,
Which hath not spar'd my coffers to advance him
In the best form of gentleman.
Car. I want
Abilities of tongue to answer this
Your freedom and the bounty of your nature
Towards my daughter; and so far am [I] from
Exception to Fernando, there's no cavalier
In Spain I wish to thrive so well in her
Opinion.
Ram. 'Twill be his encouragement,
If he intrench upon no other's interest,
I mean not to except, how well he can
Deserve her nobly from a rival, if
Her heart be not contracted; this were to
Engage 'em both to loss of peace and honour,
Perhaps betray a life.
Car. You argue nobly;
She is yet mistress of her thoughts, and free,
While her obedience doth keep in trust
Her heart, till I direct it, which shall be
To love, and choose your son to live within it.—
Have I said home?
Ram. You have. When they have met,
We may conclude the dowry, and confirm
Our mutual assurances; till then
Farewell. [*Exit.*
Car. I like this well; Ramyres has
A fortune for a grandee. Don Alberto
Must now excuse me if my vote prefer
Fernando, whom my daughter must accept,
Or forfeit me. The new guest is not warm
In his access, and shall not feel with what
Soft art and subtle ways I steer her passion;
Yet were Alberto's state ten maravedis
Above Ramyres', I should place him first.
Fame is an empty noise, virtue a word
There's not a Jew will lend two ducats on.—
He is return'd; I must prepare Jacinta. [*Exit.*

Re-enter RAMYRES *with* FERNANDO.

Fer. I hope my past life hath not, sir, so ill
Deserv'd, you should be jealous of my duty
When you command, although in things of this
High nature, man being nothing more concern'd,
Next the divine considerations,
Than in the choice of her that must divide
The joys and sufferings of his life, a son
May modestly insist upon the privilege
That Love by his great charter hath conferr'd
On every heart, not to be forced, yet I
Freely resign my will, and what men call
Affection, to that object you present me.
Ram. Apply yourself, then, to Don Carlos' daughter;
She's young, fair, rich, and virtuous, and I've had
Full treaty with her father, who expects
Your visit.
Fer. Young, fair, rich, and virtuous!
Four excellencies seldom met in one;
She cannot sure want servants,[2] that commands
Under so many titles. I could wish
(So much I have ambition to be thought
Obedient, sir) she were but one of those.
Ram. She is all, and one.
Fer. My duty were not less
If I forgave myself a happiness
To perfect your commands; sir, I am ready
To try my fortune.
Ram. There is no fear of thy repulse; and when
Thou dost confirm her gain'd to thy affection,
My greatest act and care of life is over.
Go on and prosper. [*Exit.*
Fer. He is passionate,
And like the fury of the winds, more loud
By opposition; such a providence
May be mine one day when I am a father,
And he for whose advance my cares are meant,
Like me, may with a fair and formal show,
Disguise his thoughts too; yet I am to blame,
For my affection to a dream, a thing
With which my eyes only convers'd, to hazard
A father's love and the rich peace it brings;
I'll uncreate the face I doat upon,
And be myself, or—

Enter FRANCISCO.

What! my brother?
Now, Francisco, you met my father?
Fran. Yes, and he
Looks as some news had much exalted him.
You are not so merry in the face: what is't?
Fer. Nothing.
Fran. You held no controversies with him?
Fer. No.
Fran. I cannot guess he was angry by his smiles.
How did you part?
Fer. Exceeding kindly.
Fran. What changes your complexion?
Fer. Thou'rt deceived.
Pr'ythee, how do men look that are in love?
Fran. Why, as they did before: what alteration
Have you observed in me?
Fer. You have then a mistress,
And thrive upon her favours?—but thou art
My brother, I'll deliver thee a secret:
I was at Saint Sebastian's last Sunday,
At vespers—
Fran. Is it a secret that you went to church?
You need not blush to tell't your ghostly father.
Fer. I pr'ythee leave thy impertinence; there I saw
So sweet a face, so harmless, so intent
Upon her prayers, it frosted my devotion
To gaze on her, till by degrees I took
Her fair idea[1] through my covetous eye,
Into my heart, and know not how to ease
It since of the impression.
Fran. So! proceed.
Fer. Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament;
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief,
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.
Fran. I do believe,
By all these metaphors, you are in love
I see you have a fancy; but proceed,
And be not melancholy.
Fer. I have told thee all.
Fran. This is indeed a vision; you have
But seen her all this while, if I may counsel you,
You should proceed; her face is nothing when
You have perus'd the rest.
Fer. 'Tis dangerous.
Fran. You must excuse me, brother;
There can be no hurt in a handsome woman.

[1] *disaffect*—are ill-affected to.
[2] *servants*—lovers.

[1] *idea*—image.

For if her face delight so much, what will
The enjoying of so sweet a pile of beauty?
Fer. Thou hast infus'd a confidence; I will
Embrace this counsel: you shall with me, brother,
And see how I behave myself: the lady
Is not far off.
Fran. With all my heart; I'll pawn
My life you shall enjoy her; what is she
Of flesh and blood that will deny, when she
Is fairly courted? May I know the name
Of this lov'd mistress? You may clear your thoughts,
I dare have no design to wrong your love.
Fer. What think you, brother, of the fair Jacinta?
Fran. Don Carlos' daughter?
Fer. To that happy coast
I now am sailing; we lose time; clap on
More wings, thou feather'd god: thou hast put fire,
Francisco, into my drooping thoughts, and as
They had already bargained with the wind,
They are aloft, and chide Love's lazy motion.
Fran. A word before you fly: but is Jacinta
Your mistress, then?
Fer. The beautiful Jacinta.
Dost think I shall not prosper? *What is she Of flesh and blood that can deny, when she Is fairly courted?* Add to this, my happiness,
That she's the mistress whom, from all her sex,
My father hath made choice of for my courtship.
He hath already treated with Don Carlos,
And 'twas his last command I should address
My present visit to her.
Fran. Very well:
If this be truth, you need not trouble wings
To overtake this lady; to my knowledge
(I'm serious now) she has bestow'd her heart
Upon a friend, who has already fortified
Himself against the world that would oppose
His title to't.
Fer. From what intelligence
Have you gain'd this? her father knows it not.
Come, these are but subtle pretences scatter'd
By some, who cunningly thus hope to make
Themselves a victory by cutting off
More fruitful expectations; this must
Not disengage me; pr'ythee, walk.
Fran. I can produce my author, here, Fernando,
And with my blood defend that interest
She gave me, with intent I should preserve it.
Fer. How! is she yours, Francisco?
Fran. Mine, if hearts
Have power to make assurance.
Fer. 'Tis some happiness
I have no stranger to oppose, whose high
And stubborn soul would not release this treasure
But make me force it through his blood. Francisco and
Fernando are two rillets from one spring;
I will not doubt he will resign, to make
Me fortunate; or, should his will be cold,
And some close thoughts suggest I had no privilege,
By eldest birth, but came a sly intruder
Upon his right of love, there is a tie
Of nature and obedience to a father
Will make him give this blessing from his bosom,
And strip his amorous soul of all his wealth,
That may invest my wishes.
Fran. I read not this
In any of the reverend casuists;
No inequality being in our blood,
The law of nature meant we should be equal;
It was first tyranny, then partial custom,
Made you more capable of land. Would you
Be lord of us because you are first-born,
And make our souls your tenants too? When I've
Nam'd you my elder brother, I exclude
All servitude; justice, that makes me love you,
Carries an equal law to both;
Nay, I can love you more, if I consider you
(Without the chain of blood) a friend, than all
The bonds of nature can enforce me to:
In both relations give me leave to love you
As much as man, but not resign my mistress.
You ascend higher and persuade by what
Obedience is owing to a father;—
They give us life, a good son keeps it for them,
And every drop bled in their cause is glory;
I acknowledge this, and sacrifice
Life, fortunes, a poor recompense to lose
(Were they all multiplied), to show my duty;
But these are things may be resign'd: a mistress
Is not a wealth in balance with the world,
But much above the poise of all its happiness,
And equal with our honour, riveted
Into our soul. It leaves her not, when death
Hath shook this body off, but flies with it
More swift to love it in the other world.
Fer. You are very passionate.
Fran. I am very just,
And you shall find it, brother, ere you twine
With my Jacinta, *mine*, if vows may give
Possession of each other's soul.
Fer. No more.
May she be worthy of thy heart, till mine
Do entertain a treason to divide you;
But I, to satisfy my father, must
Present myself, and, trust me, will so manage
My love to her, as thou shalt have no cause
To interpret me a rival. Oh, Francisco,
Our loves are of a kindred, for mine is
Devote to Felisarda, to her cousin,
Poor Felisarda.
Fran. Theodoro's daughter?
Fer. We never yet changed language, nor doth she
Imagine with what thoughts I honour her;
But here is the distraction; thou canst not
Expect more opposition from Don Carlos
Than I must from my father, if he knew
Where I have placed my heart.
Fran. Let us assist
Each other, then, till time, and some kind stars,
Mature our love.
Fer. Let fathers look at wealth, 'tis all their saint:
Hearts are free-born, and love knows no constraint. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Room in DON CARLOS' *House.*

Enter LUYS *and* JACINTA.

Luys. How do you like Alberto, sister? is he not
A gallant gentleman?
Jac. For what, good brother?
I cannot judge his intellectuals,
But we have plenty of more proper men
In Spain.
Luys. He is an excellent scholar;
He was still emperor in the schools; and since
He studied logic and philosophy;
He was the flower of's time at Salamanca.
Jac. 'Tis pity he should be gather'd, then.
Luys. What be gather'd?
Jac. The flower you talk on.

Luys. If you affect him, sister, he may grow,
And you may keep him still for seed, [so] please you.
Jac. And sell him out at sowing-time to gardeners.
Luys. Come, you must love him.
Jac. Has he the black art?
I know not how magic or philtres may
Prevail, and yet he looks suspiciously.
Luys. You think you're witty. D'ye hear, you must
Affect him for my sake.
Jac. Now you speak reason;
I may for your sake dote upon him, brother;
This is a conjuration may do much.
Luys. Well said;
Thou art my sister, this good nature shows it.
And now I'll tell thee, I have promised him
As much as marriage comes to, and I lose
My honour, if my Don receives the canvas.[1]
He has a good estate, and I have borrow'd
Considerable moneys of him, sister,
Pieces of eight, and transitory ducats.
Jac. Which must be paid.
Luys. Not if you marry him;
Conditions have been thought on.
Jac. How? conditions?
Luys. And some revenue was convenient
To do things like a gentleman. I may
Tell you, my father is a little costive,
Purse-bound, his pension cannot find me tooth-picks;
I must live till he die; 'tis fit, you know:
Alberto has an exchequer, which, upon
Thy smiles, will still be open.
Jac. Very good;
Then you, upon the matter, have sold me to him,
To find you spending money?
Luys. No, not sold;
We are at no certain price: sums have been lent
In expectation, or so, and may again.
Jac. You deserve, brother, I should hate you now.
Luys. It is all one to me, so you love him:
For my part, I desire but my expenses.
Jac. What if another man supply your wants
Upon the same conditions of my love?
Luys. I am indifferent, so I have my charges,
My necessary wine and women, paid for;
Love where you please yourself; I am but one.
I would not see him want, that's all, because
My father is not yet resolv'd about
His going to heaven.
Jac. Well, sir, for Don Alberto,
You shall be his advocate no more, and there's
A fee to bribe your silence in his cause.
[*Gives him money.*
Luys. Why, thank you, sister. Will you die a virgin?
Jac. Why do you ask?
Luys. I would speak for somebody; tell me but whom
You have a mind to, and I'll plead for him,
And if he be a don, he will consider it;
You may give me what you will besides.
Jac. When I
Resolve, you shall be acquainted.
Luys. But do you hear?
Until you do resolve, I would lose no time;
'Tis good keeping a friend, and a warm client;
You may look lovingly upon Alberto,
And let him hope, at all adventures; in
Two months you may be otherwise provided,
And he may hang himself; i' the meantime,
Some favours now and then to the poor gentleman
Will do him good, and me no hurt; besides
You'll please my father in't, whose vote is for him,
And that's a thing material. I am
To meet with Don Alberto and some gentlemen;
I will preserve his confidence, and tell him
I have talk'd with thee. Have you any more
Of this complexion? 'cause I know not what
Occasions I may have to keep my credit
With men of mark and honour, where I am going;
You are my father's darling, and command
His yellow ingots; t' other *doblon d'oro*.[1]
Jac. So I may bring a rentcharge on myself.
Luys. The t'other drop of orient mercy; come.
Jac. You care not what accounts I give my father.
Luys. Thou hast twenty ways to cozen him; wedge it
Into the next bill; he wears spectacles,
And loves to read—*Item for pious uses.*—
Can it be less to help a brother?—[JAC. *gives him more money.*]—Well said.
Jac. Let not this feed your riot.
Luys. By no means.
I am for no Carthusians to-day.
Farewell, dear sister.—

Enter CARLOS, FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, *and* FELISARDA.

Who is that?
Jac. My father.
Luys. I cannot endure that old man's company. [*Exit.*
Car. I am past compliment, and must acknowledge
Your fair intentions honour us; she is no goddess
Of beauty, sir, but let me, without pride,
Boast myself blest, Fernando, in her virtues,
And that which crowns 'em all, obedience.—
Jacinta, entertain this gentleman
With all becoming thoughts of love; his merit
(Out of no rash, but mature judgment) hath
Prevail'd with me, to name him to the first
And noblest place within your heart.
Fer. Until this hour I never had the confidence
More than to think of love, and hide a flame
That almost hath consumed me. You may think
It worth a smile, and that I only flourish
To show my vanity of wit or language;
But when you understand that I bring hither
No young affection, but a love took in
Long since at my ambitious eye, it may
Beget your gentle thought, or will to cure me.
Jac. Pardon me, if the more you strive to print
A truth on this short story of your passion,
The more I find myself inclined to wonder,
Since you seem to infer you took in the
Disease at sight of me, I cannot be
So ignorant, as not to have receiv'd
Your name and character, but never knew
Before, when you did grace us with a visit;
And how then at such distance you contracted
A danger so consuming, is above
My knowledge, not my pity, if you could
Direct me to the cure with virgin honour.

[1] *receives the canvas—i.e.* dismissed. The phrase is taken from the practice of journeymen mechanics who travel in quest of work with the implements of their profession. When they are discharged by their masters, they are said to *receive the canvas* or *the bag*; because in this their tools and necessaries are packed up, preparatory to their removal.—GIFFORD.

[1] *doblon d'oro*—gold doubloon.

Car. So, so; I leave you to the amorous dialogue;
Presume you have my voice.
Jac. Sir, with your pardon,
You lead me to a wilderness, and take
Yourself away, that should be guide; do you
Engage me to affect this Don Fernando
In earnest?
Car. Yes.
Jac. You did direct my love
To Don Alberto.
Car. I dispense with that
Command; you may, by fair degrees, and honour,
Quit his addresses, and dispose yourself
Mistress and bride to Don Ramyres' heir.
Fel. [*to* FRANCISCO.] It does not thus become you, sir, to mock
A virgin never injur'd you: he is
Your elder brother, I am here beneath
The level of his thoughts, i' the nature of
A servant to my cousin, and depend
Upon my uncle's charity.
Fran. May I be
Curst in my own affections, if I
Delude thee, though to achieve our best desires
We seem to dissemble thus before Don Carlos.
This is a secret yet to poor Jacinta.
Car. You have my will; obey it.
Jac. Hath Francisco
Broken his faith already? [*Aside.*
Car. May you both joy, where you have placed your loves!
You apply close, Francisco. [*Exit.*
Fran. With your good favour,
I fairly hope.
Fer. Your father's gone, Jacinta.
Jac. I should be
Equally pleas'd if you would leave me too.
Fel. This is a change.
Jac. Unkind Francisco, hear me.
Fran. 'Tis my meaning.—Brother, I have prepar'd
Your story there with Felisarda; lose
No time.
Fer. Jacinta, clear your thoughts again,
And pardon that I took a shape to fright you;
I shall not grieve to see Francisco prosper,
And merit all your favours, since my hopes
Must thrive, or have their funeral here.
[*taking* FELISARDA'S *hand.*
Jac. Are we
So blest, Francisco? That's a noble brother!
Fer. I may suppose my brother, Felisarda,
Hath made it now no secret, that I love you;
And since our stars have so contriv'd, that we
Have means to assist our mutual ambitions,
Do not you make their influence unprofitable;
'Tis the first boldness I e'er took to visit you,
Although my eyes have often, with delight
And satisfaction to my heart, observ'd you.
Fel. You seem a noble gentleman, and can take
But little glory to undo a maid,
Whose fortunes cannot bring you any triumph.
Fer. How mean you, fairest?
Fel. Not to be flatter'd, sir,
Into a sin, to cure my poverty;
For men, whose expectations are like yours,
Come not with honour to court such as I am
(Lost to the world for want of portion),
But with some untam'd heat of blood.
Fer. I dare,
With conscience of my pure intent, try what
Rudeness you find upon my lip, 'tis chaste
As the desires that breathe upon my language.
I began, Felisarda, to affect thee
By seeing thee at prayers; thy virtue wing'd
Love's arrow first, and 'twere a sacrilege
To choose thee now for sin, that hast a power
To make this place a temple by thy innocence.
I know thy poverty, and came not to
Bribe it against thy chastity; if thou
Vouchsafe thy fair and honest love, it shall
Adorn my fortunes, which shall stoop to serve it,
In spite of friends or destiny.
Fran. [*to* JACINTA.] My brother
Knows my whole interest in thee, to whom
My father's care directed him; but we
Thus mutually resolve to aid each other.
Jac. This must be wisely manag'd of all sides;
Parents have narrow eyes.[1]
Fran. Our meeting thus
Will happily secure us from their jealousy;
Our fathers must not know this countermarch.

Re-enter CARLOS, *behind.*

Car. Ha!
I like not this: Fernando at busy courtship
With Felisarda, and Francisco so
Close with my daughter!
Jac. Alas! we are betray'd.
Fel. My uncle.
Fer. You are her kinswoman, and of her bosom:
I pr'ythee, in my absence, plead to fair
Jacinta for me; as an earnest of
My gratitude, accept this trifle from me.
Car. Ha! 'tis a jewel.
Fel. Without this reward
I should solicit, sir, your cause, and do
My duty to Don Carlos, who desires it.
Fer. I take my leave.
Fran. Madam, I shall be proud
To call you sister, but you will prepare
Another happiness if you vouchsafe
To speak for me to pretty Felisarda;
She's bound to hear your counsel and obey it;
If I may owe this favour to your charity.
Jac. Your goodness will deserve more.
Fran. I must follow him. [*Exit.*
Car. Do you take notice, Felisarda, that
You live here on the bounty of an uncle?
Your father had but ill news from the Indies.
Fel. Sir, as your goodness wants no testimony,
I shall attend it with all humble services.
Car. How durst you, in the presence of my daughter,
Maintain such whispers with Fernando, eh?
Fel. Sir, he was pleas'd—
Car. No more; I here discharge you.—
Jacinta, I'll provide one to attend you
With less relation to your blood.—I'll hear
Of no defence; away! out of my doors!
Go to your father, Signior Theodoro:
His ships may rise again were sunk by th' Hollander,
And's fleet from St. Thomas; he may prefer you
To some rich don; or, who knows but you may,
Borne on the plumes of his estate, be made
In time a proud condessa! *so, a Dios,*
Muy illustre Senora Felisarda! [*Exit.*
Jac. Thus have I heard a tall ship has been wreck'd
By some strange gust within the bay: his passion
Admits of no dispute.—Oh, my poor coz,
I fear my turn is next to be an exile;
Thy absence must deprive me of Francisco,
Who can no more glad his Jacinta's eyes,
With a pretence to visit thee.

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[1] *Parents have narrow eyes*—meaning, perhaps, that they look carefully, or *narrowly*, into these affairs.—GIFFORD.

Fel. 'Tis not
My fear to suffer want so much afflicts me,
As that I must lose you.—But he returns.

Re-enter CARLOS *with a letter, and a* Servant.

Car. Don Pedro de Fuente Calada coming hither,
With Don Alberto, and my son?
Serv. Yes, sir; the count desires to see Jacinta,
Whom your son has so commended, and sent me
To give you notice. [*Exit* Servant.
Car. Ha! Jacinta! retire
To your closet, and put on your richest jewels,
A count is come to visit you.—Felisarda,
There may be some more art us'd in her dress,
To take the eyes of greatness.
Jac. Sir, you speak
As I were meant for sacrifice, or sale;
The Count Don Pedro—
Car. No reply; be careful,
And humble in your office, Felisarda,
And you may live and eat here, till Jacinta
Provide another servant to attend her,
Which may be three whole days; my anger is
Not everlasting.—Bid my wife come to me.
[*Exeunt* JACINTA *and* FELISARDA.

Enter ALSIMIRA.

I expect an honourable guest, the Count Don Pedro,
To see our daughter, whom I have commanded
To appear with all her riches, to attract him.
Als. If his intents be honourable; I have heard
Don Pedro loves a handsome donna.
Car. He had better cool his hot blood i' the frozen
Sea, and rise thence a rock of adamant,
To draw more wonder to the north, than but
Attempt to wrong her chastity.—

Enter DON PEDRO, LUYS, *and* ALBERTO.

This from Don Pedro is an honour binds
The service of our lives.
Ped. Noble Don Carlos.
Als. If we had been prepar'd, we should have met
This grace with more becoming entertainment.
Ped. 'Tis fair, and equal to my wishes—[*he kisses* ALSIMIRA.]—She
Does smell of roasted garlick—[*aside.*]—This your sister?

Re-enter JACINTA *and* FELISARDA.

Luys. That is my mother, sir; here is Jacinta.
Ped. She has a tempting shape; I now am pleas'd.
I use to kiss all.—Hum, a pretty thing!
[*seeing* FELISARDA.
Car. I like not his busy eyes on Felisarda.
[*Aside.*
Alb. You will be faithful to me?
Luys. Who, I faithful? how shall I live else?
Car. Son Luys. [*Takes* LUYS *aside.*
Alb. Madam.
Ped. Will you be pleas'd [t'] admit Don Pedro, by
The title of your servant, to presume
Some time to wait upon you?
Jac. It were pride,
And saucy ambition, sir, in me, to think
You can descend so much from your great birth,
To own a name and office so much beneath you.
Ped. I, that before thought women easy trifles,
And things which nature meant only to quench
High flames in man, am taken with this lady.
[*Aside.*
Luigi, thou hast wrong'd the fair Jacinta;
Thy praise was thin, and cold; Spain is not rich
Enough to boast her equal; and I love her.
Luys. Oh, she will be too proud to know it, sir.
Ped. Proud she must be, whose eyes have such command.
She has a pretty servant too, Luigi;
I like 'em both.
Luys. How! both?
Ped. They will do well.
Luys. It will become your high blood.
Ped. Say I kiss
Her white hand, and present her with these pearls?
Luys. Your honour shall command.
Ped. Your daughter has a most magnetic face,
And I pronounce her happy; your consent
Confirms her mine.
Car. There's nothing in my blood or fortune, but
Don Pedro shall command.—I was prophetical.—
Come hither, Alsimira; wouldst imagine?
He's taken with Jacinta, and hath pray'd
Already my consent.
Als. Believe not all
That great men speak are oracles; our daughter—
Car. If she be stubborn, uncreates herself:
Be you wise, and counsel her to this ambition,
Or thus I loose you all.—Ha! turn away
That fairy, she's a witch, the Count talks with her.
Alb. I hope you hold me not, sir, less deserving
Than when you gave me free access to plead
My service to your daughter?—If that don—
Car. Sir, you too much prejudicate my thoughts;
I must give due respects to men of honour,
Nor is it fit I should impose upon
The freedom of Jacinta's love.
Alb. You are noble.
Car. My lord.
Alb. I do not like this don. [*to* LUYS.
Luys. Thou'rt of my mind; I do not like him neither;
And yet the blackbird's in the bush;[1] see what
A present he would give my sister!
[*Showing him the pearls.*
Alb. Did she refuse it?
Luys. I never mean she shall; what! wrong my friend? [*Embracing him.*
Yet, I'll take all, and let him hang himself.
If he would send his eyes, I would undertake
To carry 'em to the jeweller, they would off
For pretty toadstones. Have no fear, my mother
Is for you, too; you must fee both your advocates.
Car. Jacinta!
Jac. Sir.
Luys. She takes herself much honour'd.
Ped. You oblige.
Luys. Let me alone to carry things.
Be confident to trust me with your honour—
If it would pawn for anything. [*Aside.*
Jac. I'm not perfect
How to neglect Alberto yet, and must I
Throw off Fernando, but new entertain'd
By your command? the world will censure strangely.
Car. The world will praise thy wisdom, and my care;
Or, if some giddy tongues condemn what's good,
Must we be servile to that fear, and lose
That which will make us judges of their folly,
And damn it with a frown of state? they're fools
That dote upon those shadows, idle talk,
The slime of earth-worms, that doth shine to cozen

[1] *And yet the blackbird's in the bush—i.e.* limed, taken.—GIFFORD.

Infants! 'tis fit we raise our thoughts to substances.
Jac. Let modesty and nature plead a little,
If I appear not fond to entertain him.
I may collect more strength by time and counsel,
And for your satisfaction dare profess
My lord hath too much graced the low Jacinta
With a pretence so noble: but I should
Be held not worth his person, and too light,
At his first breath of courtship, to fall from
My virgin strength, and give myself his captive.
Car. I shall allow that ceremony; the Count
Makes an address.

[*Exeunt* ALSIMIRA *and* FELISARDA.

Ped. I must use thrift in my delight; my eyes
Are proud, and must be taught by absence how
To value such a mistress. I do miss the chambermaid.
Car. It will become me to attend.

[*Exeunt* ALBERTO *and* JACINTA.

Ped. Your pardon.
I'll take it for an honour, if your son
Be pleas'd—but to my coach.
Luys. Oh, my good lord!
So much I am your creature, if you knew
But where to match me, I would be your coach-horse.

[*Exeunt* PEDRO *and* LUYS.

Car. So, so; Jacinta's stars do smile upon her.
'Twill be a match: were but my son as fair
In expectation of a bride, I'd write
Nil ultra to my cares; he is too airy
And volatile, a wife would timely fix him,
And make him fit to manage my estate.—

Re-enter LUYS.

But he returns; I'll feel his pulse.
Car. Thou seest how near Jacinta is to happiness.
Luys. I did some office in't, she may thank me:
I first inspir'd his lordship.
Car. Such a providence
To build thyself a fortune by some brave
And noble marriage, would become thy study,
And make thy father willingly resign
His breath, with confidence to know thee wise
To govern what my industry hath gather'd.
What think'st thou of a wife?
Luys. I think little, sir.
What should I do with a wife?
Car. Imitate me, and study fame and wealth
To thy posterity. Have I with care
Acquir'd such an estate, that must not last
Two generations?
Luys. The way to make it last,
Is not to think of wiving. For my part
(Sir, with your pardon, if I may speak freely),
I had opinion once I was your son,
But fearing, by your narrow exhibition,[1]
You lov'd me not, I had a controversy
Within my thoughts, whether I should resolve
To geld myself, or turn a begging friar.
Car. A begging friar!
Luys. 'Tis as I tell you, sir;
This last I fix'd upon, and have been studying
Where I conveniently might raise a sum
To compass a hair shirt, sir, to make trial,
Before I thrust myself point-blank into
The order.
Car. Thus wild sons interpret still
A prudent father; but you may discharge
Your jealousies, unless it be your own
Devotion to be chaste, and live a recluse.
Luys. For that I can be ruled; I have not liv'd
After the rate of hating any woman;
But I can hear of marriage, if it be
Your pleasure: but these wives, sir, are such tickle
Things, not one hardly staid amongst a thousand;—
Beside, unless you find one very rich,
A man may cast away himself, and get
A bundle of beggaries, mouths, that day and night
Are open, like hell-gates, to feed. I would not
Hazard my freedom, and the blessings Heaven
Has lent you, sir, upon a wife with nothing.
Car. Thy pension doubles for that word; in earnest
How much I like this wisdom, take this purse;
I will have no account; and find me out
A wealthy maid or widow, but not ugly.
Luys. No! not ill-favour'd, sir, if she be rich;
A little old or crippled?
Car. I will not have thee
Marry a crooked, deform'd thing, because
She may have children—
Luys. Not unless she have
An infinite wealth to make them straight, sir;
I'll marry a witch, so she have money, sir.
Car. No, on no terms a monster!
Luys. Then I will not.
And now it comes into my mind, they talk of
A young rich widow, Donna Estefania,
What do you think of her?
Car. Thou hast nam'd one
To my own desires; she lives a widow still,
But has refus'd many brave dons.
Luys. No matter;
I like her, sir, the better.
Car. She gives good entertainment.
Luys. I will have her,
If you but say the word. I wear a charm
To catch a widow; but this purse will hardly
Last till we finish; I must do things with honour.
Car. Thou shalt be furnish'd like my son; kneel down
And ask my blessing, I do long to give it thee.
Luys. I have your blessing here.
Car. I'll find thee out
Some jewels to present thy mistress too.
Luys. 'Twill not be much amiss; the gold will go
The farther, sir.—

[*Exit* CARLOS.

I know not how this came about,
Unless Don Pedro's coming to my sister
Have made him mad, and wrought this miracle.—
How careful he was I should not marry one deformed! I have chose the handsomest things thus far; an I marry with a witch at these years, let the devil ride my wild mare to death! And, now I consider on it, I will not have the widow, for fear of the worst; yet I'll to her, and make a business on it, to keep the old man's bags in motion. This, with some good husbandry, and no play, may last a fortnight.
'Tis very gold; yes, it will pay some scores.

[*Exit.*

[1] *exhibition*—*i.e.* pension, allowance.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

A Street before RAMYRES' *House.*

Enter RAMYRES *and* FERNANDO.

Ram. How! no success? where lies the opposition?
Don Carlos, equal with myself, profess'd
His free desires, and to dispose his daughter
To meet thee with all loving entertainments.

What can she argue to thy birth or person,
Attended with so plentiful a fortune?
I must believe thy courtship dull and faulty.
When I was at thy years, and spring of blood,
I wound myself like air among the ladies,
Commanding every bosom, and could dwell
Upon their lips like their own breath: their eyes
Doubled their beams on me, and she that was
Of hardest composition, whom no love
Could soften, when I came with charm of language,
Her frost would straight dissolve, and from her eyes
Her heart came weeping forth to woo me take it.

Fer. Yet you, that did with a magnetic chain
Attract so many, could possess but one.
I came not to Don Carlos' house with cold
Or lukewarm thoughts, but arm'd with active fire,
That would have melted any heart but hers,
Bound up with ribs of treble ice against me;
By which I find there is another fate
That governs love, against whose secret doom
In vain is eloquence or force.

Ram. So obstinate?

Fer. Nothing that I could say
In my own cause could make her tongue or looks
Promise an expectation to thrive
By any after service; this disdain
I did resent, as it became my honour.
And now confirm'd against her pride, have thought
Of something that, with your consent, may tame
Her scorn, or punish it to her repentance.

Ram. Name it.

Fer. She has a kinswoman lives with her,
Felisarda, daughter to Signior Theodoro,
A trade-fall'n merchant, brother to Don Carlos;
This Felisarda,
That now lives on the charity of her uncle,
Half servant, half companion to Jacinta,
And fair, I would pretend to love, observe me, sir,
And in their presence court her as my mistress.
Methinks I see already how Jacinta
Doth fret and frown.

Ram. I like it well.

Fer. To see her cousin so preferr'd, it is
The nature, sir, of women to be vex'd
When they know any of their servants court
Another; and that love they thought not worth
Their own reward, will sting them to the soul,
When 'tis translated where it meets with love;
And this will either break her stubborn heart
Or humble her.

Ram. But what if this pretence
By such degrees convey away your heart,
That, when Jacinta comes to sense, you cannot
Retrieve your passion from the last? Or say,
Felisarda should believe you, and give up
Her heart to your possession, when you
Are by your first desires invited back,
What cure for Felisarda's wound, if you
Affect her not? Although I like that part
Of your revenge, I would not have my son
Carry the hated brand of cruelty,
Or hear Fernando broke a lady's heart;
But live upon his clear and honest truth,
And if Jacinta have not valued him,
Find his own estimation in some other
By fair and noble courtship. Virtue is
Above the gaudy shine of gold; and if
My son love where his honour cannot suffer,
The want of dower I can forgive.

Fer. You now
Read excellent charity, and, like a father,
It is the harmony I would hear; I chide
My fears, that did suspect you would prefer
Wealth in a bride.
There is no beauty or estate compar'd
To that resulteth from the soul. I dare
Now ope this narrow closet, and present
The name I love above the world; it is,
Sir, Felisarda, equal in her blood,
Within whose virtuous poverty
More treasures are contain'd, than in those veins
Of earth, which, open'd by our slaves, do bleed
Such floods of gold into the lap of Spain.
Pardon my long concealment of her name,
'Twas sin against your virtue, and once more
Speak in that blessed language, I may hope
To call this virgin mine.

Ram. How long have you
Been taken with this female holiness?

Fer. Before Jacinta was propounded, this
Took firm possession of my faith.

Ram. Thou hast
Discover'd thy destruction, foolish boy!
Was this your policy to be reveng'd
Upon Jacinta, whom my providence
Elected to preserve our name and family,
To dote upon a beggar! Thou hast flung
A fire into my brain; either resolve
To perfect my commands, and, throwing off
That trifle thou hast prais'd, prefer Jacinta
To the best seat within thy heart, and marry her,
Or live a stranger to me, and divested
Of all those rights which nature and thy birth
Have flatter'd thee with hope to find. Expect not,
Alive, the stipend of a groom to feed thee,
Nor, dead, the naked charity of a shroud
To hide thee from the worms.

Fer. Oh, sir, call back
That murdering sentence; it were sin to let
This passion dwell upon you, nor would Heaven,
Whose [equal] eyes survey our frailty, suffer
So wild a rage possess you.

Ram. 'Tis within
Thy own obedience to divert it.

Fer. When
You ha' heard what I can say more, you will
Your fierce command. [chide

Ram. What riddle's this?

Fer. Jacinta's
Already made another's, and my force
Upon her vows can be no less than sacrilege.

Ram. This is some new pretence.

Fer. Sir, not to waste your patience, she hath
Herself by holy contract to Francisco. [given

Ram. Thy younger brother?

Fer. This, I know, will calm
Your fury, and those eyes, that threaten'd lightning,
With smiles applaud Francisco's fate, and praise
My disobedience.

Ram. Francisco's mistress?

Fer. His wife, confirm'd by vows and change of hearts;
I had it from themselves, when either strove
Whose circumstance should credit most their story—
Her tear, or his conclusive groan, to seal
Their marriage; but both were equal, sir.
What curse had I deserv'd, should I divorce
This innocent pair of lovers?

Ram. All this talk,
Which foolish thou interpret'st thy defence,
Hath but enlarg'd thy folly; and that act
Which in Francisco I commend, upbraids
Thy own degenerate baseness. Shall thy brother,
Who carries all his portion in his blood,
Look high, and, careful of his honour, aim
At fortunes, and with confidence achieve

His glorious end? and shall his elder brother,
Engag'd by nearest tie to advance his name,
Lie beating in the common track of gulls,
And sacrifice his birth and expectations
To a cozening face and poverty? Instead
Of adding monuments, that to the world
Should be his living chronicle, to bury
His own and all the antique honours he
Ne'er sweat for, but were cast into his blood,
Within a dunghill?—Thou hast forfeited
Thy birthright, which Francisco shall inherit;
Nor shall the loss of my estate be all
Thy punishment. Hear, and believe with horror;
If thou renounce not her that hath bewitch'd
Thy heart, Felisarda, and, by such a choice
I shall affect, redeem this scandal nobly,
Fernando, from this minute, I pronounce
Heir to his father's curse. Be wise, or perish!
[*Exit.*

Fer. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall?

Enter FRANCISCO.

Or the fierce winds, from their close caves let loose,
Now shake me into atoms?

Fran. Fie, noble brother, what can so deject
Your masculine thoughts? is this done like Fernando,
Whose resolute soul so late was arm'd to fight
With all the miseries of man, and triumph
With patience of a martyr? I observ'd
My father late come from you.

Fer. Yes, Francisco,
He hath left his curse upon me.

Fran. How?

Fer. His curse: dost comprehend what that word carries,
Shot from a father's angry breath? Unless
I tear poor Felisarda from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curses.—
Does this fright thee, Francisco? thou hast cause
To dance in soul for this, 'tis only I
Must lose and mourn. Thou shalt have all; I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee son—
Son of his active spirit, and applauds
Thy progress with Jacinta, in whose smiles
Thou may'st see all thy wishes waiting for thee;
Whilst poor Fernando, for her sake, must stand
An excommunicate from every blessing,
A thing that dare not give myself a name,
But flung into the world's necessities,
Until in time, with wonder of my wants,
I turn a ragged statue, on whose forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

Fran. Will it call
His blessing back, if you can quit your love
To Felisarda? she is now a stranger
To her uncle's house. I met one of his servants
Who told me, on some jealous apprehension,
Don Carlos had discharg'd and banish'd her.

Fer. He could not be so barbarous!

Fran. You know
Her father's poverty.

Fer. And her wealth of virtue.

Fran. It is worth your counsel
To examine what you may preserve, if wisely
You could persuade your heart to love some other—

Fer. What was't Francisco said?

Fran. Whose equal birth
And virtues may invite a noble change.

Fer. Do not you love Jacinta?

Fran. Most religiously.

Fer. If you can but contrive your hearts at distance,
And, in contempt of honour and your faith,
Sacred to Heaven and love, disclaim your mistress,
I may be happy yet; what say [you]? I know
Jacinta's wise, and when she understands
How much it will advance her charity—

Fran. Our case is not the same with yours, good brother;
We have been long acquainted, to contract
Affections. If I understand, your loves
Are young, and had no time for growth.

Fer. Do not wound me.
'Tis false, by love itself! Thou hast deserv'd
I should forget thee now. Dost thou consider
Love (that doth make all harmony in our soul,
And seated in that noblest place of life,
The heart) with things that are the slaves of time,
And that, like common seeds thrown into earth,
It must have leisure to corrupt, and after
Much expectation, rise to name and vigour?
Love is not like the child that grows, and gets
By slow degrees perfection; but created,
Like the first man, at full strength the first minute,
It makes a noble choice, and gains from time
To be call'd only constant, not increas'd.
Preserve thy own affections, and think mine
Noble as they, I shall suspect thy love
To me else: pr'ythee leave me.

Fran. I'll obey,
And study how to serve you.
[*Exit.* FERNANDO *walks aside.*

Enter FELISARDA.

Fer. Ha! 'tis Felisarda.

Fel. Turn'd out like one that had been false! where shall
Poor Felisarda wander? Were it not
To ask a father's blessing, I would visit
Some wilderness, ere thus present myself,
His burden and his sorrow.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Ped. Had you no
Relation to Jacinta, pretty one?

Fel. I was her servant.

Ped. Come, you shall be my mistress: they have us'd
Thee scurvily; I will provide thee a lodging.

Fer. I shall not use your bounty, sir, for that.

Ped. Thou art a handsome donna; here's a pistolet;
Meet me i' the evening, wilt?

Fel. Where, and for what?

Ped. The where, at thy own choice; the what, thy honour.

Fel. You are not noble.

Ped. Don Pedro will embrace thy buxom body.

Fer. [*coming forward.*] You must unhand this virgin.

Fel. For goodness, sir,
Add not your anger to my sufferings.
Unhappy Felisarda!

Ped. Is she a friend of yours, signior?

Fer. She is not for your sinful knowledge, Don.

Ped. *Beso las manos; a Dios, senora!—Diablo!*[1]
My blood is high and hot; unless I marry timely,
I must seek out a female julap. [*Exit.*

Fel. Don Carlos' fear of you was my first error;
But I accept my banishment, and shall
Humble myself to my poor father's fortune.—

[1] 'I kiss hands; adieu, lady!—The devil!'

You will be, sir, dishonour'd to be seen
With such a walking misery.
Fer. Thy uncle
Hath play'd the tyrant with thee; but lose not
Thy virtuous courage; how our stories meet
And challenge kindred in affliction!
Oh! Felisarda, I do suffer too,
And for thy sake: thou shalt know more. Till I
Salute thee at thy father's house, preserve
Good thoughts of thy Fernando, and accept
This little gold, no bribe against thy honour.
Fel. My best return must be my prayers.
[*Exit.*
Fer. Farewell!—
'Tis not impossible my father may
Retract his cruelty, and by time, and some
Discreet ways, yet be wrought to like what now
His passion will not let him see—her virtue.
How many seas are met to wréstle here! [*Exit.*

ACT III.—SCENE II.

A Room in DON CARLOS' *House.*

Enter JACINTA *and* ALBERTO.

Jac. I love you, sir, so well, that I could wish
You were a witch.
Alb. A witch! your reason, lady?
Jac. Then 'twere within the circle of your art,
By some device to rid me of Don Pedro;
Or if you could by any spell but get
My father disaffect him.—
Alb. A witch! that's a way about; I were best
cut his throat a little.
Jac. You're much beholding to my brother, sir,
He still commends you; such an advocate
Deserves his fee.
Alb. Unless my cause succeed,
He has been fee'd too much—[*Aside.*]—Your
brother, lady,
Preserves a noble friendship. If I were sure
You would be mine, Jacinta, I could tarry
Till your father die.
Jac. But how can you procure
Don Pedro to have patience so long,
Whom my father pleads for, and prefers?
Alb. There, there's the mischief; I must
poison him:
One fig[1] sends him to Erebus; 'tis in
Your power and wit to spin out time; I may
Invent a means for his conveyance.—Ha!

Enter DON CARLOS, ESTEFANIA, *and* LUYS.

Jac. The Lady Estefania!
Car. Welcome again;
This is an honour to us. Where's Jacinta?
Salute this noble lady.—Ha, Luigi,
Hast thou prevail'd already?
Luys. I am i' the way, you see;
She has not been observ'd, they say, to walk
So freely with some men that boast more favour.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Ped. What makes the Lady Estefania here?
[*Aside.*
I like not their converse: this day is ominous.
[*Exit.*
Car. Was't not the Count Don Pedro that
retir'd?
What object here displeas'd him?
Alb. Ha, ha! didst see the Don?
Car. Preserve your mirth—I must be satisfied.
[*Exit.* LUYS *and* ALB. *walk aside.*

Luys. I'll lay a thousand ducats that my costive don has been tampering with my widow: I observ'd,
When I by chance let fall discourse, how much
He was an amorous servant to Jacinta,
She chang'd her colour, and did make
Such business how my sister did affect him,
That I may guess, though I make use on't
otherwise
To the old man, to keep the pulses of
His purse in play, she came to examine chiefly
How matters here proceeded. Well, if she love
him—
Alb. She is thy mistress.
Luys. My mistress! Yes, but any man shall
marry her.
Alb. How?
Luys. She is a widow, Don, consider that;
Has buried one was thought a Hercules,
Two cubits taller, and a man that cut
Three inches deeper in the say[1] than I;
Consider that too:
She may be cock o' twenty;[2] nay, for aught
I know, she is immortal.
Alb. What dost with her?
Luys. Faith, nothing yet,
And have but little hope; I think she's honest.
Alb. Does she love thee?
Luys. At her own peril; we are not come to
articles;
There is no wit in wiving.
But that I owe thee money, thou shouldst never
Marry my sister either.
Alb. Not Jacinta?
Luys. No,
Nor any other simpering piece of honesty,
If I might counsel thee.
Is't fit a freeborn gentleman should be chain'd
Tenant for life to one? Hang marriage shackles!
Jac. Don Pedro was to blame; and trust me,
madam,
He shall find nothing here t' advance his triumph.
Estef. You are virtuous, Jacinta; I presum'd,
When I should land my sufferings on your
knowledge,
You would excuse my unexpected visit.
Jac. My brother has been just in the relation
How he pursues my love; but I shall be
Happy to serve your justice, and must tell
The noble Estefania my heart,
By all that love can teach to bind a faith,
Is placed where it shall never injure what
Your mutual vows contracted. I smile not
With mine own eyes upon him; 'tis my father's
Severe command to love him; but this story,
Clear'd to my father, would secure us both.
Estef. If any faith or service in me can
Deserve this goodness, cheerfully employ it.
Jac. I will be confident to use your virtue.
Estef. I will refuse no office.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Jac. My father comes most aptly.
Alb. Ha, ha, ha! have pity on my spleen,
I shall crack a rib else; ha, ha, ha!
Car. You are very merry, Don Alberto.—Son,
You may be of the counsel too; this house
Is mine, I take it; I advise you would
Frequent it less.

[1] *One fig*—*i.e.* the poisoned fig of Portugal, or rather of Spain.—GIFFORD.

[1] *in the say*—*i.e.* in the fat. To *take the say*, is to draw the knife along the belly of the deer, near the brisket, enough (say the old books on venery) in length and depth to discover how fat he is. The expression occurs perpetually in our old writers, in the sense of making a trial and experiment.—GIFFORD.

[2] A *cock o' twenty* is one that has killed such a number of his antagonists in the pit.—GIFFORD.

Alb. How, sir?
Car. I do not like your visits;
And, to remove the cause, my daughter is
Already, sir, dispos'd to one above
Your birth and fortune; so, [sir,] fare you well!
You understand; now laugh and pick your teeth.
Daughter—
Alb. Did you hear this, Luys?
Luys. Ay, the old man raves.
Alb. Must not frequent his house!
Luys. Would 'twere in a flame, so his money and I were out on't.
Alb. But thy sister—
Luys. Would be refin'd i' the fire; let her burn too.
Alb. My friend, if I have not Jacinta,
There are certain sums of money—
Luys. I am not
Of your mind, Don; the sums are most uncertain.
Come, you did laugh too loud; my father is
A stoic; but despair not; go to your lodging.
I'll see thee anon, and either bring thee money,
Or else some reasons why I do not bring it.
We will not go to law; I'll pawn the widow
Rather than thou shalt want. Go, say thy prayers,
And show thy teeth no more, till I come to thee.— [*Exit* ALBERTO.
Now, the business here?
Car. We have agreed, Jacinta;
And he, to-morrow, privately,
Will at the church expect thee; 'tis an age
Till I salute thee bride to this great Don,
Whose thoughts are wing'd t' enjoy thee, and resolve
No more delay: prepare to meet this honour.
Luys. To-morrow! this must be cross'd. [*Aside.*
Car. My next ambition, madam, will be perfect,
To call you by some nearer name; my son—
Estef. Is a most noble gentleman; I know not
Where lives so clear a merit.
Luys. Oh, sweet madam!
Car. Jacinta!
Luys. I have a suit to you.
Estef. To me?
Luys. Only that you would not dote too much upon me: a gentle, easy, sober pace in love goes far, and is much better than a gallop. If you please, we may hold one another in hand, and love this seven years without sealing and delivering.
Estef. With all my heart.
Luys. You'll do me a pleasure, madam.
Estef. You instruct well.
Luys. This courtship is not common.
Estef. I confess it.
Car. Son Luys.
Luys. Sir. [CAR. *and* LUYS *converse aside.*
Car. Let her not cool.
Luys. An she do,
I know the way to heat her again.
Estef. I will not yet reveal my abuse, Jacinta;
And if you please to favour a design,
I have a plot may serve to both our happiness.
Jac. I'll obey.
There is a trembling in my heart.
Car. You must not leave us yet, madam.
Estef. You may command me.
Luys. My Don so rampant! there something in this pannier
Shall spoil your match to-morrow: Don Alberto,
When I disclose, shall worship me, be drunk,
Cancel arrears, and beg to lend more money.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A Room in DON RAMYRES' *House.*

Enter RAMYRES *reading a paper*, FRANCISCO, *and a* Notary.

Ram. 'Tis most exactly done, and firm.
Nota. I could,
Omitting or inserting but a word,
Or particle, trouble the whole conveyance,
And make work for the law till doomsday; but—
Fran. Is't possible?
Nota. You do not know the quirks of a scrivano.
A dash undoes a family,—a point,
An artificial accent i' the wrong place,
Shall poison an estate, translate your land
In Spain now, into either of both Indies,
In less time than our galleons of plate
Are sailing hither; but you are my friend
And noble benefactor.
Ram. There is more
For your reward. [*Gives him money.*
Nota. I humbly thank you, signior; *su criado.*
Fran. Farewell.
Nota. Su servidor. [*Exit.*
Ram. This deed makes thee my heir, Francisco, and
Will, like a powerful spell upon Don Carlos,
Whose soul is superstitious about wealth,
Win his consent to make Jacinta thine.
Fran. Sir,
I cannot say my duty shall deserve it,
Since nature and religion, without all
This bounty, challenges my best obedience.

Enter FERNANDO.

Ram. Away! thy sight
Is my disease.
Fer. Your blessing, sir, I kneel for.
Ram. What impudence is this? Wilt thou subscribe,
To take off mine, thy curse on Felisarda?
For I do hate her heartily: disclaim
All promise, contract, or converse for ever,
I'm else inexorable.
Fer. Sir!
Ram. His eyes shoot poison at me; ha! he has
Bewitched me, sure. What coldness thus invades me?
There's something creeping to my heart. Francisco!
Possess this gift of thy inheritance.
[*Gives him the Deed.*
Convey me to my chamber; oh!—Fernando,
If thou dost hope I should take off my curse,
Do not approach my sight, unless I send for thee.
Fran. Forbear, good brother.—Diego! Roderigo!

Enter two Servants.

Your hands t' assist my father: one go for his physician. [*Exeunt* FRANCISCO, *and* Servants, *bearing* RAMYRES.
Fer. This turn is fatal, and affrights me; but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With such a hard heart; 'twere a sin, next his
Want of compassion, to suspect he can
Take his eternal flight, and leave Fernando
This desperate legacy: he will [yet] change
The curse into some little prayer, I hope,
And then—

Enter Servant *with a* Physician.

Serv. Make haste, I beseech you, doctor.
Phys. Noble Fernando.
Fer. As you would have men think your art is meant

Not to abuse mankind, employ it all
To cure my poor sick father.
Phys. Fear it not, sir.
[*Exeunt* Physician *and* Servant.
Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd
T' instate a health; your recipes, perplex'd
With tough names, are but mockeries and noise,
Without some dew from heaven, to mix and make them

Enter a Servant.

Thrive in the application.—What now?
Ser. Oh, sir, I am sent for the confessor,
The doctor fears him much. Your brother says
You must have patience, and not enter, sir:
Your father is a going, good old man,
And, having made him heir, is loath your presence
Should interrupt his journey. [*Exit.*
Fer. Francisco may be honest, yet, methinks,
It would become his love to interpose
For my access at such a needful hour,
And mediate for my blessing, not assist
Unkindly thus my banishment. I'll not
Be lost so tamely. Shall my father die
And not Fernando take his leave?—I dare not.—
If thou dost hope I should take off this curse,
Do not approach until I send—'twas so,
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.—

Re-enter Servant *with a* Confessor.

Make haste, good father, and if Heaven deny
Him life, let not his charity die too.
One curse may sink us both: say how I kneel
And beg he would bequeath me but his blessing;
Then, though Francisco be his heir, I shall
Live happy, and take comfort in my tears,
When I remember him, so kind a father.
Conf. It is my duty. [*Exit.*
Fer. Do your holy office.—
Those fond philosophers that magnify
Our human nature, and did boast we had
Such a prerogative in our rational soul,
Convers'd but little with the world; confined
To cells and unfrequented woods, they knew not
The fierce vexation of community,
Else they had taught our reason is our loss,
And but a privilege that exceedeth sense,
By nearer apprehension of what wounds,
To know ourselves most miserable.—My heart

Re-enter Physician *and* Francisco.

Is teeming with new fears.—Ha! is he dead?
Phys. Not dead, but in a desperate condition;
And so that little breath remains we have
Remitted to his confessor, whose office
Is all that's left.
Fran. Is there no hope of life left, then?
Phys. None.
Fer. Is he not merciful to Fernando yet?
No talk of me?
Phys. I find he takes no pleasure
To hear you nam'd: Francisco, to us all,
He did confirm his heir, with many blessings.
Fer. And not one left for me! Oh, take me in,
Thou gentle earth, and let me creep through all
Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
Another way to come into the world,
For all the air I breathe in here is poison'd.
Fran. We must have patience, brother; it was no
Ambitious thought of mine to supplant you:
He may live yet, and you be reconciled.
Fer. That was some kindness yet, Francisco: but
I charge thee by the nearness of our blood,
When I am made this mockery, and wonder,
And know not where to find out charity,
If unawares a chance direct my weary
And wither'd feet to some fair house of thine,
Where plenty with full blessings crowns thy table,
If my thin face betray my want of food,
Do not despise me, 'cause I was thy brother.—
Fran. Leave these imagined horrors: I must not
Live when my brother is thus miserable.

Re-enter Confessor.

Fer. There's something in that face looks comfortably.
Conf. Your father, sir, is dead; his will to make
Francisco the sole master of his fortunes
Is now irrevocable; a small pension
He hath given you for life, which, with his blessing,
Is all the benefit I bring.
Fer. Ha! blessing!
Speak it again, good father.
Conf. I did apply some lenitives to soften
His anger, and prevail'd; your father hath
Revers'd that heavy censure of his curse,
And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.
Fer. I am new created by his charity.
Conf. Some ceremonies are behind: he did
Desire to be interr'd within our convent,
And left his sepulture to me; I am confident
Your pieties will give me leave—
Fran. His will in all things I obey, and yours,
Most reverend father; order, as you please,
His body; we may after celebrate,
With all due obsequies, his funeral.
Fer. Why *you* alone obey? I am your brother,
My father's eldest son, though not his heir.
Fran. It pleas'd my father, sir, to think me worthy
Of such a title; you shall find me kind,
If you can look on matters without envy.
Fer. If I can look on matters without envy!
Fran. You may live here still.
Fer. I *may* live here, Francisco!

Enter a Gentleman *with a letter, and whispers* Francisco.

Conditions?
I would not understand this dialect.—
Fran. With me? from Madam Estefania?
Gent. If you be Signior Francisco.
Fer. Slighted!
I find my father was not dead till now.
Crowd not, you jealous thoughts,
So thick into my brain, lest you do tempt
Me to an act will forfeit all again.
Fran. This is Jacinta's character.—[*Reads aside.*]—*Fail not to meet* [*me*] *timely, as you will prevent the danger of my rape.—My soul! Estefania can instruct you all particulars.*—
My service to your lady; say, I shall obey her commands. [*Exit.* Gent.
Fer. Is that an inventory you peruse?
Fran. Fernando, you must pardon me; there's something
Of essence to my life exacts my care
And person; I must leave you, we may seasonably
Confer of things at my return.—Jacinta! [*Exit.*
Fer. 'Tis clear I am neglected; he did name
Jacinta, too, in triumph, and is gone,
Big with his glories, to divide them there,
And laugh at what my constant love hath made me.
My heart is in a storm, and day grows black;

There's not a star in heaven will lend a beam
To light me to my ruin. Felisarda!—
That name is both my haven and my ship-
wreck. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE II.

DON ALBERTO'S *Lodgings.*

Enter ALBERTO *and* LUYS.

Alb. Excellent!
Luys. You'll give me now a general release
For all the sums I owe you?
Alb. Thou hast bless'd me.
Luys. I was born to do you good; about it
presently,
Now you know where to ambush. Away! I say,
And get comrades. Jacinta and my mother
Is all the carriage: you may know the coach
By the old woman's cough, ere it come near you.
She has a desperate malice to one tooth left
Still in her gums; till she has shook that out
You will not need a warning-piece. Farewell.
Alb. Farewell? why, what's the matter? You
shall not leave me;
Thy mother will not know thee in a vizard.
Luys. You must excuse me, friend: I would
join wi' ye
I' the surprise, but that—
Alb. What, I pr'ythee?
Luys. I have extraordinary business, that
concerns me
As near as life.
Alb. May not I know't? Thou art going
To the widow, now, thy mistress.
Luys. 'Tis a business of more consequence.
Dost think I would leave thee an there were not
such a necessity?
Alb. For what?
Luys. An there were no more sisters in the
world,
You must excuse me.
Alb. Nay, nay; we must not part, unless I
know
This mystery; some reason why you leave me.
Luys. If you will needs know, there's a wench
stays for me,
The toy I told thee of. Farewell, Alberto.
Alb. But will you leave such business and a
friend?
Luys. Business! art thou a gentleman, and
wouldst have me leave a lady I have not seen
this three year
For business or a friend? I must to her.
If I had a heart [that weighed] ten ton of iron,
This female adamant [1] would draw it to her;
I feel it going. I do tell thee, Don,
There is no business so material
In nature as a wench; and if thou art my friend,
Thou wouldst leave my sister now in such a cause,
And bear me company. I must be drunk,
And she must pick my pocket too, that is
Another secret, when we meet together,
That never fails!
Alb. Why, art thou desperate?
Dost not thou fear thy body?
Luys. A wench is physic
My body has been us'd to. Leave thy prating
And let me take my course.
Alb. An you be so resolute—
Luys. I must give you one advice before you go.
When my sister's in thy custody, observe
The time and place, and things convenient,
And stand not fooling about ceremonies,
But put her to't.

[1] *adamant*—magnet.

Alb. Was ever such a mad-cap!
Luys. I'll not pray for thee.
Alb. I shall not prosper if thou dost.
Luys. Thy hand;
I'll drink thy health, and hang thyself.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE III.

A Room in DON CARLOS' *House.*

Enter JACINTA *and* ESTEFANIA, *hooded and dressed alike.*

Jac. You tell
Me wonders, madam. Don Ramyres dead,
His son Fernando disinherited,
And young Francisco made his heir!
Estef. I took
Francisco's word.
Jac. 'Tis strange.
Estef. Your stars smile on you.
Jac. Yet I much pity the poor gentleman.
Estef. Busy your thought about your own;
Francisco—
Jac. Hath promis'd not to fail?
Estef. He waits where he can easily observe
How soon the coast is clear, to visit you.
Jac. So, so: thus hooded,
The day cannot distinguish our two faces,
And, for your voice, you know how to disguise it,
By imitation of my cold and hoarseness;
And when you come to church—
Estef. Let me alone; there I'll produce the
contract,
Which will surprise Don Pedro and your father
To see me challenge him. I have prepar'd the
priest, too,
Whose holy eloquence may assist; however,
This will give you opportunity to perfect
Your wishes with your servant; put the rest
To fate, Jacinta.
Jac. I hear some approach;
Retire into my closet.— [*Exit* ESTEFANIA.

Enter DON CARLOS *and* DON PEDRO.

Car. Jacinta!
Jac. Sir.
Car. Not thy voice recover'd?
Jac. A violent cold—
Car. Count Pedro must salute you ere we go.
Ped. Impute it to devotion, that I make
Such haste to be within thy arms;
One kiss, and I shall carry with me
Another soul, and count with joy the minutes
I am to expect this happiness. [*Kisses her.*
Car. Jacinta,
You follow with your mother in the coach.—
My lord, I wait you.
Ped. There's heaven upon her lip.
[*Exeunt* CARLOS *and* PEDRO.

Re-enter ESTEFANIA.

Jac. He has kiss'd, and took his leave, I hope.
I must
Owe all my happiness to you, sweet madam;
I had been lost without your art to help me.
Estef. Love will not leave his votaries.
[*Coughing within.*
Jac. I hear my mother's cough; I have
finish'd,
And you must act your part. [*Exit.*

Enter ALSIMIRA.

Als. Come, are you ready, daughter? the
coach stays.

Estef. I attend.
Als. Don Pedro will cure your cold before the morning. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV.—SCENE IV.

A Street.

FRANCISCO *and* JACINTA *pass hastily over the stage.*

ACT IV.—SCENE V

A Room in THEODORO'S *House.*

Enter THEODORO *and* FELISARDA.

Theo. What duty, Felisarda, shall we pay
To Heaven for this last care of us?
Let not thy eyes,
Although thy grief become them, be in love
With tears: I prophesy a joy shall weigh
Down all our sufferings; I see comfort break
Like day, whose forehead cheers the world. If Don
Fernando love thee, he is a gentleman,
Confirm'd in all that's honourable, and cannot
Forget whom his own virtue hath made choice
To shine upon.
Fel. Unless my innocence,
Apt to believe a flattering tongue, see not
The serpent couch, and hide his speckled breast
Among the flowers: but it were sin to think
He can dissemble, father; and I know not,
Since I was first the object of his charity,
I find a pious gratitude disperse
Within my soul, and every thought of him
Engenders a warm sigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.
Theo. Cherish
Those thoughts; and where such noble worth
Be bold to call it love. [invites,
Fel. It is too much
Ambition to hope he should be just
To me, or keep his honour, when I look on
The pale complexion of my wants; and yet,
Unless he love me dearly, I am lost,
And, if he have but mock'd me into faith,
He might as well have murder'd me, for I
Shall have no heart to live, if his neglect
Deface what my affection printed there.
Theo. There is no fear of his revolt: lose not
His character. I must attend some business;
If Don Fernando visit thee, preserve
His fair opinion, and thou may'st live
Above thy uncle's pity.
Fel. Will you leave me?
Theo. My stay shall not be long. The garden will
With smiling flowers encourage thee to walk,
And raise thy drooping eyes with hope to see
A spring like theirs upon thee. [*Exit.*
Fel. Why should I
Give any entertainment to my fears?
Suspicions are but like the shape of clouds,
And idle forms i' the air, we make to fright us.
I will admit no jealous thought to wound
Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
My own first clear intents to honour him
Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
As noble as he promis'd.—Ha! 'tis he.

Enter FERNANDO.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
And frights into a palsy.
Fer. Felisarda!
Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome?— [*Aside.*
Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
That can be grateful, and with humble thought
And prayers reward your piety, despise not
The offer of it here; you have not cast
Your bounty on a rock: while the seeds thrive
Where you did place your charity, my joy
May seem ill-dress'd to come like sorrow thus;
But you may see through every tear, and find
My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.
Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
To entertain me weeping? Sure our souls
Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
Such beauty in that watery circle, I
Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal;
And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.
Fel. I shall forget all misery; for when
I look upon the world, and race of men,
I find them proud, and all so unacquainted
With pity to such miserable things
As poverty hath made us, that I must
Conclude you sent from heaven.
Fer. Oh, do not flatter
Thyself, poor Felisarda; I am mortal;
The life I bear about me is not mine,
But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee.—
But first, I have a story to deliver,
A tale will make thee sad; but I must tell it:—
There is one dead that lov'd thee not.
Fel. One dead
That lov'd me not? This carries, sir, in nature
No killing sound: I shall be sad to know
I did deserve an enemy, or he want
A charity at death.
Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
And's gone—to heaven, I hope. Excuse my tears:
It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
For I did love my father.
Fel. Ha! your father?
Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
The morning promis'd many years; but death
Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
The winds of winter had thrown cold upon him,
And whisper'd him to marble.
Fel. Now trust me,
My heart weeps for him; but I understand
Not how I was concern'd in his displeasure,
And in such height as you profess.
Fer. He did
Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce
The soul, and curse his son for honest love?
Fel. This is a wound indeed.
Fer. But not so mortal;
For his last breath was balsam pour'd upon it,
By which he did reverse his malediction;
And I, that groan'd beneath the weight of that
Anathema, sunk almost to despair,
Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.
Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclips'd again.
Fer. This was a welcome blessing.
Fel. Heaven had a care of both: my joys are mighty.
Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace

That should preserve your bosom suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.
Fer. No, live,
And live for ever happy: thou deservedst it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.
Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.
Fer. Dost love me?
Fel. Sir?
Fer. Do not, I pr'ythee, do not; I am lost,
Alas! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee; place a guard about
Thy heart betime; I am not worth this sweetness.
Fel. Did not Fernando speak all this? Alas,
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.
Fer. Desert me goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,
For I have not a stock in all the world
Of so much dust as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to shroud a worm: my dying father
Hath given away my birthright to Francisco;
I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
And take my everlasting leave of thee too.
Farewell! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.
Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
And clear my faith. Hath your displeased father
Depriv'd you then of all, and made Francisco
The lord of your inheritance, without hope
To be repair'd in fortune?
Fer. 'Tis sad truth.[1]
Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.
Fer. A happiness!
Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness.
Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
What hath undone her servant?
Fel. Heaven avert it.
But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I most honour of the world; and 'tis
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
That I can boast my heart, as high and rich,
With noble flame, and every way your equal.
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
I can deserve you now, and love you more
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it.
Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than
your fancies;
Two poverties will keep but a thin table;
And while we dream of this high nourishment,
We do but starve more gloriously.
Fel. 'Tis ease
And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by:
Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
A table for us in the wilderness;
And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful,
With what her bosom doth invite us to;
The brooks, not there suspected, as the wine
That sometime princes quaff, are all transparent,
And with their pretty murmurs call to taste them.
In every tree a chorister to sing
Health to our loves; our lives shall there be free
As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
Our dreams as innocent.
Fer. Oh, Felisarda!
If thou didst own less virtue I might prove
Unkind, and marry thee: but being so rich
In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
One that is poor in every worth, to waste
So excellent a dower: be free, and meet
One that hath wealth to cherish it; I shall
Undo thee quite; but pray for me, as I,
That thou mayst change for a more happy bride-
groom;
I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
As make thee miserable by expecting me.
Farewell! and do not wrong my soul, to think
That any storm could separate us two,
But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.
Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
When we are both dead, yet our bodies may
Be cold, and strangers in the winding-sheet,
We shall be married when our spirits meet.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *'Tis sad truth.* Had Fernando forgotten that a pension was left him by his father?—See p. 541.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

An open Space before a Church.

Enter DON CARLOS *and* DON PEDRO.

Ped. Your daughter does not use me well, Don
Carlos.
Car. I know not what to think, some great
misfortune
Must be the cause.
Ped. Not yet appear? they might,
An they had crept like tortoises, arrived
Before this time.
Car. There is some strange disaster.
Ped. The coach o'erthrown, and both their lives
endanger'd,
Can but excuse them.

Enter ALSIMIRA *hastily.*

Als. Oh, my lord Don Carlos!
Ped. The tragic voice of women strikes mine
ear.
Car. Alsimira!
Ped. Madam.—
Car. Where is our daughter?
Als. My fear almost distracts me; she is gone,
Stolen, ravish'd from me.
Ped. Ha!
Als. An armed troop,
In vizards, forced her from my coach; and
Heaven knows
Where they have hurried the poor Jacinta.
Car. A troop of armed devils!
Ped. Let them be
A legion, they are all damn'd.
Als. Nay, they were men and mortal sure.
Ped. I will not leave one soul amongst them
all.
Car. Mine is in torment.
I' the hope and height of my ambition
To be thus crossed! How 'scap'd you?
Als. Alas, I was not young enough; I offered
Myself to bear her company, and suffer
As much as she did, but one boisterous fellow,
With a starch'd voice, and a worse vizard, took
me
Just here above my sciatica, and quoited me
Into the coach again upon my head
I had a larum in't for half an hour,
And so I 'scap'd with life.
Ped. Did they use her
With any rigour?
Als. To say truth, they were
Gentle enough to her.
Ped. That mollifies, and they may live.
Car. Hell overtake them! Let's return.

Ped. They had better ravish'd Proserpine before
Don Lucifer's own face. I am all fury.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ALBERTO, *and* ESTEFANIA *disguised and veiled as before.*

Alb. Pardon, my dear Jacinta; it was love
That threw me on this act; I had no patience
To see thee forced into a marriage
By a covetous father, whose devotion
Is only wealth and title. I esteem
No danger, if at last the fair Jacinta
Smile and allow this duty; let not silence
Deprive me longer of thy voice, whose every
Accent will please, though it pronounce my sentence:
There's death in this eclipse too; sweet, dismiss
Thy ungentle veil, and let thy eyes make bright
This melancholy air, that droops and dies
For want of thy restoring beams.
Estef. Now, sir, [*Takes off her veil.*
What think you of your mistress?
Alb. You are the lady Estefania, I take it.
Estef. Yes, you did take me from the coach, Alberto,
But by a consequence I find you thought
Jacinta in your power; I could have told you,
Had you discover'd sooner what you were,
Where to have found your mistress, but she's now
Above your hope, and by the priest, ere this,
Made wife to Don Francisco.
Alb. To Don Pedro.
Estef. It was not, sir, impossible that I,
Had not your violence prevented me
(By a plot between Jacinta and myself,
To take her place and person in the coach),
Had by this time been married to Count Pedro,
Whom I have power and justice, sir, to challenge,
If contracts carry weight.
Alb. Have I so long
Lain beating at the bush, and is the bird
Fled to Francisco?
Estef. I should show I had
A passion, sir, and sense of this captivity,
But that I find 'twas error, and not will,
Led you to this; and your own loss, now made
Irreparable, helps to tie up my anger.
Alb. Madam, I must confess a wrong, and dare
Submit to let your anger punish me,
For I despise myself, now I have lost
My expectation; and if you please
To think I had no malice in this act
To you, you can propose no satisfaction
I shall esteem a penance to repair you,
As far as my poor life, if you'll direct it.
Estef. 'Tis nobly promis'd, sir. You shall redeem
In my thoughts what is past, if you be pleas'd
To make my stay no longer here; I have
No desperate aim to make Don Pedro yet
Know how to right [me], or make public what
Should bind his honour to perform.
Alb. Was not Luys, madam, entertain'd your servant?
Estef. I shall make known the story, if you walk
But to Don Carlos' house.
Alb. You shall command me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE III.

A Room in DON CARLOS' *House.*

Enter CARLOS, ALSIMIRA, *and* Servant.

Car. No news yet of Jacinta?
Als. None.
Car. He must
Not live in Spain, nor in the world, if my
Revenge can overtake him, that has stolen
My daughter; could you not by voice or habit
Guess at the ravisher? ye are traitors all.
Als. Now I consider better, I suspect
Alberto one of the conspiracy;
Some voice did sound like his. You know he lov'd her.
Car. Ha! Alberto?
Als. And how he might engage some ruffians
To cross Don Pedro.
Car. It was he; where's Luys?
I do not like his absence, they're both guilty:
My own blood turn'd a rebel! Send for the alcaides,
They shall both trot like thieves to the corregidor.—
Where is Count Pedro?
Als. Gone in search
Of his lost mistress.
Car. When all things were ripe,
The very priest prepar'd to seal our joys,
A work my brain did labour for, and sweat
With hope to see accomplish'd, undermin'd,
And in a minute all blown up!
Als. Have patience,
She may be found again.
Car. But how my lord
May be inclin'd to accept her, foil'd, or wounded

Enter LUYS *drunk.*

In fame.—
Als. Luys is here.
Car. Borachio! here's a spectacle! more affliction!
Where is your sister? what's become of Jacinta?
Luys. My sister and Jacinta are gone together;
I know all the business.
Als. Where is she?
Luys. She is very well; I know not where she is.
But Don Alberto is an honest gentleman,
And has by this time done the feat.
Car. Confusion!
Luys. You think you had all the wit, it was my plot.
You may thank Heaven that you are old and ugly, [*to* ALSIMIRA.
You had been no mother of this world.—But, sir,
I have some news would be deliver'd privately.—
Mother of mine, avaunt!
Car. Thou'rt not my son.
Was ever man so miserable?—Away
Thou sponge!—Get him to sleep.
Als. I dare not meddle with him. [*Exit.*
Luys. In sobriety
A word.
Car. Where is Alberto?
Luys. Where every honest man should be.
Old man, I have consider'd o' the former matter we talked on, and would do things like a dutiful son, but I find that a wife is not altogether so convenient for me as a—
Car. Will none deliver me?
Luys. They are somewhat slug.[1]—Now I have found out an excellent tumbler, that can do the

[1] *slug*—sluggish, slow.

somerset; please you to be acquainted with her and give me your opinion: she is but seventeen: there's a periwinkle! I had a gemini before I went to travel, and I am bound in conscience, if you think fit, to see her well provided for—

Car. With whips,—I'll have her skin flay'd off.

Luys. Her skin flay'd off! dost thou know, mortal man, what thou hast said? I tell thee, Don, nothing can come near her in the shape of an officer; she is a very basilisk, and will kill them with her eyes threescore yards point-blank: but you may talk, and do your pleasure with her, for I came o' purpose to bring her to your lodging; if you love me, do but see her; it shall cost you nothing, you shall be my friend; hang money!

Car. Thus will my state consume; vexation!
What shall I do? when you have slept, Luys,
I'll tell you more.—Attend him to his chamber,
And make his door fast.

Luys. You will consider on't?
Upon those terms I will go sleep a twinkling.
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Luys.

Car. And will not all this take away my senses?
My son is lost too! this is all a curse
For my ambition and my avarice.

Re-enter Alsimira, *and a* Servant *with a letter.*

Als. News, Don Carlos, from our daughter.

Car. Ha! a letter! 'tis Jacinta's hand.
[*reads.*

Als. Know'st thou where she is?

Ser. Yes, madam, and her resolution to attend her father, with my master, Don Francisco, if Don Carlos please to admit them; the matter's—

Als. What matter? [done.

Ser. They are as fast as any priest can make them.

Car. Wife to Francisco, now his father's heir!
That's some allay, if it be true; she writes—
Don Pedro was contracted to Estefania, who supplied her person in the coach—'twas not Jacinta was ravish'd. Then Don Pedro was not noble, after he had made faith, to intangle my Jacinta.—Hum! say they shall be welcome.

Ser. They are present, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Francisco *and* Jacinta.

Car. I am not yet collected, but if this
Paper be justified,[1] I receive you both.—
Peruse those wonders, Alsimira.

Jac. Sir,
Though by the tie of nature you may challenge
All duty, this is done so like a father,
It exceeds all your care.

Fran. Let this confirm;
I bring a fortune not to be despis'd,
But were I master of the world, I should
At price of all my wealth, think this a treasure
Purchas'd too cheap.

Car. My blessing and my prayers; I'm new created,
And bow to that great Providence: all joy
Spread through your souls! this is not much amiss.

Fran. But what's become of Madam Estefania,
That took Jacinta's place?

Als. Forced from the coach
By Don Alberto, thinking her my daughter.

Jac. That part of our plot fail'd; but my intents
Were fair, and to assist this injur'd lady.

[1] *justified*—verified, proved true.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Don Pedro, sir.

Car. You shall for some few minutes
Withdraw into that chamber, in his passion
He may be violent; leave me to moderate [him].

Fran. I shall obey you, sir.
[*Exeunt* Francisco *and* Jacinta.

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Was ever man of my great birth and fortune
Affronted thus? I am become the talk
Of every picaro and ladron;[1] I challenge
A reparation of my honour; where's
Jacinta? 'Tis a plot, a base contrivement
To make my name ridiculous, the subject
Of every scurril language.

Car. My lord, with pardon
Of your altesa,[2] you're not injur'd here,
Unless I have been faulty in too much
Observance, and desires to serve your person
With th' almost sacrifice of my daughter.

Ped. Ha!
Too much to me?

Car. I would you had remember'd
How much your honour was engag'd before,
By contract, to another, when you mock'd
The innocent Jacinta, now not mine.

Ped. Who hath traduc'd my fame, or mention'd me
With that dishonour? I disclaim all contracts;
The unconfined air's not more free than I
To all the world, except your beauteous daughter.

Car. Do you know the Lady Estefania?

Ped. Dares she make saucy claim? My breath dissolves it.
If every lady whom we grace with our converse
Should challenge men of my nobility—

Car. I wish, my lord, you could evade it, for
The honour of my family; if your conscience
Or art can nullify that lady's interest,
I am resolv'd—my son Luigi shall
Then marry with that widow.—[*Aside.*]—I have no other
Ambition.

Ped. You are wise, and I
Am fortified to clear myself thought-free
From any promise to that sullen madam.—

Enter Alberto, *and* Estefania *disguised as before, with a paper in her hand.*

Ha! 'tis Jacinta, and she wears the jewel
I did present, conspicuously.—I ask
No reason for thy absence, let me chain
My darling in this amorous curl; 'tis happiness
Enough to repossess thee: not the policy
And power of hell shall separate us again.

Estef. It is but justice, sir!
[*Uncovering her face.*

Ped. Ha! Estefania!

Alb. Do you know her, sir?

Estef. Do you know this character?
[*Showing him the paper.*

Ped. Conspiracy!

Estef. When this is read, Don Carlos,
You will imagine he has wrong'd your daughter.

Car. Is this your hand, Count Pedro?

Ped. Mine? 'tis counterfeit,
Upon my honour; and I thus dissolve
Thy insolent claim. [*Tears the paper in pieces.*

[1] *Of every picaro and ladron*—every *rogue* and *thief*.
[2] *altesa*—highness.

Estef. Nothing can bind, I see,
A false heart.
Car. This must give you freedom, madam,
If you release his hasty vow.
Estef. Faith cannot
Be compell'd, sir.
Ped. These are all impostures:
I take myself into myself.
Alb. What shall
Become of her, my noble Count?
Ped. I pity her,
But cannot cure her wound; and if you be
Her friend, advise her to contain her passions,
And wisely love one that can entertain it.
Alb. You hear this, madam?
Estef. And can smile upon
His violated faith.
Car. Now for Luigi,
To strike in with the widow
Serv. He's asleep.
Car. I'll wake and quicken him. [*Exit.*
Estef. Hadst thou been worth my love, I should have held
Thee worth my anger, shadow of a lord!
Thy greatness I despise, and think thee now
Too poor for my revenge, and freely give
Thee back thy barren promises; and when
I read in story one that has been perjur'd,
I'll write Don Pedro in the place of him
That broke his faith, and thank my fate to have miss'd thee.
Alb. If you please, madam, while he's i' the humour
Of being base, I'll make him gather up
These paper relics, which he shall make himself
Up into rolls, and having swallow'd them
For pills, thank you his physic was so gentle.
Estef. It will be too much time and breath lost on him.
Alb. It will become me, madam, to attend you.
[*Exeunt* ESTEFANIA *and* ALBERTO.
Ped. So, she is taken off, and my path free
To Carlos' daughter.

Re-enter DON CARLOS *and* LUYS.

Luys. Contracted to Don Pedro, say [you]?
Car. She was.—Where is Estefania?
Ped. Gone with Alberto, proud to wait upon
The lady I neglected.
Car. Follow them, Luys.
I do not like he should insinuate,
Now she is free, and his hopes desperate in
Jacinta's love.
Luys. How long have I slept, sir?
Car. Thou dost dream still. Pursue the widow now,
Or never look at such a fortune [more].
Luys. Is she gone with Alberto? What if I say
I have lain with her, and that she's with child by me?
Car. That would stain both your fames. Away, and welcome
When thou return'st, and she confirm'd.
Luys. I'll confirm her, or confound somebody:
No more; I am awake. This is Don Pedro,
I'll talk with him first.—Will you justify[1]
The widow is a widow still, and sweet,
For all your contract? that you have not been
My rival, as they say, after the flesh,
And that you did not know I had a mind,
Or not a mind, to do the deed of matrimony?
Ped. Not I, upon my honour.
Luys. You are witness.—
Now to Alberto.
Car. Manage the business temperately.
Luys. Let me alone to be temperate; if I do not cozen somebody, let me never drink sack again. [*Exit.*
Car. What think you of Jacinta now, my lord?
Ped. As of the saint I pay my chief devotions to.

Enter FERNANDO *with his sword drawn.*

Fer. I come to seek one that I late call'd brother,
But he hath forfeited that name, and Justice,
Weary of such a prodigy in nature,
Hath arm'd me thus in her revenge.—Don Carlos,
Obscure him not, no darkness can protect him;
My sword shall forage every room like lightning,
No cave but it shall visit, and through ribs
Of steel compel my passage to his heart,
Although I meet him in his mistress' arms,
The lover's sanctuary, I dare force Francisco,
And with my sword cut the embrace that chains him,
Rather than he shall glory in my ruins,
And revel out those honours with her he
Took from my blood.

Re-enter FRANCISCO *with a parchment in his hand.*

Fran. It shall not need, Fernando.
Ped. Hum! here is like to be a bloody business;
I'll not disturb them. [*Exit.*
Car. As you are brothers, by your father's dust
That should sleep quiet in his urn, by her
Dear name that gave you life, that now prays for you,
Chide this unnatural fury.
Fran. What demands
Fernando?
Fer. My inheritance, wrought from me
By thy sly creeping to supplant my birth,
And cheat our father's easy soul, unworthily
Betraying to his anger, for thy lust
Of wealth, the love and promise of two hearts;
Poor Felisardo and Fernando now
Wither at soul, and, robb'd by thee of that
Should cherish virtue, like to rifled pilgrims
Met on the way, and having told their story,
And dropp'd their even tears for both their loss,
Wander from one another.
Fran. 'Tis not, sure,
Fernando, but his passion, that obeys not
The counsel of his reason, would accuse me;
And if my father now (since spirits lose not
Intelligence, but more active when they have
Shook off their chains of flesh) would leave his dwelling,
And visit this coarse orb again, my innocence
Should dare the appeal, and make Fernando see
His empty accusations.
Fer. He that thrives
By wicked art, has confidence to dress
His action with simplicity, and shapes
To cheat our credulous natures; 'tis my wonder
Thou durst do so much injury, Francisco,
As must provoke my justice to revenge,
Yet wear no sword.
Fran. I need no guard; I know
Thou darest not kill me.
Fer. Dare I not?
Fran. And name
Thy cause; 'tis thy suspicion, not Francisco,
Hath wrought thee high and passionate. To assure it,

[1] *justify*—prove.

If you dare violate, I dare possess you
With all my title to your land.
Car. How is that?
Will you resign the interest to such
A fair estate, and wrong my daughter, sir?
Fran. Let him receive it at his peril.
[*Gives the parchment to* FERNANDO, *who reads it.*
Fer. Ha!
Fran. It was my father's act, not mine; he trembled
To hear his curse alive, what horror will
His conscience feel when he shall spurn his dust
And call the reverend shade from his bless'd seat,
To this bad world again, to walk and fright him?
Car. I am abused.
Fer. Can this be more than dream?
Fran. Sir, you may cancel it, but think withal
How you can answer him that's dead, when he
Shall charge your timorous soul for this contempt
To nature and religion, to break
His last bequest and breath, that seal'd your blessings!
Car. These are fine fancies.
Fer. Here, and may it prosper,
[*Gives back the parchment to* FRANCISCO.
Where my good father meant it; I'm o'ercome.
Forgive me, and enjoy it; I may find
Some earth that is not thine, where I may die,
And take up a dark chamber: love Jacinta,
And, while I seek out where to be forgotten,
Live happy, and divide the spring between you.
[*Going.*

Enter RAMYRES, FELISARDA, *and* THEODORO *behind.*

Fran. So, so; all's well again.
Ram. [*coming forward with the rest.*]—Fernando, stay!
Fer. Ha! my father and Felisarda?
Car. Don Ramyres and my niece?
Fer. Are they both dead? [FERNANDO *kneels.*
I dare kneel too; they do converse.—Don Carlos,
Do not you know that shape? 'tis wondrous like
Your niece.
Car. And that your father; ha?
Fer. How long hath Felisarda been a sad
Companion to the shades? I did not think
To find thee in this pale society
Of ghosts so soon.
Fel. I am alive, Fernando,
And Don Ramyres still thy living father.
Fran. You may believe it, sir. I was o' the counsel. [*Exit.*
Fer. It is a joy will tempt me wish to live
Here, without more ambition to change
For blessings of the other world; and is
My father willing that we both should live?
Car. Men thought you dead.
Ram. It lay within
The knowledge of Francisco, and some few,
By this device to advance my younger son
To a marriage with Jacinta, sir, and try
Fernando's piety and his mistress' virtue;
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance.—
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge:
Receive thy Felisarda. [
Fer. 'Tis a joy
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties;
My soul will not contain, I fear, but lose,
And leave me in this ecstasy.
Car. I am cheated.
Ram. Not so; what dower you add above that fortune
Descends upon her by your sister's legacy,
Francisco shall deserve, with a proportion

Re-enter FRANCISCO *and* JACINTA.

Out of my state; live and be happy both,
You shall not want a father in my care.
Our children thus increased, Don Carlos, 'tis
Our shame if we neglect them.—Theodoro,
You now may call me brother.
Theo. I am honour'd.
Car. Well, take my blessing too. Love her, Francisco.
My bounty is to come, and if my son
But finish with his mistress—he's return'd;—

Re-enter LUYS.

Where is the widow? [*Aside to Luys.*
Luys. Sure enough.
Car. And Don Alberto?
Luys. I have made him sure too; I have pepper'd him.
Car. How?
Luys. In your ear, I have cut his throat. Do none pursue me?
Car. I hope thou hast not killed him? ha?
Luys. You hope too late; I could not help it;
You said he was my rival.
Car. Not too loud.
Luys. Where, where shall I obscure me? The alcaides
Will be here presently, and search for me.
I left him giving up the ghost, at a cranny
I made into his side, through which a man
Might see into his midriff.
Car. Art thou desperate?
Luys. Beside one window, that did look into his lungs, from whence his wind came strong enough in six hours' sail to despatch a carrack to the straits.
Car. I'm mad.
Luys. I should neglect my life, but 'twould not sound well
With your honour that Don Carlos' son was hang'd,
Or put into the galleys. Are they not come yet?
Car. I am undone; there is no safety here;
Make fast those doors, and by the postern gate
Thou mayst escape. Take the best horse: away!
Luys. I shall want money, sir.
Car. Come, follow me.
This accident, I fear, will quite distract me.
Luys. You must despatch me quickly, sir; there is
No staying to tell the money, give't me in lump:
I'll count it afterwards. Good sir, make haste.
[*Exeunt* LUYS *and* CARLOS.
Ram. Something hath happen'd that doth fresh perplex him.
Fran. Where is Don Pedro?
Fer. He's here.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

Ped. The storm is over, sure; I hear no noise.
Toledos[1] are asleep.—Jacinta! have
I found my love [here]?
Fran. Here 'twas lost indeed:
I must allow no such familiarity
With my wife.
Ped. How! married?
Jac. 'Tis most true, my lord.
Ped. You have not used me thus?
Fran. It had been impious to divorce your heart

[1] *Toledos*—swords. From Toledo in Spain, where swords of the finest temper were manufactured.

From Estefania; my good lord, we know
Your lordship is religious in your promises.
Ped. I defy all Estefanias; lady, you are civil.
[*To* FELISARDA.
Fer. It will become my care so to preserve her,
My honourable Count.
Ped. Honourable?
It appears not by these contempts.
Ram. Your lordship cannot want a female furniture.
Ped. I must have somebody; now I'm prepar'd, my blood
Will take it ill; would I had Estefania!—

Re-enter ALBERTO *and* ESTEFANIA.

She's here.—Madam, I hope you have a better faith than to believe I was in earnest. Don Pedro is only at your service.
Estef. 'Tis too late, sir; this gentleman is witness
Of your surrender, and is now possess'd
Of all that's mine.
Alb. It was your noble bounty,
For which I cannot study a return
More apt than to resign to your good lordship
My interest in Jacinta: give you joy, Count;
Such a rich widow serves my turn.
Ped. So, so;
If I consider well, this is but justice.

Re-enter DON CARLOS.

Car. Ha!
Are not you Don Alberto?—Fetch back Luys.
Alb. The very same, sir, and this lady is my wife;
Please you, salute her.

Re-enter LUYS.

Luys. Sir, for the credit of your wisdom, talk not;
The man, you see, 's alive, and married too,
With my consent. Alas, I ow'd him money;
That widow has paid all; I must be honest,
I had no heart to leave you so unsatisfied,
These sums must go for other debts.—
My debts do clog my conscience, and are better
When they are timely paid, sir, than let run
With their long teeth to bite your state hereafter;
And if, when I am free, you dare but trust me—
Car. Was ever father cheated thus? Come hither;
How dar'st thou be so impudent?
Luys. I cannot help it, sir; unless you die
Or give me better means, I shall make bold
With these devices; you are my father, sir,
And I am bound—
Car. To cozen me?
Luys. All must be mine, and if
I pay myself a little before the day,
You shall be no loser when you come to reckon;
This shall not make a breach 'twixt you and I,
They are honest men I owe this money to.
When I am clear, prescribe me any method,
And rank me like your son, I will deserve
You shall forget my wildness, and acknowledge me
A convert without blemish to your family.
Ram. I must be intercessor.
Jac. And we all.
Car. I'll think upon't.
Ped. Since I cannot have Jacinta, I desire
I may have her brother.
Luys. Not in marriage!
Ped. I like his wit, his spirit, and his humour.—
Thou shalt never want.
We'll live together,
And, if thy father be not bountiful,
Thou shalt command my fortune.
Luys. You speak nobly.
Ped. Ladies, I ask your pardon;
Unless you hold me desperate, disdain not
That I may this day wait upon your triumph,
And to each bride offer some gift to expiate
My folly and offence.
Ram. You are too bountiful.
Car. You're all my guests to-day.
Ram. I beg your next
Remove may place the scene of joy with me;
My house shall be much honour'd. Lead the way,
With verse and wine let poets crown this day.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by DON PEDRO.

So, so; your danger's over,[1] and the state
Secure, as when our fleet in eighty-eight
Was fir'd and scatter'd. To confirm it true,
Here is Don Pedro, taken prisoner too;
I'm at your mercy, gentlemen, and I
Confess, without a rack, conspiracy,
So far as my poor part i' the play comes to;
But I am innocent from hurt to you,
And I dare quit the rest from any plot
Meant but to please; if you believe it not,
I dare make oath; your hands can do no less
Than certify your friends what I confess.

[1] The danger of the 'Spanish plot.' See the Prologue. The next line contains an allusion to the defeat and destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588.—GIFFORD.

THE END.

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